

A New Idea for a Fascinating Dish!

Ice Cream and

Kellogg's

TOASTED

Corn Flakes

10c

PER PACKAGE



Place a cone of ice cream in the dish, and smother with Corn Flakes at serving. You will find this delightfully refreshing.

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

MADE IN CANADA AT LONDON, ONTARIO

27

Have You Seen Our

Latest Match?

Ask for

"The Buffalo"

Look for the Buffalo on the Box

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited

Hull Canada

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVI.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada,

No. 7.

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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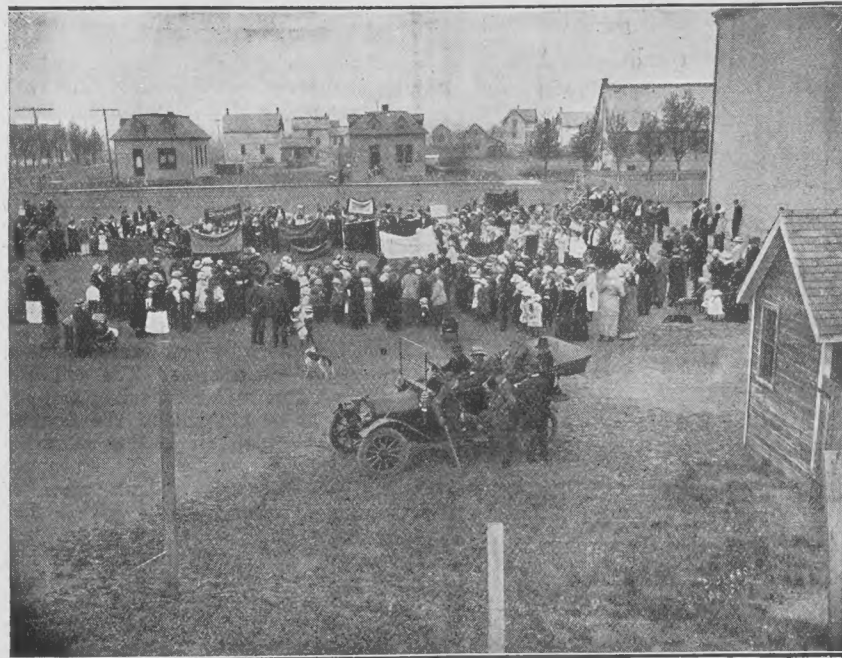
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A Chat with Our Readers

A CONSIDERABLE number of subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly expire with this issue. Has your subscription expired? If it has won't you send in your renewal just as soon as possible?

If you have examined our list of premiums you will see what advantages we offer to anyone disposed to get up a club, advantages that you should not fail to avail yourself of. You have enjoyed your magazine during the past year—thousands of you have told us so. We can promise you even greater enjoyment for the coming year.



Empire Day at Gladstone, Man., when eleven schools with seven hundred children celebrated the day

We believe that our magazine stands at the top as a magazine for the home—with its valuable and interesting departments, the high quality of its fiction, surpassing both as to quality and number.

You cannot afford to lose the magazine's earnest, helpful, inspiring influence. You have come to depend upon it. Its articles are like chapters in the lives of real friends. Its departments have saved you money, given you food for thought, made the daily task lighter and more cheery. Its short stories have made you interested, have set you thinking along right lines.

Do not forget to renew your year's subscription. We cannot bear to lose even one friend on our subscription list. There is no reason why we should.

It has been a great pleasure to realize by the increasing number of clubs, the prompt renewals of old subscriptions and the gratifying additions to our list of new subscribers, how firmly The Western Home Monthly is established in the hearts and homes of the intelligent, thoughtful people of this Western Land. You have shown us, by your loyal support, that the magazine for the home containing infinite richness at a moderate price, is what you all want. Send in your club names and your renewals now. Do not neglect this.

The publishers of this magazine have watched with keen interest the all round development that has taken place in all the Western provinces and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of our wide circle of readers. Yearly they spend their good money freely with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in the 16th year of its career, started when the territory which it now covers so well, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, was but very sparsely populated. Even in those days it quickly made its way, and found a place in the affections of all our people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine, and indeed many of our readers are now paid up to 1916, 17 and 18. We appreciate that summer is a busy season for many of our people, but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest many opportunities are accorded our friends for saying a good word for The Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a Western magazine, published in the West for Western people.



Painless

When using our latest method, we, the

New Method Dental Parlors

guarantee to complete dental work of any description without pain, or refund your money.

No Person too Nervous

No Work too Difficult

There is nothing new in dentaldom that is not in use by this firm.

Office:

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Canada's Best and Most Up-to-date Dental Office.

WEAR FLEET FOOT SHOES
for every Sport and Recreation
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Woman and the Home

The Guest

One answered on the day when Christ went by:

"Lord, I am rich; pause not for such as I,

My work, my home, my strength, my frugal store,

The sun and rain—what need have I of more?

Go to the sinful who have need of thee,
Go to the poor, but tarry not for me.
What is there thou shouldst do for such as I?"

And he went by.

Long years thereafter, by a palace door,
The footsteps of the Master paused once more,

From whence the old voice answered piteously:

"Lord, I am poor, my house unfit for thee,

Nor peace, nor pleasure grace my princely board,

Nor love, nor health; what could I give thee, Lord?

Lord, I am poor, unworthy, stained with sin."

Yet he went in.

—Mabel Earle, in *The Outlook*.

Water For The Birds

As the hot days of summer come on birds suffer for lack of water and are sure to be most numerous where water can be found, both for drinking and bathing. No need to argue the need of some help in destroying the insect pests of garden, orchard and field. It is absolutely certain that several broods a season will be hatched by robins, wrens, catbirds, brown thrashers and the chipping and song sparrows, in a place where they are safe from cats and squirrels and can get plenty of water. The elm tree beetle has done a good deal of damage in our neighborhood in the last few years. The tips of the outer and topmost branches were bare for six inches. This year they are fully covered for the first time in several years. We found the beetle rolled up in the leaves, in both the larvae and the adult stage, but the birds seem to have found them too. At least the trees are looking better and no other help has been given them.

It is hardly safe to keep a drinking basin on the ground, because of the danger from cats. Often a tree will afford a convenient place in which a small basin may be hung. It must not be very deep and is better if bottom is covered with pebbles. If there is no tree suitable a small platform may be made by driving four stakes or crocheted sticks into the ground, in the shade, and placing the basin beyond reach of prowlers. If the birds have had few friends they may be slow in using the bath, but their numbers will increase in proportion to their sense of safety. Of course it takes a little time to empty, clean and refill a basin, but it takes a good deal more time and money to fight insect pests.

Hot Weather Schemes

At the meeting of the ladies' club the members fell to telling of hot weather labor-saving schemes, and it was amusing as well as instructive to listen to them. They were all busy farmers' wives and all were forced to get along without help, so the makeshifts were the result of sheer necessity as well as choice. To be able to attend church, their club and to have occasional outings these ladies felt justified in using every legitimate means to save labor.

One lady said she did not wash her pie board the entire summer and before the ladies could repress their little gasps of amazement she demurely added that she did not use it all summer. She saved all the unprinted wrapping paper that came into the house and on a large clean sheet spread upon the kitchen table she rolled her biscuits, her pies

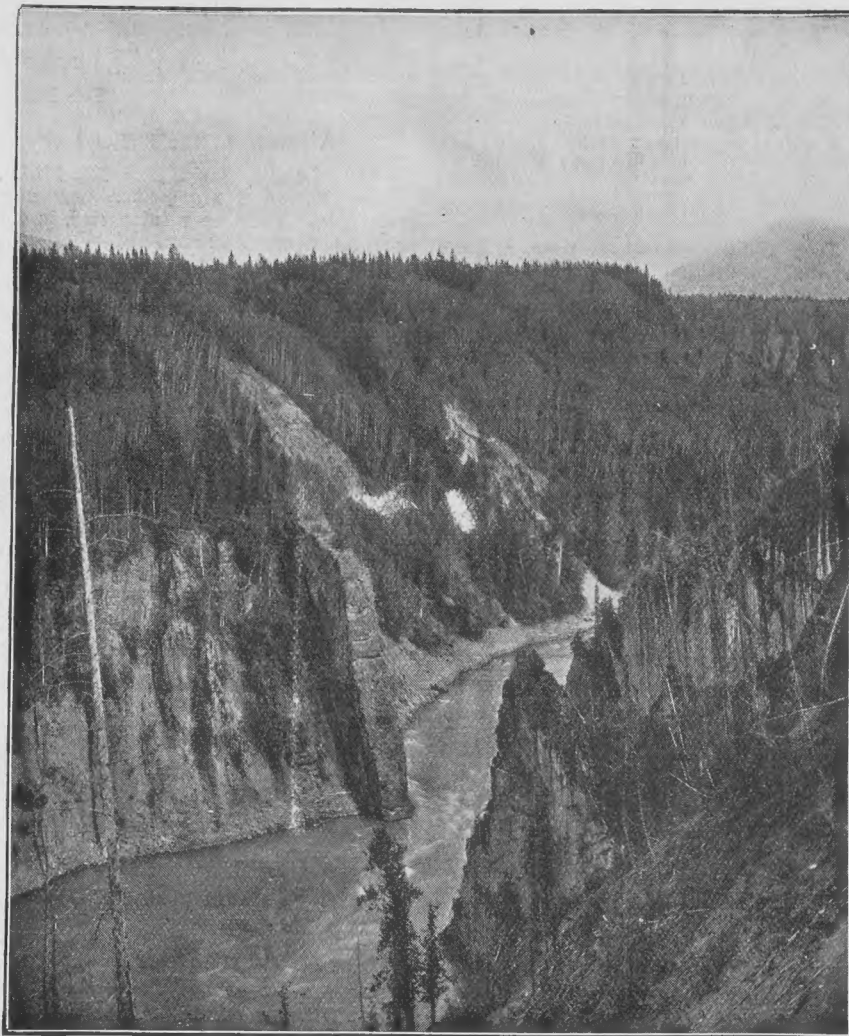
and even her bread. When she had finished she put the paper in the stove and thus saved herself a great deal of trouble.

Another lady said she saved trouble by discarding all dresser and washstands scarfs. She bought white paper at the printing office and cut it to fit the places before hot weather came on. Each week the dressers were fitted out with clean spreads and the washing and ironing were kept down by this clever idea. Another member used the same idea but with fancy paper napkins.

Instead of using regular cake tins to cool her cakes a member procured a number of waste blocks or boards such

saved her cold boiled potatoes for frying in berry boxes all summer. Waxed paper instead of butter cloths, and berry boxes lined with waxed paper for holding fruits when cleaned and ready for use, fancy paper napkins for table centerpieces, paper-covered tin cans for vases, throwing away the tin can when the bouquet faded, paper drinking cups at picnics, empty cracker tins instead of dishes for holding picnic foods, the new weave of crash known as homespun that needs no ironing for towels, tape instead of ribbon for undergarments, soft paper for cleaning lamp chimneys instead of cloths, and large pasteboard boxes for garbage instead of washable cans were among the suggestions.

And looking at the happy, serene faces of the house-keepers an onlooker would have to admit that the much



Bulkley Gate, mile 184, New Hazelton, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

as children delight to play with and used each side once. Then she burned up the boards. She also used them for pounding beefsteak and cutting meat and similar purposes.

Several members spoke of putting away every ornament before warm weather came, but only one confessed to disposing of every bedroom rug except the short one in front of the bed. "You have no idea how easy it is to mop those floors and finish the cleaning now that the rugs are rolled up and packed away," she said. "Since I no longer have to shake fifteen rugs each week my upstairs work is done in half the time." Many of them spoke of putting away all white window draperies from the upstairs windows for the summer, and several said the downstairs was guiltless of washable draperies. Uncurtained windows admit the air better and save work.

Of course there were many suggestions that are generally known to farm ladies, such as wearing crinkled underwear that needs no ironing, slighting the ironing of sheets and every-day towels, using papers on table and kitchen floor to save washing, keeping the children in rompers except on state occasions and eliminating elaborate desserts, but there were many little new kinks.

Paper picnic plates and clean berry boxes for holding kitchen supplies were advocated, one lady saying she had

talk of "farm drudge" was not in that company, for the ladies spoke with authority and when they said the various makeshifts had lightened their labor their words had weight, for their faces proved what they said.

Rest

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*,
By Frances

Rest, now the lingering day is done;
We have laughed and cried
We have lost and won;
All your burdens lay by
With the down-going sun:
Rest, weary one, rest.

Rest, and forget the shadow of care,
The sorrow is deep
That no one can share;
But no mortal is tried
Beyond what he can bear;
Rest, weary one, rest.

Rest, the tangles to-morrow may clear,
Your tears end in smiles
And vanish all fear;
To that puzzle so dense,
Some solution appear;
Rest, weary one, rest.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

The Mother-Heart

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*,
By James Morton, Two Creeks, Man.

O, mother-heart whose hopes lie cold
Like ashes in the trench he won.
You weep, as Rachel wept of old
In anguish for a fallen son.

You think, no doubt, of life's fresh dawn
When in your home he laughed and played,
And at your knees each night and morn
His lips in childish prattle prayed.

And all his pleasing, winsome ways—
The treasured sunbeam of his hair,
His clear, blue eyes, like God's own skies—
You seem to see them everywhere.

You think of manhood's opening days
When all the world for him seemed small
You heard his friends', his teachers' praise—
In silent joy you prized them all.

Then came the call to War. He went
In answer to his country's cry.
His last embrace with tears besprent,
And prayers that yet were half a sigh

Then day by day with fear you read
The news of battles and alarms,
The lengthening columns of the dead,
The stories of great deeds in arms.

Of shells in thunderous flame that broke
From guns that shook as earthquake shakes
The earth and air. Vast clouds of smoke
Through which the volleyed lightning breaks.

From crackling rifles miles apart.
Or in fierce charge the rattling steel,
As gun by gun and point to heart
The panting legions surge and reel.

You read of men who fought in air
As eagles fight or vultures whirl,
Their screams the shots that ring and tear
As through the drifting clouds they hurl.

Or dark and dumb beneath the sea
They played with thunder as with toys,
And let the blind torpedo free
To send the Dreadnought to the skies.

But mother-heart, those themes are wild—
Your thought throughout was all of him,
In battle-smoke you saw your child
As one may see whose eyes grow dim

And then at some heroic deed
Those eyes grew bright with joy and pride,
And swift you hoped the days would speed
To bring him bounding to your side.

Then through deep waters flashed the spark
That broke you down as lightning breaks—
On bended knees, in days grown dark,
You shook like leaves that thunder shakes.

Till broke the tempest of your tears
To drain the founts of sorrow dry,
Or float the vessel of your years
Blown wandering by a mourner's sigh.

As in a dream you saw his face,
So pale amid War's ghastly dew,
Beneath the moon with quiet grace,
Riding in heaven's serenest blue.

It seemed to gild with glory's crown
The sunny head you nursed of old,
And so the Comforter came down,
And told you all He would have told.

"O, mother-heart! Be comforted
He fell as fall the brave and true,
And these, though gone, are never dead,
But ever live their lives anew.

They live, they move from age to age,
Our hands to hold, our steps to stay,
They write the world's unwritten page,
From earth they cannot pass away.

They live in homes from pillage saved,
They live in hearts from anguish free,
They live by all the deeds they braved
In holy, happy memory.

Girt by the sunlight and the stars,
They guide us every step we tread,
They live beyond the hurt of wars,
O, mother-heart, be comforted."



Guaranteed Goods

We hear a great deal nowadays of "buying packed commodities"—goods with a guarantee. Excellent—if the guarantee means anything.

Blue Ribbon Tea

Is trebly guaranteed.

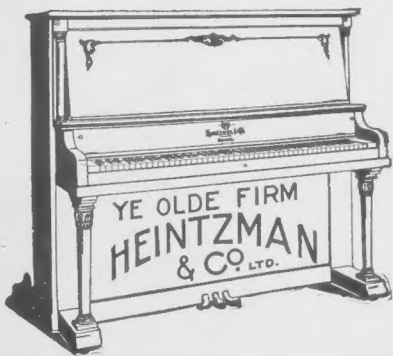
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Then there is the standing guarantee that any purchaser dissatisfied from any cause—even mere whim—may have the money back for the asking.

Could any Guarantee be Stronger?

Remarkable Piano Values will be offered at the "House of McLean" during National Patriotic Week



The Home of the Heintzman & Co. Piano

No trip to Winnipeg would be complete without a visit to our Show-rooms where the various styles and designs of the world-famous Heintzman & Co. Pianos and Player-Pianos are displayed. Expert demonstrators are always at your service.

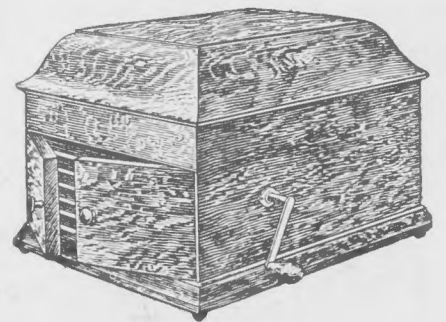
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PATRIOTIC SPECIALS

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO, Walnut Case, slightly used, originally \$575.00 now \$350.00			
"	"	"	550.00 " 275.00
"	"	Mahogany	555.00 " 285.00
NORDHEIMER	"	Walnut	450.00 " 275.00
EVANS BROS.	"	Walnut	400.00 " 265.00
CRAIG	"	Mahogany almost new	300.00 " 250.00
R. S. WILLIAMS	"	Walnut	390.00 " 175.00

Make this Store your Headquarters while in the city to meet your friends, write letters, use the phone, etc. If for any reason you find it impossible to visit the city during Patriotic Week, write at once for full information as to special prices and terms.



The Home of the Victrola

The finest Victrola Parlors in the West, with comfortable, sound-proof demonstrating rooms and Recital Hall are open to you during your stay. A complete, up-to-date library of Victor Records await your selection and anything you desire will be played over for you. Every style and size of Victrola carried from \$21.00 up to \$305.00.

Winnipeg's Greatest Music House

J. W. Kelly, J. Redmond, W. J. Ross
Sole Owners



Dept. W

329 PORTAGE AVENUE
Winnipeg, Man.

We Beat Them All On Binder Twine

Especially on Quality and at a Saving to you of Fully 1c. to 3c. per pound

The reason is simply because we have contracted for an enormous quantity of the very best carefully tested

Monarch Manilla Binder Twine

at a price far below that obtained by any other dealer. The strength and uniformity of our Monarch twine is thoroughly proven in every detail before leaving the factory, and we, together with the manufacturers, guarantee it to be equal in every respect to any binder twine procurable, at a saving as indicated above. If it is in any way unsatisfactory we will take back the entire shipment.

Refunding Purchase Price and All Charges

NOTE THESE PRICES

Delivered at your Station

500 ft.

any Town in

Manitoba :

8.35

Per 100 lb.

Saskatchewan :

8.70

Per 100 lb.

Alberta :

9.00

Per 100 lb.



WRITE FOR PRICES ON CARLOADS

NOTE THESE PRICES

Delivered at your Station

550 ft.

any Town in

Manitoba :

9.10

Per 100 lb.

Saskatchewan :

9.45

Per 100 lb.

Alberta :

9.75

Per 100 lb.

ORDER AT ONCE

to save disappointment in delivery. We are booking large orders for delivery to suit customers' requirements. You know from your crop acreage what your requirements will be, so why delay ordering until the rush of the season is on. You incur no risk as you have our guarantee backed by that of the largest twine manufacturer. There are also prospects of an advancement in price.

Manufacturers are having considerable trouble procuring raw material and are

liable to advance their prices any time

Do you want to wait until you have to pay 1 to 3 CENTS more for the same quality twine? Certainly not, then SEND BY RETURN your order and you will be protected against any advance.

SAVING ON CARLOAD

Quite a big saving is made on carload shipments. Club together with your neighbors or get your local Association to purchase one or more cars. We can show you a saving of \$120 to \$200.

One-Tenth Cash Required on less Car Lots

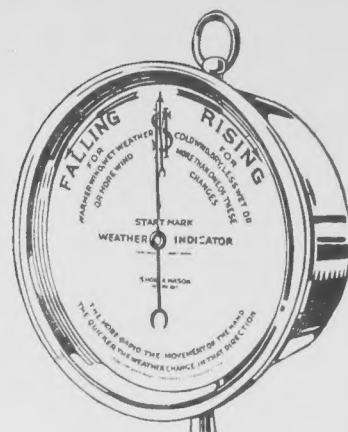
WRITE FOR PRICE ON 10,000 lbs. OR OVER.

MIDSUMMER SALE CATALOG

If you have not received your copy, write by return for it. You will find you can save 30 to 50% on your purchases. It shows a large line of Stoves, Furniture, Vehicles, Hardware and many other handy articles for the home. Only a limited quantity of certain lines which you cannot afford to overlook. Get your copy early. A postal card will bring it by return mail. Visit us when in Winnipeg for Patriotic Week.

THE FARMERS' SUPPLY CO. LTD.

173-179 Bannatyne Avenue, WINNIPEG, Canada



THE SIMPLEST WEATHER INDICATOR IN THE WORLD

How many times have you not asked yourself the question: "I wonder what kind of a day it will be? Will it be fine or stormy?"

The Weather Indicator, illustrated above, will tell you from 12 to 24 hours beforehand just what will happen.

It sets by simply turning the knob; has no confusing divisions or figures to read; is mounted in a polished and lacquered brass case with enamelled metal disc, and sells for..... **\$7.30**

(Order by Number C100)

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A 20 Pay Life Result In The Great-West Life

\$5000. 20 Pay Life. Age 30.
Issued 1895. Premium \$150.30

Cash value at end of Twenty Years:

Reserve.....	\$2,405
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Policyholder has paid in Twenty
years..... **\$3,006**

He receives back all his
premiums, has had \$5,000
Life Insurance for twenty
years free, and receives in
addition..... **\$1,319**

And there are other valuable options.

Look into these Exceed-
ingly attractive Plans.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



JULY, 1915

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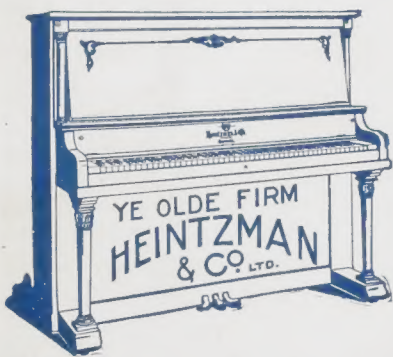
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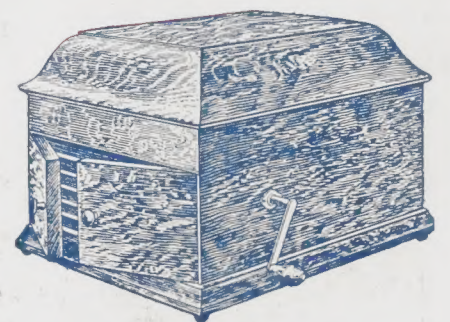
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Do not forget to renew your year's subscription. We cannot bear to lose even one friend on our subscription list. There is no reason why we should.

It has been a great pleasure to realize by the increasing number of clubs, the prompt renewals of old subscriptions and the gratifying additions to our list of new subscribers, how firmly The Western Home Monthly is established in the hearts and homes of the intelligent, thoughtful people of this Western Land. You have shown us, by your loyal support, that the magazine for the home containing infinite richness at a moderate price, is what you all want. Send in your club names and your renewals now. Do not neglect this.

The publishers of this magazine have watched with keen interest the all round development that has taken place in all the Western provinces and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of our wide circle of readers. Yearly they spend their good money freely with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in the 16th year of its career, started when the territory which it now covers so well, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, was but very sparsely populated. Even in those days it quickly made its way, and found a place in the affections of all our people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine, and indeed many of our readers are now paid up to 1916, 17 and 18. We appreciate that summer is a busy season for many of our people, but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest many opportunities are accorded our friends for saying a good word for The Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a Western magazine, published in the West for Western people.



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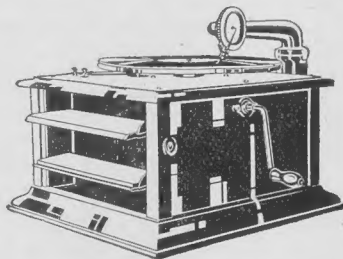
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The Soul of the West

Written for The W.H.M. by William Lutton.

"THE West does not know how to be pessimistic. Whether it is that the sense of vastness, of illimitability of resources gives a sense of buoyancy, certain it is that the West, under all circumstances is invincibly optimistic."

Mr. Morley Donaldson, the general manager and vice-president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, made the foregoing remarks to the writer recently in referring to the conditions and feeling in the West.

The optimism of the West goes deeper down than consideration for the material. Unquestionably the sense of vast proprietorship enlarges the view, endures confidence and security and is even related, so interwoven are all the threads of impulse and notice and thought, to psychology. But the West is confident and buoyant and optimistic, not so much because it has unlimited resources and knows that it cannot come to serious grief, but because it has found its soul. It has crystallized into a living coherent entity.

The mass of the people who form the population of the West, came from humble origins in other lands, many of them had been oppressed by brutal laws. Some of them had suffered from that scantiness of living which kills the generous impulses of the nature. They were the victims of military tyranny. They suffered from the rigidity and cruelty of social caste. Many were born into the heritage of poverty and toil and narrowed and cramped lives, destitute of comfort or joy. Coming to this country, they found a new world in which one could breathe freely, aspire fearlessly, grow in material regards, but grow especially in the graces of the spirit, which had been starved under old world conditions.

The first consideration was bread; but that did not satisfy all the longing, for it is still immortally true that man doth not live by bread alone. The soil was broad and free and responsive, and belonged, best of all, not to the favored individual, but to all in due measurement. The burden of European militarism fell away. The curse of irremediable poverty was removed. The body grew straight; the soul acquired expression; and when once the physical need was satisfied, the deeper desire found utterance. House and barn and broad lands; and money in the bank; these were desirable; but they did not put the final stamp on the life. The social instinct asserted itself; and the community was formed with its meetings and pleasant gossip and human interests, which deal with the individual, and not with principles—until you have grown, and after this the desire was enlarged; and to meet it you have the school, the church, the public meetings, the entertainment that woos the nature to gracious expression. And supervening upon these things came that efflorescence of the spiritual—the university.

When the university reared its stately head on the plains, the West found its soul—the soul of spiritual expression. A clergyman once told the writer years ago that during the five years he had been in the West he had never heard a man talk about anything else than dollars and wheat and material things. That was the epoch when the material bulked in the estimation of people who gave to material possessions undue consequence, because they had not been accustomed to the secure and easy comforts of life in other lands.

Familiarity with abundance gives ease and indifference to material things and prepares the mind for the higher considerations of the spirit.

First, the primary school; then the model and the academy; and after that the university—all sequential and successive and inevitable.

The history of any one community in the West is the history of all. The elemental need in the first instance;

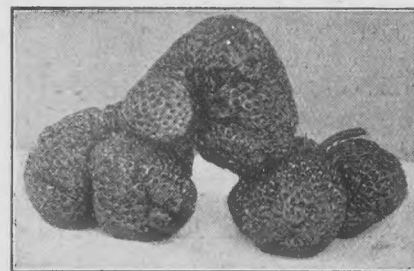
then the tokens of grace and spirit in the social expression; after that the public institutions offering sanction to the higher things—the school, the church, the academy; and the affiliation with the university at the great centre.

All this is the expression of soul in the highest and most enduring meaning of that word.

Certainly there is materialism in the West as elsewhere; men are not abstractions; the stomach is as clamant with the philosopher as the day laborer. But when you find the interest centering on things which are not related to the dollar, things which appertain to the higher nature and the formation of spiritual character, you can testify to the birth of soul.

The settler is proud of his lands, his stock, his crop; and there was a time when he thought most of these things and related them in his mind, with desirable things in the Old Country which he had left behind; but the moment he evinced an interest in the common school, the church of his choice, the social fabric of the place, he was growing a soul as well as wheat; and that finds later expression in the fair and gracious features of a new and hopeful civilization. And so the community becomes the town, the town the city, and the impressive adjuncts of modern civilization disclose themselves.

The sense of freedom expands the mind. The very physical vastness gives the sense of spiritual power. The illimitable plains, the everlasting hills are linked to spiritual monitions. The growth of public institutions is a redemptive feature in every community. Such growth postulates permanence and security; and when this sense has its



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full appeal, you have the preciousness of home and all that home implies, as a great and saving spiritual expression in the individual and national life. When ever ascending in the mental and spiritual scale, you realize the gracious university which exists for the culture of the spirit and which, all silently, rebuke an acrid materialism then it can be said that the community, the city, the province, the nation, has found its own soul.

When the university is a concrete fact, then the life and the civilization are permanent. People, in the early days, after making a few thousand dollars, would then go back to Europe.

Show me your institutions and I will show you the degree of permanency which marks your life. Show me your flourishing university and I will show you a people on the way to saving cultured spiritualization.

Certainly the West, of which the fringe has only been touched, will still deal in material things, for necessity comes first, and grace afterwards; but this is the essential thing—that the West to-day, in its social and institutional life, its cultural growth, expresses the spiritual side of things, welcomes the monitions which come from the traces of the spirit rather than from dollars; and while not neglecting these advancements which are more immediately related to dollars, gives its better thought to intimations and influences which build up character. This is what is meant when it is said that "the West has found its soul."

Editorial Comment

The Way of Prayer

We talk war, we read war, we think war, and so we may as well write war, for nobody will consider any other topic. We have been at it now so long, and the losses and horrors have come so close to us, that we are beginning to see things more clearly. We have had time to temper our early enthusiasm. Intelligent judgment is taking the place of rash assurance. Among the ideas that are now coming to the fore is one that it may seem strange for a secular journal to emphasize. And yet it is an idea that must dominate all our thinking and acting. It is the old idea that God lives and moves in history. When He wills He exalts, and when He wills He destroys. There is only one way to win in this struggle, and it is to get in line with God. Anathemas are useless, threats are idle, and argument is impossible. We must appeal to the Higher Court.

I heard a gentleman say yesterday that he cannot pray over this; that he cannot ask God to bless him or his country in war. Surely he does not think that God has changed. He would indeed be a strange God if in this age, as in all ages, He did not grow impatient with sin and wrong, and cruelty, and if He did not protect and shield those who are His ministers of righteousness and justice.

Sometimes it does us good to read an old narrative. Read it once again!

"Now Elisha was fallen sick of the sickness whereof he died. And Joash, the king of Israel, came down unto him, and wept over his face and said, Oh, my father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof! And Elisha said unto him, Take bows and arrows: and he took unto him bows and arrows. And he said unto the King of Israel, Put thine hand upon the bow; and he put his hand upon it: and Elisha put his hands upon the King's hands. And he said, Open the window eastward; and he opened it. Then Elisha said, Shoot: and he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance and the arrow of deliverance from Syria; for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek till thou hast consumed them. And he said, Take the arrows: and he took them. And he said unto the King of Israel, Smite upon the ground: and he smote thrice and stayed. And the man of God was wrath with him, and said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times. Then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it: whereas now thou shalt smite but thrice."

This is how God expressed Himself in olden days, and there is no reason why He should not express Himself in similar fashion to-day.

Here we are face to face with the greatest power of evil the world has ever known—a form of government, the most tyrannical, the most reactionary, that the mind of man has ever conceived, a form of life, as judged by the actions of a brutal soldiery, as corrupt, as cruel and as heartless, as hell itself. If God loves truth and holiness, He must wish for the destruction of such a power. The only question is this—Can He trust us or choose us to be His agents. On two conditions He will do so—first, that we be pure; and second, that we be strong and of good courage. We do not propose to advocate prayer as the refuge of a coward, but as the source of strength to the strong and brave, and we hesitate not to say that in the end this war will be won by prayer and sacrifice—not the prayer of craven hearts, but of men and women strong in conviction, burning to

right the wrong, to make God's will prevail on Earth even as in Heaven.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore
let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me, night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or
goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?"

And so the man of prayer is in the fighting line. Every Joash in the trenches should have an Elisha in the home guard, urging him as a prophet of the Lord to smite other modern Syria until it is consumed. This is the great holy war of all the ages. *Germania delenda est.*

And it may be that if we are loyal and true and of good courage we shall hear as did His chosen people of old through their chosen leader: "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show to you to-day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day ye shall see again no more forever."

* * * *

Modern Industry

It is a very bright picture one can conjure up of life on a Canadian farm fifty years ago. The outstanding feature of that life was the fact that on the farm was made or produced practically everything necessary to subsistence. Food, clothing, toys, implements, household necessities—all were made by the busy hands of the good housewife, or her family of growing sons and daughters. One can picture during the course of the year such scenes as the quilting bee, the paring bee, the corn-husking, the preparation of wool and the spinning of it, the making of soap and starch, the hop-picking, the making of vinegar and cider, and good old-fashioned home-made cheese.

Those days have gone. The factory has superseded the home. Everything that man needs or wishes can now be obtained ready-made in great variety and abundance. That which formerly was produced after great expenditure of time and labor, may now for a few cents be purchased at a neighboring store. In every department of life as much as can be done by a few people in a few hours as was formerly done by hundreds of people in a week. Think of the multiplying power of a sewing machine, a linotype, a rotary press, a self-binder, a stamp-machine in the modern post-office. Well do we boast of the triumphs of modern industry.

And yet the advances have not been made without cost. Indeed, so great has the cost been that many people say our gains have not begun to equalize our losses. True, there has been a saving of time and energy; true there is greater variety and richness in production, but it is claimed that the workers themselves have lost character, power and individuality during the great transformation. This is, indeed, a serious charge, for no amount of material gain can counter-balance even a slight spiritual loss. One of the most unfortunate things that could befall society would be this—that people should place work above the worker, that they should think in terms of material production rather than in terms of free spiritual development. In the long run that alone is best which makes for strong manhood and noble womanhood, peace, happiness and joy in the hearts and homes of all. On visiting a large factory recently a writer compli-

mented the owner upon the provision made for pure air, cleanliness, supply of water, regulation of temperature, and ended by expressing his satisfaction that modern factories gave so much attention to the health of the employees. To this the owner replied, "Make no mistake; this is not done for the sake of the workers, but only to insure a better product." That statement, if it could be endorsed by employees generally would be the most damning reflection upon the methods of modern industry. We have a strong feeling that employers as a class have much greater regard for the health and happiness of their workers than the owners of this factory, but it is still abundantly true, that in the mad rush to promote industrial efficiency men have almost forgotten about health and home and morals.

* * * *

Industry and Education

Education is a lifelong process that fits human beings for society, for self-support, for industry, for parenthood and citizenship and for all noble enjoyment. Though we have schools and universities we have gross ignorance and wholesale poverty. Are ignorance and poverty by-products of industry? In some cases this can be proven beyond discussion. When year after year industry claims from the schools thousands of young people who have not learned even the elementary branches, there is only one thing that can possibly happen. These young people remain ignorant, and their earnings will never exceed the limit of those engaged in low-grade industry. Anyone who examines the situation will be convinced that in spite of child labor laws, and all other laws affecting the welfare of children, conditions are far from satisfactory. Men and women are becoming mere machines; they are losing their spiritual sense. The very schools are becoming commercialized. Nothing that is taught is valued unless it can be converted into dollars. It is true that the school should emphasize rather than ignore such subjects as health, general intelligence, morality. Somehow or other the soul of the young worker must be saved. Is it true, too, that in schools organized and supported by the State, or by workers themselves, the true relation of the worker and his family to industry should be set forth.

* * * *

Industry and Morality

The corrupting effects of industry are only too apparent. Owners of tenements do not call themselves infanticides, although the death-rate in tenements is twice that outside of theirs. A factory owner may escape condemnation as a murderer, even if one hundred die from smoke or fire in a single room. Our moral sense is dulled by modern industry. We have grown so accustomed to the wrong that we are unable to see it. "The mental energy of our ablest men has been too largely expended in industrial organization in service of greed for dividends. We have been taught too long that the profit motive is the best of which we are capable. The failures and crime, which we see, we attribute to the folly of human nature, not, as the facts demand, to the corroding power of industry on a basis fundamentally immoral. We can retrieve our integrity only as we come to accept as our ideal service instead of profit, and this will be achieved only as industry becomes a city, a state and a national service. Public ownership of great utilities is necessary to the moral life of our people."

Wilderness-Trained

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Aubrey Fullerton

FOR half an evening we had talked of the war, with that clear insight and unwavering assurance that come only from a wide reading of the newspaper. We had gone over the whole case, passed sundry judgments on men and methods, and reached a fairly satisfactory decision as to the end of it all. We had done, in fact, just what hundreds of other men were doing at the same time, and are doing now: for in these days all conversational roads lead to the front.

When we came to that part of our talk that had to do with the Canadians in action, one of our number, a man who has lived long and worked hard, sidetracked us for a few minutes on a new line of thought.

"What gets me," he said, in his emphatic way, "is how the English and French over there are laying themselves out to say nice things about our boys. They almost seem to be surprised there's such good stuff in 'em, and can't say too much about their pluck and courage, but, bless me, it's no surprise to us; and it wouldn't be to them either if they knew more about the country our soldier-boys went from. I tell you, there's good training ground in it for service at the front, and many's the man that's gone through tests in the wilderness as hard as any Kitchener can think of. Somehow, life in Canada, especially at the edge of things, puts nerve and pluck into a fellow, and some of it's showing itself now over in Europe."

The Old Timer's thought stayed with me, and during the next few days I went over certain facts and figures to see if they warranted his assertions. From the incidents known to myself—incidents by no means exceptional or unusual—I selected five that illustrated, it seemed to me, the kind of training he had in mind. They are not the records of historic personages, either, but of everyday men to whom these things have happened within the past four or five years.

Trapped in the Bush

First, there is the story of James Belanger, a French-Canadian lumberman on Georgian Bay.

Between French River, on the north of the Bay, and the Canadian Northern railway, is a stretch of wild land than which Ontario has not many rougher or more nearly impassable. Through it runs a private telephone line, connecting a lumber company's office in French River with Key Junction, on the railroad, and for most of the way that telephone line is the only suggestion of human voice. Something went wrong with it one day, and the company sent a repair crew into the bush to locate the trouble. On their way in the repair-men heard noises.

Now a noise in the wilderness always commands attention, for it is rare enough to be conspicuous, and very often suggestive enough to be alarming. This time it brought the men who heard it to a stop, with ears wide open.

"Bears" said the first man.

"Just one bear," corrected another, and he's in trouble—in a trap, likely."

For the noise was a cry, a wild, sharp, painful cry that came at intervals, and ended in a moan. There was nothing to be alarmed about in a noise like that: but it was an appeal for relief.

When the phone-menders had tracked the cry through the bush, they found, not a bear, but a man.

Eight days before, the river-driver, Belanger, had started from French River for Byng Inlet, afoot. He didn't know the wilderness as well as he knew the river, and on his first day out he lost the way. For a week of days and nights he wandered about, and got nowhere. Up hills, into the bush, through swamps, over piles of forest waste, he went, more hopelessly entangling himself each day. There was no road or trail, no sign of man, no break in the dead monotony of the wilds. The thickets tore his clothes to shreds, pestilential black flies covered his face and hands with his own blood, and the summer sun beat on him like fire. Worse than all, after the first day he had nothing to eat. A porcupine that he killed with a stick was the only food he had been able to secure in the bush, and it was poor eating. Yet, daily weakening though he was, he kept moving, for the native pluck of the man was hard to down. At last, however,



Looking down a crevasse in a glacier, between walls of solid ice, to fatal depths

he reached his limit, and laid himself upon a brush-pile, and when he had the strength to do it he cried for help. There the phone-men found him, thinking first they had come upon a bear in trap.

A few days' rest brought Belanger to himself again, survivor of an endurance test that tried his very soul and marrow. It was a part of his wilderness training.

east, and camped on one of the many islands in a bay of the lake.

It was rather pleasant, except for the delay that it meant to their plans, and for the first two days they were at ease. On the morning of the third day, Ford went up alone to the far end of the island, to look around. When he returned, his companion, the canoe, and most of their outfit were gone. All that was left for him was a little bedding, an axe, and some flour, bacon, sugar and tea. The other fellow had made off with everything else, including both their guns and all their miscellaneous valuables.

It was a clear case of desertion. Ford was of an optimistic turn, however, and did not greatly worry: the steamer would be along soon, he thought, and would take him off. But when it did go by it was a mile out from shore, and he could not attract its attention. The same thing happened a second and even a third time, with several days between them. Then the days ran into weeks, till a month had passed, and still he had not made himself heard or seen.

At length he built a small raft, and paddled across to another island, a little nearer the steamer's route. There he waited another week, but with no better luck: he was still too far from the steamer, and nothing else moved upon the lake. He gave it up, and went back to his first camp. That same night a boat went through so close that he could have hailed it, had he stayed.

One more week, and on its Saturday trip the steamer, which meanwhile had repeatedly passed up and down the lake, came nearer shore than usual. Ford built



Surveyors' party in Northern Alberta, with a moose, just in time to re-stock their larder

Marooned for Six Weeks

What happened to George Ford sounds like a Robinson Crusoe story, but it's true as all the rest. He went with a companion into the wilds of Ontario, near the Manitoba border, the two intending to prospect and trap in that region for a summer and a winter. Their course lay west on the English River, by canoe, but after crossing Lost Lake they took a wrong outlet and got into Lac Seul. There they decided to wait till the little Hudson's Bay Company steamer came by, on its supply trip to the posts further north and

a big fire close to the water's edge, and the captain, seeing this last of many signals, ran in to investigate. When two of the crew went ashore in a canoe, the castaway rushed out to meet them to his shoulder's depth in the water.

He was very nearly a nervous wreck. For a month and a half he had been marooned on a wilderness island, with latterly no food but berries, and continually baffled in his appeals to help that always passed him by. The Crusoe of Lac Seul had had a harder time of it than even Robinson had, and all because of a comrade's treachery.

Crippled on the Barrens

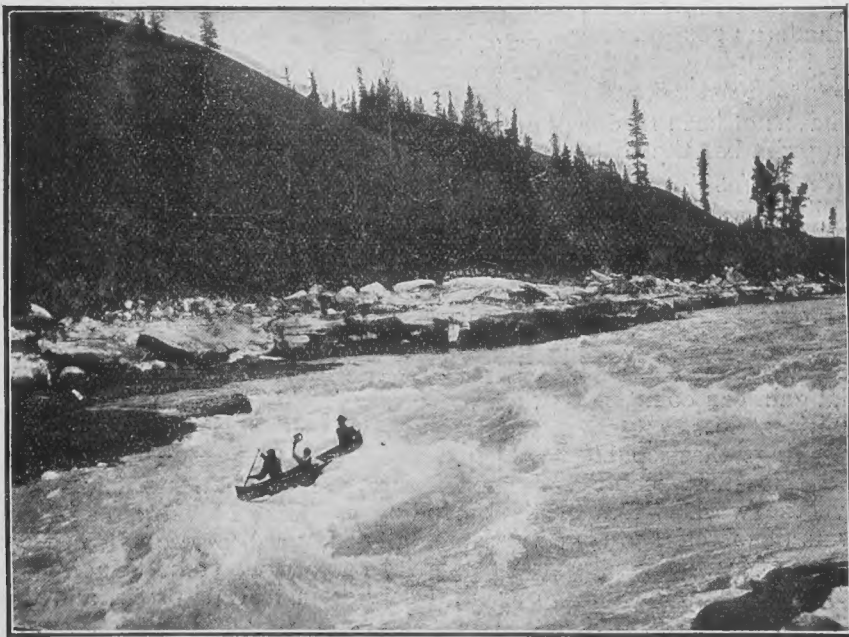
Charley Bunn's experience in the Barren Lands is the only one of the five here told that goes as far back as fifteen years. Bunn was one of two explorers who, with two halfbreed guides, were trying to find the source of the Coppermine River, under orders from the Dominion Geological Department. At a certain stage in their work it became advisable to divide the party, and while the other two went on, Bunn and his guide turned back over the way they had come. It was a rough country, where at any time they could get on but slowly, and to make matters worse Bunn slipped on a rock and dislocated his ankle. He called to the halfbreed, who was ahead of him, but that faithless servant gave no heed. Bunn hobbled after him, expecting to find him waiting a little further on, but it soon became evident that he had deserted. He knew the way back to the cache.

To be left alone on the Barren Lands of the big North, without food and crippled, was an ugly prospect. More than that, he was lost, for after a few wrong moves, he became hopelessly mixed as to his directions, and knew not whither he was going. The weather was cold, and he had no means of making fire, nor anything to eat but the berries that he picked from ground-bushes along the way.

His injured foot hurt him sorely, and the pain of it drove him nearly mad. He could not walk, or move at all except to crawl, in worse than animal fashion. This he did for eight days, and for as many nights he lay in what shelter he could find, suffering the while in every part of his body. At last came delirium, but still he dragged himself over the sub-Arctic plains, half-dead, and knowing only that he was lost. Thus he reached an Indian camp on Great Bear Lake, but to find it deserted. In the tents, however, were nets, and with these he caught some fish, which kept life in him until the Indians came back from their hunting. Through the winter that followed, the Indians cared for him, fed him, nursed him, till he was strong again, and in the spring they took him down to a trading post on the Mackenzie.

Field Work in the Mountains

Accidents and shortage of supplies are the greatest perils of the wilderness. Give a man his health and his food, and he will in most cases come out of the wilds unharmed. The mishaps that befell Charley Bunn were matched, with variations, by those that Clarence Hoarde came through in the country east of Portland Canal, where British Columbia neighbors Alaska. He was sent into that region to make a report upon its general character and resources, and took with him four packers, each of whom carried a ninety-pound pack of supplies. They made a good beginning, but the ending was tough



The kind of thing that tests a man's skill and nerve. Through the Whitehorse Rapids in a canoe



The Mountaineer, a man of the wilderness—of such are good soldiers made

The country proved to be almost impossibly hard. It seemed like a dump-ground for British Columbia's undersized mountains, for over and over again Hoarde and his men climbed big hills, then descended into thousand-foot ravines, only to find more of the same awaiting them close beyond. The least difficult traveling was in the creek beds, which, though slippery with little round boulders, gave at least a level course and were vastly preferable to fighting a way through the bush.

If you would know what manner of going it was, picture to yourself a muddle of hills and rock-piles, divided by great ravines and gorges, covered with dense undergrowth, tangled up with forest deadfall, and crossed by torrential streams just where you wanted to get over yourself. Add rain and heat, and you have a hint of what wilderness traveling in the top parts of British Columbia is like.

All this was a great consumer of time, and Hoarde found that his inspection was taking considerably longer than he expected. His supplies ran out, and the ninety-pound packs gradually lightened, so far as the provisions were concerned, till there was nothing left. High-bush cranberries, dried and withered at that, were their diet for the last two weeks, varied only with some edible bark, and for a few days there was not even this. The men pulled their belts tighter, and made the best of it. It was a part of their wilderness training.

Hoard himself had the hardest luck of all. He sprained an ankle, and did the last eighty miles in agony, but with the doggedness that is always a part of such men's make-up. There was nothing else for it, indeed, but to keep on. When at last, gaunt and haggard, they got through to Hazelton, it was so late in the season that the last steamer on the Skeena River had gone, and for them only a canoe trip remained. The Skeena is a desperately rough stream for canoeing, and further dangers were in store for them, but in due course they reached the coast.

Down a Glacier Crack

And now, read the adventure of Ed. Lea, who fell sixty-five feet into an ice-gorge, and came out alive. It was up in the Alaskan Panhandle, where a Dominion Government survey party was locating the Canadian-Alaskan boundary line, forty miles inland from Taku Inlet. It was a work, only just completed, that from Portland Canal to the Arctic involved tremendous exertion and stretched men's powers of endurance almost to their limit. And the Taku section of it was by no means the easiest.

The party went twenty-two miles up the Taku Glacier, nearly to the summit, and set out one morning to triangulate some peaks. Usually they walked in single file, roped together for safety's sake; but this time, for some reason, they neglected to take that precaution. What followed was as told in Lea's own words:

"I was leading, and in crossing a snow-covered surface, ten feet ahead of the next man, suddenly felt myself falling. When I recovered consciousness I found myself

wedged between icy walls and suffering intense pain. Every bone in my body seemed to have been broken. A few moments later I heard shouts, and looking upward saw my companions peering down the crevasse. Life never seemed dearer to me, but I almost gave up hope of ever being rescued alive.

"After many unsuccessful attempts I managed to tie around my glacier-belt a long rope they had lowered to me. How I made out to do it will always be a mystery to me, for I had then, as they afterward told me, been imprisoned there for nearly an hour, and the cold was awful. I fainted again when my three companions hauled me to the surface."

When he fell Lea had been caught and held by the narrowing walls of the crevasse; otherwise he would have gone two thousand feet or more into the depths. As it was, his feet dangled in empty space, and only his upper body was tightly wedged between the ice-walls. Nearly all his ribs were broken, and he suffered so that his companions pitched a tent on the glacier and put him into hospital. It was five weeks before he was strong enough to be carried down the ice-field to the main camp.

There are many others: men—and women, too—who underwent perils ashore and afloat; who dared and suffered; who were desperately hard put to it, were caught in tight places, were tested to very near the breaking-point. Usually, not always, they won out. They took their training in the school of the Canadian wilderness, and passed with honors.



Fishing Scene, looking down the Neeshako River

Of such stuff are good soldiers made. Not that these men, or even many like them, have gone to the war, but as, historically and geographically, the wilderness is back of all this Canada of ours, and its traditions are somehow woven into the fabric of our national life, so has the training of the frontier—the backwoods farm, the hinterland, and the hard wild places beyond—made for the stiffening and strengthening of that sum-total Canadian manhood from which a part has gone to fight. The Old Timer was right.

The marriage service had proceeded without a hitch so far; but the responses proved a stumbling-block. Neither the bridegroom nor his partner had received much in the education line; so, when the parson, in his most dignified tone, asked the usual question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Jack immediately answered:

"I 'ull."

"You must say 'I will,'" corrected the cleric, and asked the question over again.

"I 'ull."

"You must say 'I will,'" corrected the cleric, and asked the question over again.

"I 'ull," responded Jack, more firmly than ever.

The irate clergyman threatened to stop the service altogether if the response was not properly given.

This was too much for Sally, who broke in quite savagely:

"Gar along wid ye, mon; thee 'ull 'ave our Jack sayin' he won't in a minute or two wid yer worryin'."

Guiding our Guide. O'poots Ashore

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

"NOW O'poots tell me, is it not easier to see all your nice Indian Coast relics, your clubs and spears, your mats and masks, your totems and grease bowls, all gathered together in a city shop, than to wander as you and I and Fritz have been doing, like uneasy animals, all up and down this coast?"

For answer the Nootkan grunted one low grunt.

"Yes! and the bally things are better made when you get them from the shop," broke in the irrepressible Fritz.

"Mam'-ook ko'-pa kultus mah-ook house" (made in the shop, no good) burst out the outraged guide—true—we had seen the sawmill tooth mark on the back of the board of a cedar mortuary box, and some of the mats were machine printed. "Nah-halles King George man ko'-pa" (look here, white man made this), O'poots cried as he took from his pocket a nicely carved, machine made, miniature totem pole. We were standing in front of a "Native Bazaar" in Seattle. As the guide exhibited in his hand the despised fifty cent machine made totem pole, a nice big, fat, clean shaved American—you know them, wouldn't let a hair grow on their face because it is not the style (deah boy! talk about Lunnon, old chappie, these

the top of his head and howled; he had beaten the "Native Bazaar" man down to thirty-five cents for this same fake totem pole. "Give me all the money you've got, Sir, and I'll buy the bally fakeshop out and stand on the corner and make a fortune."

"Say! Look at this for a fish!" A truly world's wonder, a horrid grinning, monkey-like face on a long sinuous snake-like body; we stood amazed, even after the Curiosity Shop man had assured us there were lots of them in the "Hindoo Isles." "Yes, Sir, as you seem to fancy it, I'll knock off five dollars and it's yours for five silver cartwheels—a genuine mer-man from the Hindoo Isles."

"Look at the wonderful sinews," laughed Fritz as he passed me his magnifying glass.

"Wonderful," I answered. The young rascal had laid the glass right on the very line where some voyage tired sailor had sewed the tiny monkey's head to the long eel-like body.

"Look at the sinews, Sir," said the boy handing the proprietor the glass. "Right there, Sir. I'll bet they're cotton, first of all I thought they were linen." One look that man gave—Fritz was safely outside by now. "Pretty fresh boy of yours, Sir," he sputtered. "Yes, a bit fresher than your mer-man," I laughed back at him, and he handed me a cigar and—Oh! that ever present American business instinct—his catalogue and price-list.

On the way down to First Avenue we met the "runner in" for the fakeshop climbing up the steep sidewalk. Fritz recognized him instantly. "Could you tell me, Sir," said the innocent looking boy, "where the great 'Native Bazaar' is, where they have a real mer-man for sale?"

"Right up this hill with me!" burst out the man, then, as he recognized the grinning boy, "Oh! you go to Alaska, you young pup," and off he panted up the steep ascent.

We were not yet done with that fakeshop. Fritz, unseen by me, had purchased two more totem poles, "for the low price of sixty cents for the two," and was even now down on the long wharf offering them for sale. The first we knew of the affair was when a policeman, followed by a gaping crowd, emerged from the wharf entrance with Fritz firmly grasped by the left arm. "Coo-ee," cried the lad to us—our danger call. He evidently expected O'poots and I to dash in and snatch him from the cop as we have from a wave or a snow-slide. As I neared the crowd I was astonished to see the big, burly policeman wink at me. I instantly winked back and joined in with the gang. "Now clear out the whole bunch of ye, or I'll run you all in," shouted the policeman,



Indian Exhibit—Coast Indians' Handicraft

and the idlers darted off. The bluecoated officer guided Fritz into an empty wharf office and beckoned me in. As I entered I saw the face of the "runner in" peeking out from behind a pole; he was laughing fit to kill. "Young man," gruffly began the officer, "it's agin the law to peddle things without a license"—here he winked at me again—"however as this is your first offence I'll not run you in this time—now scat." and Fritz scatted, and the "runner in" and I and somebody else—yes, besides O'poots—had cigars on the young street merchant.

We left Seattle without getting into trouble, although Fritz calling O'poots "a slant eyed Jap" did not help us a bit with the emigration authorities. I felt sure they had wired ahead. On the journey over, while I was having a friendly game of "hearts" with three fellow voyagers, two of whom I was sure were Americans, the third one spoke up, and pointing to "Port Townsend" the last port on the U.S. side said, "Well! that's the last of God's country." "Why?" I asked in surprise. I knew the speaker had been born and living in Canada until within six months, but all unknown to him.

"Oh, well! there's such a difference; Canada's so slow, you know."

"Do you know what a counterfeit means? well! you are one, just figure it out." That's what I told him, but you ought to have heard what the two Americans called him, "claim-jumper," "bounty-stealer," and even Fritz broke in with "It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest." Oh we "got" that young man "good and plenty."

I wish I could show you O'poots' eyes when he entered the excellently kept museum in Victoria; the first thing he saw was a totem pole, so I guess he thought it was another fakeshop. Then as we entered all the wild animals of the northern continent stood there agaze. So did O'poots. For a minute he was really alarmed. Panthers grinned, wolves stood alert, ready for a spring, wildcats crouched at our feet—moose, elk, caribou, bear, blacktails and goats stared at us from a densely filled background—all in solemn light, as the blinds were drawn up. The stolid native stood with his back against the wall. This was but the second large city he had seen and certainly the first museum—at last he spoke; "Hyas! skookum man-a-loost poo" (big, good, place to shoot and kill). The intense interest he took, under our guidance, left alone, he just seemed to collapse. He knew most of the animals, all that belonged to this big island of Vancouver, intimately, but the Rocky Mountain Sheep and especially Kermodes white bears, a newly discovered species from the Alaskan Islands, made him grunt and mutter "cole-snass" (snow); they were the first colorless animals he had seen. I show you a picture of these taken in the park, mounted specimens placed, with the place of discovery beneath.

The seals and sea lions were more intimate—yes! your playmates very likely, you glassy eyed mounted specimens, have been chased over surf and sea billow by O'poots and his tribesmen. We have come across these excellent hunters far out of sight of land—when our big steamer was rolling abominably—the long trim canoe, provisioned and watered for wild days and stormy nights, rising and falling gracefully over the long Pacific swells. Fritz and I had two days of this off the west coast. It seemed almost impossible to snuggle down and sleep on that huge dark surface. The strange rushing, swishing noise of the great smooth seas—just outside the one inch thickness of hot-stone-cut cedar canoe was uncanny in the extreme. But the wonder and glory of that sunrise—all the long rushing hills were capped by liquid fire, every tiny whitecap—for the wind was getting up—an ocean bonfire. The filmy exhaust of a passing school of "Sulphur bottoms" (whales) instantly reminded us of the morning call from some steam whistle ascending into the calm air. One moment we saw all this new-day glory, the next we were sunk in the darkness of the trough. On the inward tide we sighted Cape Flattery, that dreaded cape, and the seals appeared for the first time. Now came some most difficult shooting. If the great fat animal was shot fairly through the body it was most certainly lost, as the escape of air allowed it to sink, so, on this rising and falling canoe, the bowman must hit them fairly in the head—and each hit was worth \$17.50 that day, the market price of a fur seal skin. "Rip-p-p" sounded the semi smokeless,



Mouth of Stoney Creek, Vanderhoof, B.C.

a little puff arose from the rifle muzzle and I leaped up and used the binoculars while the crew were paddling for dear life up and down watery hills and valleys. We lost the first one and got the next two and the hunt was over and a thirty mile paddle ahead towards mid-day, when the wind was fresh and the sea boisterous, we shipped a wave clear

defunct whale. You would never imagine a whale could smell so strong away out here in the very centre of distance—but it did, our men tried to make fast. I was near the bow and got a good deal of that whale, more than I really wanted. It was too ripe: the boat gaff, the old mussel-shell tipped whale spear, the many hooked line of seal lion sinew all torn out and, both sorrowfully and gladly, we left that exceeding strong carcass to decompose on the bosom of old ocean. But all this time we have left O'poots wandering up and down the galleries of the museum. The case filled with cormorants and gulls, guillemots and puffins interested him immensely—he guessed about three hundred miles wrong as to the breeding grounds.

"Kan-ish yah-ka mam-ook-sol-leks" ejaculated (big, good food). What was bothering our faithful Coast Indian was the fact that we had not eaten all of the various animals and birds. He afterwards informed me that he knew better now than ever how rich these "King George" men were, they could keep their game and not eat it.

The thing that puzzled him most was an advertising figure we met on Government Street. Some wild U.S. firm was rushing into print and notice by dressing a poor mortal up in some pressed pulp clothes to represent something or other—never mind the name, it was the "best on earth," as per usual.

"Kan-ish yah-ka mam-oo-sol-leks" (when is he going to fight). Our astonished guide thought the man had his war armor on; all the way down one side of the long street the guide, duly trailed by Fritz and I to see he came into no



Animal Exhibit. A decorative scheme, Victoria, B.C. Museum

over the tall handle like bow. To see those men "paddle-splash" the water out was a lesson. Even if we had swamped and upset they could have righted and emptied that forty foot craft as readily as if we had been on the swimming beach at the home village. The wind and tide was against us luckily—very luckily, as we met a

danger, followed the advertising man. At last the weird figure discovered he was being followed and round about he turned. O'poots was right on his very heels—you ought to have seen the crowd gather. Our guide, true to his tribal instincts, stood quietly watching, turning as the strange figure turned, advancing when it advanced. All the way back to the hotel the Nootkan followed the fool. I wondered, as I never could make out just why he trailed him, just how much these original dwellers in this land admire and how much they despise us, for the expression on the guide's face when that clumsy oaf took the mask away from his perspiring features was certainly scorn, scorn for a man who would wear his "winter ceremonial," or his fighting armor, for the applause or ribaldry of the street mob.

That night we took our tiring guide to a moving picture show. We had never in any case, danger by flood or field, found him wanting, but when on the screen that team of greys, whipped and urged, fireward bound, leaped and rushed down the street which seemed to end in our very laps, with whistle tooting and steam up-rushing from the bounding fire engine behind them, our stolid little Coast Indian lost all his nerve and leaped from his aisle seat and stumbled out of the swinging door. All Fritz had to do in later days, to arouse the deepest feelings of wild anger and resentment in our dusky friend, was to ask slyly of me, so that O'poots might overhear, "I wonder if they have caught those horses yet?"

Simultaneous Conversion

The late Bishop Fowler of the Methodist Church is credited with the following: "yarn." His text was that sincere creeds, no matter how diverse, should bind Christians together. The Washington Star quotes him as follows:

John Smith was a Presbyterian. Hannah Jones was a Baptist. They hesitated about marrying because they feared that in later life, when the little ones came, religious disputes might arise. Thus the years passed. Neither would renounce their church. John Smith grew bald, and Hannah Jones developed lines about her mouth and eyes. It was a complete deadlock, the world said.

Then John was sent abroad for a year by his firm to buy fancy goods. He and Hannah corresponded regularly. Toward the year's end, by a remarkable coincidence, each received from the other a letter, the two letters crossing in the mails. They said:

"Friend John. The obstacles that stood in the way of our marriage have at last been removed. This day I was received in full membership in the Presbyterian Church. Hannah."

"Dearest Hannah. We have no longer any ground for delaying our union further. I united myself this day with the Baptist Church. John."



White Bear from Gribble Island, B.C. First discovered by F. Kermode in 1904

Private Smith of the 90th

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne.

A platoon of soldiers swung down the straggling cobble-stoned village street. They marched at ease for they had just left the trenches after eighteen days' fighting, and were bound for the town of G— where food and rest and recuperation awaited them.

An old Flemish woman stood at the door of her little auberge, in the deserted hamlet, and stared in bored listlessness at the oncoming column of dusty disheveled and wholly unrecognizable troops. She had taken heart of grace and returned to her old home where little of any value remained, and was the only living creature in the place.

Suddenly, as the men passed opposite to her, she uttered a cry and darted out

"G——!" she exclaimed, in terror. "Come on Smith!" shouted the corporal. "Go on. I'll catch up," returned the private.

"My son! Do not go to G——," said the old woman. "Do not go there. Do you not know that——"

"Listen, madam," said the private gently, as he disengaged himself from her grasp, "my name happens to be Albert, all right, but I am not your son."

He spoke in the best Flemish he could muster. She gazed at him with growing perplexity.

"Then—who are you? Ah, you would joke with your old mother! I, who sent you off with a smile on my lips and a pain here."



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En Route to the Relief of the Men in the French trenches. A division of fresh French troops en route to the relief of the French soldiers worn out by the fighting in the trenches

into the roadway. The corporal gave the order to halt and the men came to a standstill and turned with mild curiosity to find that the old woman had seized the arm of a private about halfway down the line, and was greeting him with a great display of affection and delight.

"Albert! Albert!" she cried, while she patted his mud-covered arm, and drew him out of the line. Puzzled and somewhat amused Private Smith smiled upon her and removed his tattered cap. He stood there in the warm spring sunshine, a handsome dark-eyed young fellow of twenty-eight or so with a slim well-knit form and the ready smile that had defied the buffets of outrageous fortune many a time. As she renewed her exclamations and began to pour a volley of questions at him in rapid Flemish the corporal advanced.

"What do you want, mother?" he demanded.

"He is my son," she said.

One of the men tendered her a bit of money but she shook her head and clung closer to Private Smith.

"Her son!" and a laugh passed down the line.

"Her troubles have driven her dippy—poor soul," said the corporal. "Form! March on!"

But Smith did not fall in, for the woman was whispering to him with intense emphasis. He had picked up a few words of Flemish during the past three or four months, but he could understand very little of what she said. He did, however, understand her to ask where he and his companions were going. She awaited his answer breathlessly.

She pressed her knotted hands over her heart.

"No, no, — believe me, I am Canadian. We are a company of the 90th Rifles, and we are on our way to our billet."

She continued to stare, blinking, at him.

"But the enemy's troops are there—many of them. They lie concealed in the church of St. Gabriel. You will walk into a trap!"

Private Smith had now concluded that the old creature was partially, if not altogether demented. It was with difficulty that he tore himself away.

"If I see your son Albert, I will tell him you are well and still at home," he countered, as he drew off. Over the doorway of the auberge were the letters: Albert Heerwyck.

"Is that your son's name?" he asked, pointing to the inscription.

She nodded.

"You will not come back alive," she said, sadly.

He laughed lightly.

"If there's to be a fight," he said, as he waved his hand in farewell, "the 90th will be the victors. I will, myself, madam, ring the belfry-bell so that you may know. You will hear it and know that it means victory."

It was three miles to G—. Smith caught up with his company just as it was ascending the last hill overlooking the city. He told the corporal of the old woman's warning. The officer was skeptical.

"If we listened to the tale of every old woman in this land we'd be running around in circles," he said.

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By the clock tower of St. Gabriel's it was six o'clock when the 90th entered the city. When they had passed along several streets, Private Smith turned suddenly and looked back at the great timepiece. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed yet the large hands had swung about and now stood at six forty-five. He called the corporal's attention to it. Again the officer was unimpressed.

"You are bewitched, Smith," he said, "or you've got an attack of nerves. All clocks are crazy, in this land."

The golden dragon which was taken from the church of St. Sophia in Constantinople in one of the Crusades and placed on the belfry of Bruges was afterward transported by Philip Van Artevelde to G— where it adorns the belfry of that city.

had retreated to the doors and windows of the inn where they held their position most valiantly and conserved their fighting strength. It was a change for the 90th—a change from the disheartening attitude of watchful waiting in water filled trenches.

Private Smith, joying in this kind of warfare which was a street fight on a large scale, had just levelled his rifle at a glistening helmet that stood out sharply from among the others when a new cry arose in the turbulent street.

"The French! The French!"

It was tossed along from man to man in the guttural German tones Smith had come to know so well.

The tide of battle veered. In great confusion the remaining Prussians beat a retreat. Then from around the belfry square surged a gallant company of French



London's Firs. Woman Railway Porter

Woman porters have in a large degree taken the place of the men who have gone to the front. One of them is seen here wheeling the barrow at the Marylebone Station in London

The inscription on the alarm bell at G— is: "Mynen naem is Roland; als ikklep is er brand, als ik luy is er victorie in het land." Which, being interpreted means: "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire; when I ring there is victory in the land."

It was midnight when the enemy arrived. The troops that remained in hiding in the sacred edifice now came boldly forth in the square before St. Gabriel's to join their compatriots who had been summoned at six o'clock, by the spy in the clock tower.

The 90th Rifles had had five hours' sleep when suddenly the sentry pacing the cobblestones before the hostel door halted and pricked up his ears. On the still night air came the regular tramp tramp of many feet. Puzzled, he hesitated a moment. Then, beating upon the hostel door he called "To arms!"

Instantly the little band rose, almost as one man, and shaking off the drowsiness of unsatisfied sleep, they poured forth into the street. At the same moment the advance guard of the Prussians rounded the corner to the east.

The fight was sanguinary and long, many fell, and more were wounded. The Prussians, some six hundred strong, were obliged to remain in the open for the 90th

cuirassiers, augmented here and there by Belgian cavalymen, and others on foot.

At the sight the two score riflemen in the inn raised a cheer. The newcomers galloped up, a splendid sight in the moonlight, their lances glistening like a forest of silver spikes and their commandant crying "Allons!" as they rode after the enemy.

At dawn Private Smith, with a wound on the head which he had bandaged as well as possible, crossed the now cleared square and entered the gaping door of the belfry tower. Slowly he mounted the steps that spiralled up toward the great bell that was surmounted by the golden dragon. On the second landing he stopped and seized the end of the rope. Before he could pull it, however, his eye caught the gleam of a German sabre in the half-light that filtered in through the tower window, and as he sprang backward toward the stairs, the fugitive in the tower made a lunge at him.

"You do not ring for victory," he hissed, "not while I guard the bell rope!"

Private Smith for answer, cocked his rifle, prepared to shoot him down without delay. He had just levelled the weapon at the Prussian (who had been sent to the tower to prevent the news of victory being spread abroad by means of the

historic old bell) when the sound of footsteps mounting the winding stairs far below stayed him. In another moment a Belgian private, capless and panting, sprang upon the landing and stretched out his arm to seize the rope.

Smith had only time to reflect that of course it would naturally be a Belgian that would recollect the legend and hasten to proclaim the cheering news to the people of the land, when the Prussian raised his own rifle and fired. The shot intended for the Canadian, missed him by a few inches and found a mark in the Belgian's heart. Quick as a flash Private Smith avenged the deed by a well aimed shot at the Prussian cowering in the corner. The man threw up his arms and fell forward on his face dead. Smith leaned over the gallant Belgian who lay gasping upon the stairs he had so lately mounted. He, too, had received his death blow, and even as Smith stooped over him, he breathed his last. Then the brave young private of the 90th Rifles seized the bell rope and rang the news of "a victory in the land." Across the lagoons and sand dykes, across the canals and tulip gardens the joyous sound travelled. Smith pulled the rope until his strong arms ached.

Then he carried the body of the young Belgian in the dusty uniform down the stairs and out into the early sunshine. Reverently he laid him down in the shade of a yew-hedge. As Smith rose he caught sight of the metal disk that hung about the dead man's neck, and which every soldier carries for identification, and stooping he read the name upon it. It was Albert Heerwyck.

* * *

Two days later on the road leading out over the hills from G—to the battle line, wound a column of the 90th Rifles, the men somewhat refreshed and brightened up after their short respite in the town. They were returning to their solemn work in the water filled trenches.

Near the centre four men carried the dead body of Albert Heerwyck, on a stretcher.

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull

It is hard to believe that tea or coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did this woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not, quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years." Tea is just as injurious as coffee, because it, too, contains the health-destroying drug, caffeine.)

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I now like Postum better than the coffee.

"One by one of the old troubles left until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my house work and have done a great deal beside."

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Private Smith bore a heavy heart as they neared the little village of V—three miles out, where the old woman of the auberge had run out with her joyous exclamations of "Albert, Albert." It was sad tidings he was bringing her.

The road was rutted, and disfigured by dead bodies of men and cattle, and all of the farm houses were only dismal shells now, for even in their retreat the dastardly Prussians had taken time to satisfy their lust for destruction.

At last they entered the straggling, stony village street. As before, there was no sign of life here and the men tramped stolidly and in silence up to the door of the little auberge with the jutting out second storey.

Smith and his stretcher bearers advanced under the low doorway with their burden—and then stopped short.

For, lying within the humble little room, stretched upon her back on the sanded floor, was the old woman—the mother of Albert Heerwyck—with a bullet wound in her heart.



Captain Turner of the "Lusitania" who stood by his ship till she sank

Prehistoric Builders

How the people of prehistoric times hewed out the great stones,—larger than any that are quarried to-day,—hailed them from distant hills, and lifted them to the very top of their pyramids and fortifications will probably forever remain a mystery.

Near Cuzco, in Peru, there is an ancient Inca fortress formed of granite and limestone boulders, some of which are as large as a house, with edges as carefully trimmed and fitted as the parts of a picture puzzle, and the surfaces as smooth as on the day they were set up.

The secret of this marvelous skill has been lost in the ages, but the modern descendants of the ancient builders relate legends that, to their simple minds at least, explain the mystery. Mr. S. S. Howland has told some of these in Scribner's Magazine.

The one most credited by the Indians is that far back in the mountains a plant grows, the juice of which, spread upon the surface of a stone, will cut it through as with a knife, and not deviate from the line that has been painted with it, and also that a little of this juice rubbed upon the surface will smooth it as a brook smooths a pebble.

To support this story, they declare that in the mountains lives a bird that makes its nest in holes on the sides of steep cliffs. To do this he brings in his beak a bit of a shrub, which he holds against the stone, until in a very short time it has eaten away enough rock to furnish the space required. They also insist that many, many years ago some Indians working among the ruins of Tiaguanaco discovered a great closed cistern. They forced off the lid; it was full of a thick, greenish liquid. In their anxiety to make use of their find as a place to keep their grain, they ladled out the stuff and threw it broadcast over the great stones and columns amid which they were working. What was their wonder, on returning the following day, to find that everything that greenish fluid had touched was broken and split up into small fragments.

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The Lucky Ring

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert.

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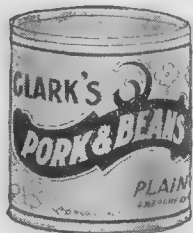
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The girl sat in front of what had once been a cheery fire, and ate the last of what had once been a quarter of a pound of biscuits, and realized that she was cold and still desperately, gnawingly hungry.

Dimly, at the very back of her tired mind, she realized other things—first that she was a failure, an orphan, practically friendless, and entirely moneyless. Moreover handicapped by a studio-bedroom with an unpaid rent, and the slowly dying belief that she had been born with an artistic temperament.

But for the pluck inherited from honest farming ancestors she might have cried. Instead she swallowed the last crumbs of the biscuits, gathered together three or four of her drawings, and determined to try and dispose of them.

The room swam round a little as she pinned on her hat.

It was lying almost at the door of the studio—a gold ring, curiously and exquisitely wrought, and jewelled with a fine gleaming emerald; it was that which caught her eye.

Of course it must belong to the unknown young man who had taken the studio, and, obviously she must return it to him.

She raised her hand to the bell, and then stood staring at the trinket in her hand.

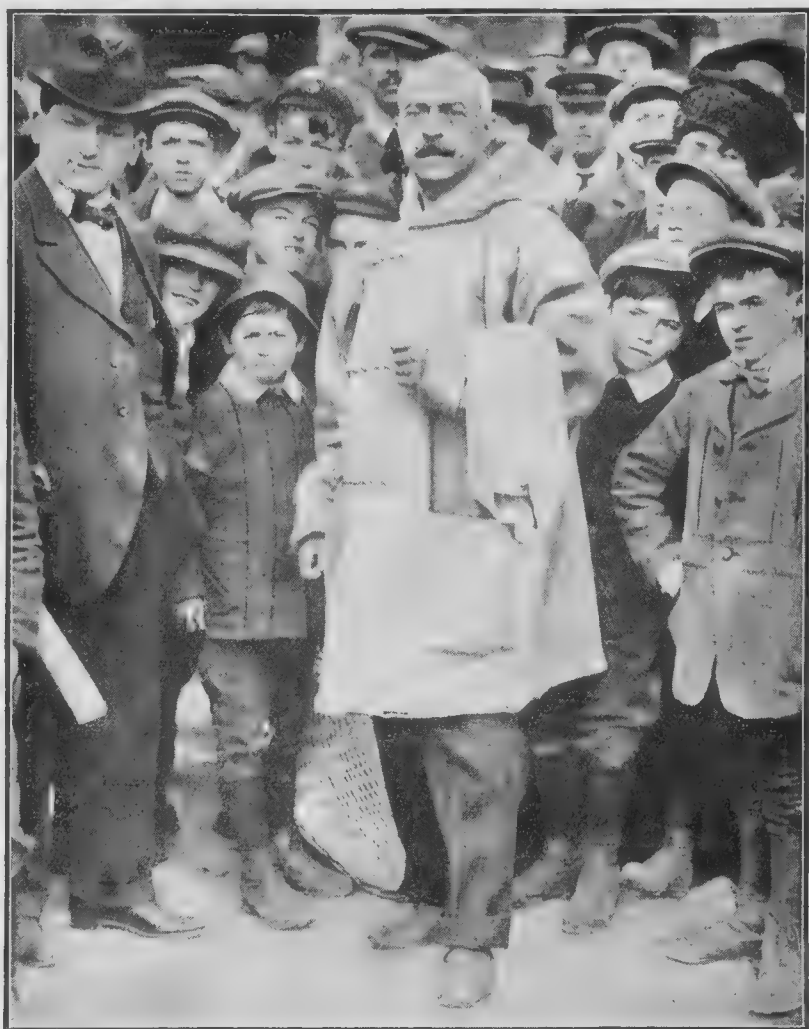
It represented food—much food—warmth, decent clothes, the rent she owed and—she was cold and absolutely hungry.

Very quietly her cold fingers closed over the ring. The owner was rich!

She flushed crimson, and pushed the bell—and again, but there was no answer.

Then she looked again at the ring, and shivered.

She had pawned everything she had,



Cuban Consul General who was rescued from the "Lusitania"
Julian de Avala, in a bath robe which he had to use. He was rescued almost naked.

A year ago things had seemed so different! How they had discussed life at the Art School. How they had sneered at the commonplace public! What fun they had made of its ideals and ambitions!

She, Ivy Latimer, had made fun with them, added her sneers to theirs. But with her father's death, the careless life of the Art School came to an end, and Ivy dazed for the moment, but quite confident of her own powers, had chosen Art as her career.

Her talent was small, her pluck indomitable, but in spite of it she had come to this.

What wouldn't she give for a good square meal? She opened the studio door and stood on the landing till the stairs should have ceased to bow to her, then slowly, she descended.

On the second landing she paused feeling faint from want of food.

Her tired eyes fell on the studio door facing her. She wondered who had taken it—it had been to let for so long.

She knew that the new comer was a young man and that he was rich, but she had never seen him and his name was quite unknown to her. Conscious of faint curiosity she bent forward to read it on the brass plate, "Julius A. Cowan."

She turned away listlessly to continue her descent, and saw — It.

worth pawning; all her little personal effects had gone for coal and food. She had no delusions now; she knew she would never be a great artist. She was just a shivering ordinary young woman, without friends.

The door of the caretaker's room downstairs opened, and there floated up a smell of meat cooking.

With a little sob, Ivy Latimer raised her hand and pressed again, and again there was no response.

For a second she hesitated. All her instincts, all her training, all that she had inherited from her pretty, gentle mother, and her upright practical father, had taught her to abhor this thing she contemplated.

"I—I am not stealing it," she muttered, and it was as if she silenced those generations of fine ancestors. "I—I shall pawn it, and then when things go all right, I will redeem it, and return it to him."

She did not dare to reason as she hurried down the stairs past the scent of roasting meat which had been her undoing.

The city, only a year ago, had seemed to her all that was beautiful, but now dingy to her eyes as she hurried through it to the pawnshop. She remembered it, for she had often stopped to admire the exquisite old things displayed in the windows—rare jewellery, brass and copper

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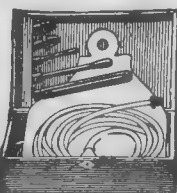
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bearing age stamped on them, old ivory, and here and there a piece of Sevres china.

She had been told that the owner of the shop was no ordinary pawnbroker; he only dealt in antiquities; an artist, a passionate lover of old things. She looked up at the name "J. Cohen", pushed open the door and walked in.

It was a little dark and very old, this shop peopled with shadows, but full of cherished treasures. One saw they were treasures, one felt that they were cherished.

"What can I do for you, madam?" She started and looked up from the frail Dresden china shepherdess she had been examining. "How exquisite!" she murmured involuntarily.

"It is one of the first things made in the Copenhagen factory. It illustrates Hans Andersen's story of the sweep and the china shepherdess. See, there is the sweep. I put them close together in sympathy."



Little Helen Smythe who was rescued from the sea when the Lusitania was torpedoed, by Ernest Cowper, a journalist of Toronto. She is unaware of the fate of her father, mother, sister, brother and aunt who were aboard the ill-fated ship with her, when torpedoed.

She looked at him sharply. A tall, curiously virile, attractive young man, very keen, very wide awake, with crisp curly black hair and blue pleasant eyes. "I—I want to—paw this ring."

He took it from her, noting her embarrassment and she wondered at the strength and beauty of his hands, as he examined it.

"I understand you wish me to tell you, what I would advance on it madam."

"Yes." She leant a little wearily against the counter; her small oval face was pale, and her hair beneath her shabby hat was the warmest brown; her eyes and pretty little mouth were weary and saddened.

Then suddenly the Dresden china figure pirouetted to meet her, the grandfather clock swayed down upon her—then restful velvety darkness.

She came to on an old divan before a roaring log fire. Here too she was conscious of absolute peace; then she looked up into the keen, worried blue eyes of J. Cohen.

"I'm—I'm—How foolish of me!" she said.

On a silver salver he was holding a beautiful long stemmed glass of amber colored liquid, and beside it biscuits on an old Sevres plate.

"Please," he commanded. "Oh but I insist! It is to be taken as medicine."

She obeyed meekly, and the refreshment put new strength into her, and she struggled to her feet. "It is very good of you," she said. "I expect it was the cold and —"

She paused, a growing amazement in her large brown eyes, for this back parlor was assuredly the loveliest room she had ever been in. The walls plain sapphire blue, and against them old furniture of the Queen Anne period. A Queen Anne dresser filled with old blue china, there was a wonderful desk, and the low divan upon which she had been lying covered with exquisite fuchsia and sapphire tapestry of weird design.

"How beautiful!" she said involuntarily. "I did not think —"

His gentle, amused blue eyes betrayed no resentment.

"You did not expect it in a pawnbroker's back parlor?" he said pleasantly.

"Oh I didn't mean that!" She turned her pretty distressed eyes on him in real dismay.

"I don't resent it," he smiled. "I am a pawnbroker but I love beautiful things." Then he became the courteous salesman.

"I can advance you twenty pounds on your ring, madam."

He held open the door, and she passed into the shop again.

She gave a little gasp.

"I—I don't think after all, that I will—"

She glanced out of the glass doors into the street. It was sleeting and miserable.

"Thank you!" she said with a little gulp, and—took the money

The memory of J. Cohen went with her out into the rain. There came back too with curious persistence the memory of his perfect room, his pleasant, cultivated voice "You did not expect it in a pawnbroker's back parlor?"

And when she had gone, J. Cohen smiled and slipped the ring on his finger. It fitted exactly.

The shop door opened and his partner came in from lunch.

"Hello, old chap! Got your ring back?"

"Yes."

"Quick work. How much did the finder sting you for it?"

"I paid twenty pounds."

"My stars!"

Cohen looked down at his hand and smiled. "It was cheap," he said.

It may have been that the pendulum of Fate needed but a touch to restore the balance, for from now on Ivy's luck changed.

She sold four pictures for five pounds each, secured illustrating work from an impressionable young Irish editor, who drew her pretty face very passably on his blotting pad to the joy of his office boy.

Then she got twenty pounds for a badly drawn but effective poster, advertising some special brand of soap.

The caretaker once more touched his cap. She was once more decently fed and clothed, and a respectable member of society—outwardly.

Her personal opinion of the matter was adequately expressed in long sleepless nights, in fierce fights with the accusing memory of those straight honest ancestors of hers. She grew to reverence them.

She called herself "thief" out loud, and winced and quivered at the sound of it.

By irony of fate she went in for a drawing competition and won a thirty-pound prize.

Then Sally Warner mercifully returned and came to see her. Sally had a studio on the next floor to Ivy. They had been at the schools together, and Sally had done things. Her people were large dyers, and nothing would cure Sally of the loyal unswerving conviction that trade was the whole thing.

"I can't see it, girls. Trade's the thing. Where would our art be if it wasn't for the canvas, paint and brushes? Who cares about art or books if it comes to a strike? Who would care if the picture galleries were looted, if the food supply gave out? Dairies and groceries are the things that count. As for dyeing it's a greater mission than art. It restores the joy of good color to the genteel little house —"

And how they had all laughed! Sally came to see her, full of Italy, but found time to ask: "Know the man at Number three—Julius Cowan?"

"No! Oh no."

"His grandfather on his mother's side was a Jew. His father called himself Cowan, so does Julius of course. He was

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at Oxford, but sticks to the old business."

Ivy heard not a word of it all, except the name Julius Cowan and it dawned upon her that her friend knew the owner of the ring.

She sat up and began to take notice. "Sally, have you known Mr. Cowan long?"

"A goodish time—don't scent romance. It's a false trail. Julius Cowan's wife is likely to be something wonderful anyway. He's wonderful, you should hear him play, it's great. Would you like to meet him?"

"He sounds interesting." "He is, intensely. I'll take you down to tea one day."

"Then it'll have to be soon. I—I may have to go away."

"All right, what about to-morrow?"

"Thanks." Her voice was deliberately careless, "I don't think I've anything on." And when her visitor had gone she sat shivering over the fire, staring at the flames.

The next morning she visited the curiosity shop. A young man came forward to serve her, but not the most efficient young man she had ever seen.

"I pawned a ring, about two months ago for twenty pounds. It was an emerald. I—I wish to redeem it."

"Just so, madam, I guess the transaction was with my partner. I don't recall it."

Her heart stood still. For a moment she felt sick with fear.

"But you wouldn't have parted with it. I—I have the ticket."

"I'll just call my partner madam, one instant."

He put his head into the back room.

"Cowan, lady here after a ring with an emerald in it," he said in a low voice.

"Is she pretty?" was the reply.

"You'd twist your eyes round, but without gasping."

"You stay here, then. I know all about the ring."

He drew it from his finger as he closed the door, and went to meet her.

"Here is your ring, madam." The passionate relief in her face amazed him.

"Thank you, there is the twenty pounds and interest."

Something in his personality attracted her strongly.

"Did you always have this?" she asked with a comprehensive glance around.

"No, madam. Once I started on a heart breaking race after fame and romance."

"And then?"

"Then one day I mercifully realized that I was not born a winner. This place was waiting for me, and contained all the romance and beauty I could desire. Isn't that worth while?"

"Yes," she said, "it is."

He held the door open for her.

"Thank you," she said softly.

On the stairs going to her studio, she met Sally.

"I wrote Julius Cowan asking if we could come to tea to-day. He'll be delighted. Shall I come for you, or will you come down for me?"

Ivy clutched a tiny box sealed with red sealing wax. "I'll—I'll come down for you, Sally."

It was a white and weary Ivy who appeared at Sally's room at four o'clock.

"I'll keep him from eating you," Sally assured her.

"Thanks," Ivy answered sincerely.

Ivy's first impression of the studio as she tremblingly entered was a soothing restfulness. She drew a long breath of pleasure, then turned to acknowledge the introduction to her host.

"Your choice of gown was an inspiration, Miss Latimer," said a curiously familiar voice.

She swung round, her face devoid of color, and found herself looking into the magnetic blue eyes of J. Cohen.

"Mr. Cowan," said Sally's casual voice, "my friend, Miss Latimer."

"I—I," Ivy whispered, "I—I—"

Sally was waltzing round peering into everything, she paused and taking a spray of lilac from a vase said: "Doesn't it smell ripping?"

"I bought it from the old flower seller at the corner. 'Fair stinks of the old home, don't it, sir?' was her comment when I took it."

During tea Julius Cowan and Sally chatted so continuously of old friends that Ivy's silence was unnoticed. But her dreaded moment came when Sally, gathering up the cups and saucers, remarked she was going to wash up.

"Would you like me to play?" he said gently, and she nodded.

The music was soft and wonderful. I gave her courage.

"May I talk?" "Please do!"

"It is about—your ring. Of course you knew that the girl you advanced the money to, and the girl at Number two were the same."

"There I had the advantage of you," he said gravely.

"I found your ring outside your door," she said. "I was cold and hungry—and—I temporarily—stole it."

"I guessed how it was," he answered quickly.

"I have no excuse."

"The offence—if it is that—needs none. I too have starved and frozen. Had a ring been dropped—"

"No you wouldn't," she flashed. "You wouldn't. Nobody decent would. But I did mean to return it—in the end."

"I know that. I knew it the moment I saw your face. That was why I said nothing."

"I did not know that Julius Cowan and J. Cohen were the same."

"Of course you didn't. My real name is Cowan. Oh, I understand all about it."

"I'm a failure," she said, "and nearly a thief."

"You could not be a thief. You are not even a failure, only you are off your own road."

"My own road?"

"You stand just where I did five years ago. I learnt my lesson. I realized that I was none of the fine romantic things I had fancied. I stepped back into the dear, scented, sunny, ordinary road of life, and there I found the very things I had failed to find on the other road—romance, happiness and peace."

He looked into her eyes, and a sudden flash of sympathy passed.

"The ring is very old, Miss Latimer," he went on. "My grandfather called it the magic ring. He said if one put it on, and wished, the wish came true. Won't you put it on and wish?"

"I would wish that you forgive me, Mr. Cowan, and that I may forget."

"And I keep my wish for a better thing. My wish," he said quietly, "is a very presumptuous, a very precious one. It is that one day I may have the right to walk beside you in the new road, to kick away the stones from beneath your feet, to guard you from thorns, to pluck for you the flowers. Will you give me this chance? The future teems with wonderful possibilities. I cannot let them die."

She lifted her eyes and looked into his, conscious of a new thrill.

"Why let them die," she whispered, "when they were surely meant to—live!"

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Days of Long Ago in Manitoba

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans

This copy comprises facts gleaned from a former H. B. Factor, together with particulars the writer has recently obtained from London, England.

The hinterlands of the Canada West, embraced a huge territory the inhabitants of which were composed entirely of Indians nomadic in propensity. Yet, in the natural sequence of events in a 17th century, it was easy to surmise that conditions would undergo a change. We find that in the middle years of the period quoted, men, who had been sufficiently venturesome to penetrate the outskirts of this vast land area, returned homeward and dispelled startling information concerning its wealth and resources.

Within a short time, the first page of Manitoba's mercantile history would be written. We find that in 1650 a party of traders from the St. Lawrence river, penetrated to the westward of Lake Superior establishing several places wherein to barter with the native hunters for the pelts. In records yet preserved, it is learned a few of these posts were located in the forests adjacent to the Lake of the Woods. One of such forts was at Rat Portage, now Kenora. For four years operations were conducted, that is until 1654; at this date a number of the traders returned to their native country, France. Then was unfolded the story gleaned from Indians concerning an unknown sea in the northland upon the beaches of which rambled the polar bear. Again, during the summer of 1659, two individuals of French birth travelled into the areas westward of the Lake of the Woods. The feet of these men trod within the Manitoba of to-day. In the following year, 1660, much consternation was created in France by the claim that the great prairies and forests of the land toward the setting sun, contained prodigious quantity of animals the furs of which were of high financial value in the markets of Europe. The stories were not without a resultant issue a fact evidenced by the departure from France in 1661 of a determined band of explorers. The operations of this party did not extend westward of the Great Lakes, rather were they confined to traffic with Indians of Huron district, Ontario. A few years passed away, additional intelligence was forthcoming, the cry was—Onward to Hudson Bay. How was this desire to be accomplished? We shall see.

The primary action was to amalgamate a body of men. Attempt to do this in France proved futile. At this, information having reached Prince Rupert of England, an expedition under his auspices was dispatched to conduct inquiry into the conditions prevailing. In 1668, the first ship, another vessel acting in consort returned home, entered Hudson Straits. The imperative movement of this party was the erection of a trading place, hence a log fort made appearance; as a precautionary measure against treacherous attitude of the Indians, this building was protected by a stockade. In the spring of 1669, the expedition returned to England conveying enormous consignments of furs. Actuated by this success, application was made by Prince Rupert to King Charles the Second for a Charter of Royal Command. Thus the Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay commenced its career. It was conceded by the few who had penetrated the regions that such would in perpetuity remain the abode of an aboriginal tenancy. Based upon this idea, extraordinary concessions were granted the Company. Naturally such were monopolistic in character, donated exclusive right to maintain control of the vast areas betwixt Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains. For in excess of two centuries this prerogative of the King's favor continued effective.

Let us review briefly the events in the Company's early career. Within a short period following the Adventurers' arrival at Hudson Bay, the pronounced success of the enterprise became apparent to the French, who in 1671 established a trading post on Rupert's River, a stream situated at the lower extremity of Hudson Bay. To these intruders, the golden opportunities of trade were speedily perceptible, sequential to which no delay was permitted to expand commerce by erecting a fort on the western shore. An accident to the

vessel in which the promoters sailed, temporarily frustrated the intrusion. The winter of 1682 arrived, the fort of the English Adventurers was captured by the French, who, purloining its valuable contents, conveyed the booty eastward. At a few months later date, the marauders encouraged by this success decided to force an attack upon the entire forts and outposts of the Company. The first combat occurred at Moose River; surrender was inevitable; an English vessel then in Rupert's River was likewise seized. A stubborn resistance was made, its success marked by retention of Fort Nelson, a post ultimately captured by the invaders with the assistance of Indians in 1694. The fiercest struggle of this belligerent era is stated to have occurred in 1697; a veritable naval battle on the waters of the Bay. As a result, Fort Nelson was donated a name delineating its alliance to a foreign proprietorship, Bourbon. At a later date of the same year, a treaty known as Ryswick was drawn up. Temporary cessation of hostilities followed; the spring of 1690, however, witnessed reincarnation of the warfare. Finally the French occupation in Hudson Bay transpired in 1713, its responsible factor being the Treaty of Utrecht.

Henceforth from the date of 1713, the Gentleman Adventurers of England have continued operations amid security, a feature observable in the mercantile life of Manitoba in 1915.

CHAPTER II

The red flag of the Gentlemen Adventurers of England, bears upon its surface a trio of letters, H.B.C. This emblem has been associated with historical record of Manitoba for two hundred and forty-five years. The Great Company established its first forts at the estuaries of great rivers emptying into the Bay; in succeeding years its operations were extended into various localities of Manitoba as we know the province to-day. At several of the once prairie posts, the

Company are yet conducting business in establishments to meet the spirit of a progressive age. The oldest incorporated mercantile concern in the world is the Great Company. Its flag flies from the inhospitable coast of Labrador to Vancouver Island; from the estuary of the St. Lawrence, to confines within the Arctic Circle. Its trading stations have always consisted of forts, posts, flying posts. In the distant northland were maintained two factories or depots in which a year's supplies were stored as precaution against accident to a ship conveying merchandise from England. The Company's territory was divided into north and south departments; of these, York factory formed the first, the latter located at Moose River. Stone was utilised as constructive material of factories; in erection of forts and posts, logs were requisitioned. Within the fort enclosure was the residence of the chief factor; the clerks also dwelt therein. The official dwelling of the Commissioner is situate at Lower Fort Garry on Red River. For a stated period annually, C. C. Chipman former incumbent of that position lived within the stone walls and bastions. Inside the fort boundaries were storehouses for furs; a shop wherein the Indians transacted barter; a stockade twelve feet in height, surrounded the entire buildings.

It may be remarked the out or flying posts were conducted in areas of heavy timber; the smaller outposts were stocked with nothing save absolute necessities for the Indian clientele in winter season only. Records of the Great Company show that many years ago a store was in operation on the shores of a lake laying between Ungava Bay and Labrador. This place was utilised for exclusive purchase of deer-skins, many thousands of which were annually shipped to London. Each summer witnessed arrival of two ships from England at Hudson Bay. The cargo of one vessel was destined for York Factory; that of the other, to Moose. It may safely be conjectured arrival of these craft formed the chief event of the lone land's calendar. Likewise it furnished the one and only mail service of the year, verily an epoch in the lives of an isolated people.

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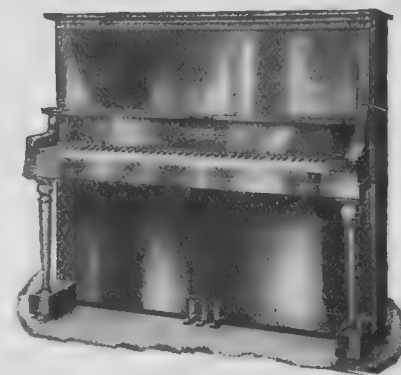
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"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."



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Even in Winnipeg to-day are residents who arrived from the Old Country by this route, afterward traversing the distance to Fort Garry by canoe to Norway House, using a sail boat along Lake Winnipeg. Vessels arriving with supplies returned to London laden with pelts; early records of the Company are indicative that the navigation of Hudson Bay was principally a matter in which luck was the principal factor, yet, nevertheless, few accidents are registered in the Company's annals of ships upon this one of the most treacherous seas of the American continent. A catastrophe would have spelled starvation; in very early periods, loss from a financial standpoint would have materially affected the Adventurers' career. It is still customary to hold thrice yearly sales of fur products in England. At these auctions, attend buyers from every centre of commerce in Europe.

The Free Trader must be mentioned. In or about 1805, the Great Company in order to distinguish between traders in their employment and another class of

chandise. Hence, employees were compelled to live on products raised by themselves. At every post when climatic conditions permitted, a large patch of potatoes was cultivated.

The following articles with quantitative proportion, constituted the annual allowance to the Chief Factor at any place: Flour, 3 cwts.; 336 lbs. of sugar; 18 lbs. black tea; 9 lbs. Japan tea; 42 lbs. raisins; tallow candles, 30 lbs.; 3 lbs. mustard; 6½ gallons of port, a similar quantity of brandy.

The alcoholic allowances were, during Sir George Simpson's tenure of the governorship, abolished. In lieu thereof, the Company's servants received annually the sum of ten dollars, an equivalent not donated to the officials, who in addition to the Chief Factor, comprised Chief Trader, Chief Clerk, Apprentice Clerk, Postmaster this latter an employee of lengthy service and capable of officiating as interpreter. For a Chief Trader, the scale of provisions was one half supplied the Factor; a specification amounting to



A titled English lady leading two brave Tommies, blinded in action

men many of whom had served under them, called these latter the Frees. It was customary with these individuals to conduct business amongst Indians at encampments, supplying them with cloth for squaws skirts, flannels of gaudy coloring, powder, shot, tobacco, tea, knives, capots, this latter a kind of cloak. Upon any occasion the Free Trader arrived in a camp, the reader may rest assured his customers paid an exorbitant figure for any purchases made. The money of those years was known as "Made Beaver" an amount in value to the present currency of fifty cents. This cash was used at all trading places; was divided into four amounts, an eighth, quarter, half and whole Beaver.

In early years it was customary to appoint a time in which the hunters were outfitted for the season's chase. From information given by the Indians as to prospects, together with his record in the Company's books, the amount of his indebtedness was fixed. He was provided with a specified quantity of ammunition and various accessories such as blankets and generous supply of food. In early years transportation of goods was an important issue with the Company. That distant posts might be reached necessitated huge expenditure for freightage. It was not deemed feasible to convey more than an imperative requisition of heavy mer-

fifty per cent of the Trader's rations, formed that of Chief Clerk and apprentice; the Postmaster received one-third of the Chief Factor's allowance. A leading feature of the year's events was the week's visit to headquarters, York Factory or Moose River. This gathering was always scheduled for the month of August and formed the only opportunity of the twelve month for the officials to meet together. The arrival at the forts was a signal for great demonstration; firing of guns; hoisting of the Company's flag. During this gathering, the evening hours were devoted to sports and dancing, the usual rigid discipline of the fort relaxed.

The transportation of the fur catch from the posts will form a subject of interest to people acquainted with Manitoba in years of railroad facilities alone. Pelts were made up in packs of ninety pounds and dispatched to their first destination by canoes. At one time a package known as the mixed, was composed of various classes of skins; in the latter sixties, this method of packing was discontinued, an arrangement highly unsatisfactory to every person concerned. The former style was eventually reintroduced sequentially to several disasters in shipments for which the separate system was alleged to be the cause. Prior to packing, the skins were placed in a pile, and for several days subjected to pressure of heavy weights.

Following this, the pelts were made up into desired shape; tied with three cords of rawhide, measured 24 inches long, in width 17 inches, ten inches thick. A well constructed bundle would withstand the rough overland journey perchance hundred of miles from an inland post. As regards the valuable furs of silver and cross fox, these consignments were packed in boxes thirty inches in length. A pack of ordinary pelts consisted of 500 muskrats or 720 large and small sizes mixed; 40 large and 20 less of beaver; eight bearskins with 4 smaller pelts. Any damaged or broken skins were shipped in separate bales from such of prime condition. In northern latitudes, fur continues in first class state for much longer period than in localities southward.

The Great Company many years ago laid aside annually a specified sum of money for fire insurance account. This policy arose from the fact underwriters would accept no risks situate in territory wherein inspection could not be undertaken. Sequential precautions in vogue few forts or posts have suffered destruction from conflagration.

And thus was the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay.

The year 1867 had come. Western Canada stood at the threshold of a progress unparalleled in a world's history. Change in internal administration of this immense territory was necessitated. As remuneration for relinquishment of charter donating exclusive rights and privileges, the Great Company were donated certain concessions of land together with two sections in each township from Lake of the Woods to Rocky Mountains from boundary line of United States.

To-day its emblem may be observed in the vicinity of Fort Garry gate, that remaining relic of years when the yell of the Indian sounded from Red River, and smoke from his teepee curled over the plains.

Farm House or Farm Home?

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Allan Campbell

Home, what a magnetic word it is, its memory is surely intensified out here in the vast West. Pioneers as we are, it becomes our duty to establish a home regime with new traditions, traditions to wit, that shall by future generations be spoken of with honor. The log shack era has done very well and has proven that the resourcefulness and hardihood of the offspring of the Old Country, Ontario and Quebec have proudly upheld the traditions of the races commingled in those lands.

It is undoubtedly the pull of home that keeps the farm family a progressive organization and it is under the family roof where the prosperity of the farm originates. Good land well cultivated and good stock well and carefully fed, are essentials, but the farm home must be harmonious in every respect for there is a great influence for good or bad in the environment of home. The continual sight of the axe lying in the corner with its silent command to chop, makes the son of the house ambitious to get out, to a greater or lesser degree, while the separator forever in view of all and sundry, will be one of the prime factors to make the daughter interested in that part of the agricultural journal which deals with business colleges, with the future prospects of being a stenographer in some city office. The great incentive to work is to be able to drop it when the family circle is formed at the end of the day. We summer-fallow our fields and also go in for rotation of crops, surely the brains and brawn of the farm need a rest and change also. The writer had the pleasure of staying at an ideal farm for a time. The farm buildings were shut out from view from the house by a bluff, the house itself was fenced completely round and this fencing enclosed gardens which were a beauty spot on the farm. Inside the house was a library embracing a multitude of subjects—surely a place of mental and physical refreshment—and the whole air of the farm was one of harmony. In this age of money making, one must consider whether the money's worth is being secured, for what is life if we must

make it slavery. It is of no use living on skim milk for the sake of the cream which we never touch for the sake of economy.

This introduces the subject of diet and the table generally. Although I do not wish to pose as a gourmet, I have ever been impressed with the importance of the cook in the affairs of the world. London "Punch" once made a famous reply to the question, "Is life worth living?" by the simple statement, "It depends on the liver." There is a lot of pathetic truth about this reply. If some of the eggs that go to market were left in the farm house, I think they would be utilized to greater advantage than is obtained from the few dollars that come back from the store in exchange for those marketed. The farm horses and cattle get care and attention, in fact, their feed is selected to produce the best results, how about the human occupants of the farm? A continuous

diet of pork and potatoes cannot be productive of mental and physical results of the best kind.

In the West it behooves us to unpack our trunks and settle down. The camp life of the half settled farmer has an unsettling effect on the whole household. The greatest benefit about the farm house is its sheltering capabilities, it should be our refuge from the cold and snow, from sun and rain, and should most emphatically be a shelter from the cares of the farm work. While we incorporate the farm house as one of the farm buildings, and let it harbor, pieces of implements, the churn, and other little mementoes of our daily work, so long will we feel that our harness is never off us.

There is a lot of organization to be done to insure contentment within the house and good and efficient work without. It is the getting away from "shop" and the absence of "talking shop" which

makes the home our refuge and shelter, instead of just a feeding and sleeping place.

It is not for ourselves alone that the home interior should be made attractive, but for the young minds ever grasping new impressions, and, with chameleon like proneness to assume the color of their surroundings.

Colleges may mould a character, but the lines upon which a character subconsciously shapes itself are those traced in childhoods world, called home.

Pat, Mike and Terry went to war. During a battle Mike's arm was shot off. Running to Pat he cried: "Oh, Pat, Oi've had me ar-rm shot off."

Pat turned to him in disgust.

"Quit yer howlin'. Look at Terry over there. He's had his head shot off an' he ain't sayin' a word."

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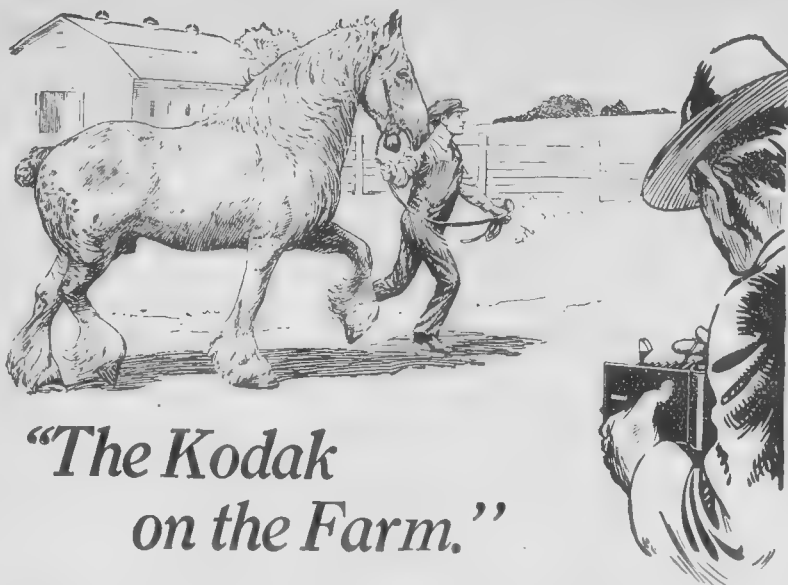
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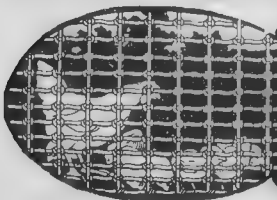
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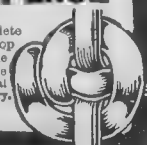


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Notes on Trees

Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. J. Wigley, Edgerton.

Trees are the largest members of the vegetable kingdom, and often live to a great age.

In temperate climates trees grow quickly in summer, very slowly or not at all in winter.

When a tree grows quickly it is safe to assume that soft wood is being formed. Slow growing trees make hard wood. In many trees the soft summer wood can be easily distinguished from the hard winter wood. The age of a tree can thus be told by counting the annual rings. In hot countries trees grow continuously, and their age cannot be told in this way.

Wood from this tree is used for making matches, and its charcoal in the manufacture of gunpowder. It is one of the cheapest kinds of wood in Canada, and when big enough is made into boards of snowy whiteness. As a pulp producing tree the aspen is second only to the spruce in Canadian wood industries.

The wood readily rots on the ground so the tree is almost useless for fencing. It makes excellent fuel, however, and for this reason is valued by Western farmers.

During the winter the blossom buds of all the poplar family are big and swollen. The catkins are ready to burst the first



Catkins of Poplar Aspen—(Populus tremuloides).

The growth of a tree takes place between the bark and the wood, and at the tips of the branches. Thus a tree grows in diameter only, and its branches grow longer and also in diameter.

The bark has to expand to accommodate this growth, and in doing this it often cracks into various patterns. A few trees, such as the Plane tree, shed their bark every year.

It is generally believed that sap rises from the roots ready to build up the growth of the tree. But the "mineral water" taken up by the roots passes first to the leaves and then in a changed state back to the growing parts of the tree. A hole made in the bark of a tree allows the sap to flow out. Some saps are very useful, and from them we obtain sugar, gum, rubber, rosin, etc. Sap causes a tree to rot, and winter is the best time therefore to cut timber in our forests.

The Aspen Poplar is a common tree in Western Canada. Its botanical name is Populus Tremuloides. It grows very rapidly, hence the wood is soft; it is also white, smooth, light when dry and porous.

warm days in spring, and by June the downy wind blown seed is seen in great abundance. The leaf buds are small, and do not open till the rising "sap" stirs them into life.

Other trees of the Poplar family are: Large-toothed Aspen (Populus Grandidentata), Black Poplar or Balm of Gilead (P. Balsamifera Cottonwood. (Populus Deltoides).

None of these trees live to a great age. Eighty or one hundred years seems to be the limit, for they are readily attacked by a disease called "pinks"—a fungus growth (polyporus ignarius), which causes them to rot.

During a football match in the North a spectator persisted in making loud remarks about the conduct of the referee. At last the official went up to him, and said:

"Look here, my man, I've been watching you for about the last fifteen minutes!"
"Ah thowt so," came the reply—"Ah thowt so! Ah knew varry weel tha wasn't watching t' game!"

At the Market's Price

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Francis J. Dickie

ABOUT to enter his cabin, Etienne Fassoneure turned quickly, staring through the fading daylight toward the top of a near rise. Silhouetted against the skyline a trotting animal, low set, doglike, showed for a long minute, in its jaws a limp rabbit.

Heart bounding with a great joy, Etienne stood gazing at the top of the ridge where a moment ago the animal had been. He had seen a black fox and the dead rabbit it carried told eloquently that somewhere near was a den of puppies. So Etienne, half breed trapper in the great wilderness of Northern Canada, was made happy by the very thought that the sight of this mother black fox had raised. For the black fox, of all the fur bearing animals of this wilderness, was the most prized. One skin alone of it brought often a price that equalled and sometimes exceeded the amount gained from all the other varied pelts of a season's catch.

Too, on his Spring provision buying trip to Wabiscaw, a Hudson's Bay Company Post lying thirty miles to the south, he

Mile by mile, slowly, toilsomely, man and dog covered the nearby territory, working in a great circle that brought them back to the cabin with fading daylight, tired but empty-handed.

More toilsome days followed till Etienne despite the fortune that awaited the successful termination of the search, began to grow weary.

Evening of the seventh day was drawing to a close. Etienne, on his way home, was just entering a little draw within a quarter of a mile of the cabin when the hound ahead of him suddenly gave tongue. The bark of the dog quick-fired the man's drooping spirits. He went forward at a half run. On the side of the draw, so close to his cabin that he had heretofore overlooked the spot from very nearness, he found the entrance of the den. At the mouth the mongrel was pawing frantically but the opening, though large and roomy for a fox, denied the bulkier animal entrance. Leaving the dog guarding the hole, the man hurried to his cabin, re-



Allies Landing their Turkish Prisoners in the Dardanelles

When the Allies landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula they found the Turks who had surrendered in a pitiful condition, due to rations which were so meagre that it was strange how they kept body and soul together. The Turkish prisoners were happy at the thought of being saved from starvation at the hands of the "Christian Dogs." The photo shows a boatload of prisoners being landed on territory taken by the Allies. A body-guard of British soldiers is guarding them.

had heard six weeks previously from the lips of the Factor of a new, strange demand for black foxes.

"Take them alive," the Factor had said.

The news service of the silent places, the "moccasin telegraph," had brought this news from Northtown, a fast uprearing metropolis on the edge of the fur territory a thousand miles away.

So Etienne, as he bought his supplies, had learned of this new demand that had come from the world outside. And that four thousand miles to the eastward on a little island of the Dominion men had been raising similar animals in captivity and supplying the fur market with them for nearly twenty years till now, from continuous in-breeding this stock had declined in strength, which reason brought buyers from that distant place to Northtown to procure from the wild creatures of the same kind with which to infuse new blood into the animals on those distant farms. A thousand dollars was the price the Factor had mentioned he was willing to pay for prime black fox puppies alive; incidentally, showing that he was a real furman, this was only two thousand dollars less than the price his head office at Northtown had quoted in their quarterly letter to him, received some weeks previously.

Thus it was that Etienne, about to enter his cabin at sundown, thrilled at the sight of the mother fox; and, as he went within to prepare supper, resolved on the morrow to take up the search for the fox's den.

Faintest dawn found him upon the trail, listlessness and inherent laziness vanished with this prospect of a fortune. With him went a lean mongrel of mixed antecedents, half wolf, half hound, which, drawing from both ancestors, was a wonder on the trail.

turning in a few minutes with an ancient rusty shovel and a gunny sack.

The long Spring twilight of the Northern regions had almost drawn to a close when the half breed reached his prizes—five soft black little creatures they huddled, whimpering at the bottom of the hole. With threatening shovel he drove back the hound intent on destruction, as he did so dropping the furry babies into the gunny sack. Then shouldering his burden he departed homeward.

Under ordinary circumstances, his catch once secured, Etienne would have hiked straightway to the Hudson's Bay Post and turned over his booty to the Factor. But now, for once, that part of him which was white overcame the red-blooded inheritance which called for allegiance to the Hudson's Bay. If, reasoned the breed, the Factor at Wabiscaw was willing to pay a thousand dollars for each of these captives, might not the rich white buyers in Northtown from that far away Island give far more for these precious beasts.

He pondered the question long that night. He had never been to Northtown but passing travellers, overnight guests at various times in his cabin, had told wonderful tales of this place which lay beyond the wilderness. Though their stories of the city had varied much in details, in one particular had they always agreed—out there was endless quantities of whiskey blanc; the white men had great buildings in which it alone was sold.

This, clear-cut, vivid, had remained fixed in the mind of the half breed. During many long nights he had lain and thought of this wondrous fact, determining to some day journey to that place and see for himself the wonders of the white man.



The Beauty of "Sunlight"

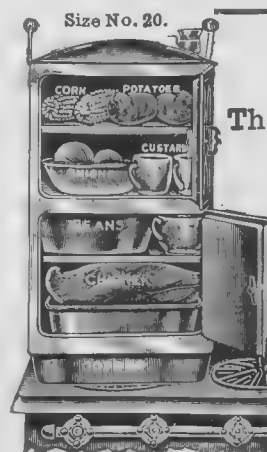
is that it dispels the shadow that once hung over wash day. Your work is done in half the time with half the effort.

Your finest linens, your fleeciest blankets, your daintiest whitewear—all call for Sunlight Soap. The purest of materials, the most careful manufacture and a \$5,000 guarantee of purity make this the soap that you should always use.

Sunlight Soap

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Agents wanted in every town

METROPOLITAN FASHIONS FOR WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

A new and convenient means whereby women in all parts of Canada may avail themselves of the latest styles shown in Montreal—and at very low prices—is provided by Almy's Limited, the biggest store in the Eastern metropolis. They have just issued a "Summer Bargain Bulletin" showing a bewildering variety of the very latest things in women's and misses' shirtwaists, blouses, skirts, summer dresses, smart hats, lingerie, and dainty garments for children and babies. This interesting little book, filled with items of greatest interest to women, will be sent free upon request, and articles ordered from it will be sent promptly by parcels post, with an absolute guarantee of the purchaser's satisfaction. Almy's Limited are now conducting a Department Store in the location formerly occupied by Scroggie's Limited, who went into liquidation, October, 1914, and the new management has brought the service of Montreal's largest store up to a very high standard. Request for the "Summer Bargain Bulletin" should be addressed to Almy's Limited, Montreal, Department B.

Now, with five little black foxes in his possession, and the haunting dreams of many seasons clamoring for fulfillment, he decided to start next day for Northtown.

Realizing that the gunny sack, though serviceable and easily handled, was impossible for a long trip if he wished to keep alive his delicate charges so suddenly whisked from their natural home. Etienne spent half of the following morning constructing a rough box in which to tote his living freight. On this he fastened straps for shoulders and forehead after the fashion of a packsack. This completed, he installed and fed the foxes which, being almost six weeks old, readily ate of the bits of raw rabbit thrown to them.

Finishing the feeding, Etienne slipped his arms through the shoulder straps, raised the box in place, then adjusting the head strap upon his forehead, struck the trail that led to Wabiscaw and the city beyond.

The little trodden bush path even to his experienced moccasin feet made travel slow. His load was cumbersome. The roughly made box, unlike a packsack, fitting illy his shoulders, sent its jagged untrimmed edges digging cruelly into his back as he swung along. But with his thoughts upon that distant horizon, Etienne trudged on, unmindful.

Came memory of that red glassed bottle filled with amber liquid for which, nearly six months ago, he had paid thirty ermine skins and one beaver. Once the bottle had adorned a shelf in a Northtown liquor store, but the contents that Etienne had so dearly purchased from a stealthily moving bootlegger were not the original. North of 55 the Mounted Police, represen-

tatives of law and order in the wild, forbade the sale of gladdening spirits, making it necessary that what little of the pure article the smugglers did get through, should go a long way to sufficiently pay them for the risk taken; thus, what reached the Northern purchaser was a strangely doctored, amplified concoction, bearing small resemblance to the original product.

Out there were great buildings in which flowed endless rivers of purest whiskey blanc; a bottle of it could be purchased for only a few pieces of silver. The comparison brought thoughts, variegated, roseate; and, in keeping with his simple savage ideas of blissful things, he piled anticipatory pleasures one upon another till the heat and his aching shoulders seemed small price to pay for those things to come.

On his arrival at Wabiscaw next day, conquering his fear of the Factor's anger which he knew would be aroused by his going away from the Post to trade—a defiance of one of the oldest mandates of the company—Etienne marched boldly up to the Post and called the furman forth to view his find.

Thinking that the breed had brought them to sell the Factor came languidly. With secret pleasure he viewed the little creatures. They were perfect specimens. Finally, when the trapper made no move toward barter the Factor ventured as a starter: "I'll give you three thousand for the lot."

Etienne eyed him quietly, scornful. "No, I go to the outside with them."

Taken back at this unexpected manifestation on the part of a long faithful henchman, the Factor scowled. Too, knowing that no one from the outside had come into the district recently, he was puzzled, for he, alone, in all the Wabiscaw district received the semi-yearly mail that brought the prices prevailing on the outside market. So, viewing the breed's contemplated action merely from the angle of trade, no conception of an ulterior motive came.

Unwilling to let go five such fine specimens the Factor presently raised the bid to five thousand, then eight, then ten; but Etienne, smiling slowly, continued his refusal, repeating stolidly: "I take them to the outside."

Thinking this threat might be a new thought, trade trick and wise from many years of trading, the Factor finally desisted and went within, believing later, the breed would return for further bartering. But Etienne did not tarry. Swinging his load once more upon his shoulders he started off for the farther end of the village where lived Jacques Reynaud, owner of many boats.

The Post of Wabiscaw lay on the southern end of the greater lake of that name. From the lake, at this point, Sandy River ran south for a distance of

ten miles where it poured into lesser lake Wabiscaw, again having an outlet on that lake's lower end. From here it flowed on to Sandy Lake. At the southern end of this latter body, separated only by a portage of a few hundred yards, was Mud Creek which stream in turn poured into Pelican Lake. Across Pelican Lake was Pelican River. This, in turn, poured into the mighty Athabasca River. So for two hundred miles on the way to the outside Etienne had almost a straight course of navigable waterway.

Arrived at the house of Jacques Reynaud, Etienne had no trouble in getting a boat. In fact, so impressed was Jacques by the trapper's possessions, potential evidences of coming wealth, that he advanced the finest canoe in his fleet and by nightfall, Etienne made a camp on the northern shore of lesser lake Wabiscaw, where Sandy River entered it.

The settlement at this point was small, consisting of a dozen impoverished breed families who subsisted mainly by barging in provisions. Yet within half an hour after his landing, news having flown of his arrival, Etienne was surrounded by an eager crowd curious to view his cargo. Old Donald McIntosh, independent trader, canny and dour, was among these. A month previously he had received a two months' old Northtown newspaper wherein was featured, with heavy headed headlines many columns wide, a story of a fox transaction in which, one pair of old ones, trapped and brought in from the wild alive, had brought their lucky captor fifteen thousand dollars. Added to this had been considerable comment predicting for some time the prevalence of high prices for these animals. Inspired by the reading of this old Donald had come and after an hour's careful beating about the bush, he advanced tentatively an offer of five thousand dollars. Nettled by the quiet scorn with which this was met and his avarice fired by that three months' old newspaper story, Donald, by hundreds, then thousands slowly raised his bid till he reached fifteen thousand. At fifteen thousand his cautious nature asserted itself overcoming even the desire created by the newspaper story, and, too, realizing the highly speculative nature of successfully attempting to move these youthful progeny of the wild over eight hundred miles of river route, he ceased bargaining and returned to his store.

Upon old Donald's departure, weary of the crowd's attention, Etienne stowed his captives away beneath one end of his upturned canoe, following which he rolled himself up and went to sleep.

Early morning found him again on his way and for ten body-wearing days he paddled, seeing no one till he camped on the tenth evening at the point where the Pelican emptied into the Athabasca. Here, only seven weeks out from Northtown, he found camped a party of capitalists, looking over the workings of a prospective oil well. Viewing his prizes, they at once began bidding.

With the experience of every rising prices the half breed was insolent in his demands till, by leaps and bounds, the capitalists raised their offer from five to seven, to ten, then by degrees to fifteen, finally jumping the amount to twenty.

Twenty thousand dollars! As if in a dream, Etienne heard the words. Seated on the river bank near to his upturned canoe, he stared away down the river. Twenty thousand dollars! Within him, whose life-time conception of money had been based upon a view point gained from the handling of silver pieces and smallest bills, the immensity of the mentioned sum, stirred strange quiverings. The three men about him, sensing approaching victory, stood silent.

Glowed in the breed's eyes a great desire; a fierce, avaricious longing gripped. Then suddenly, the light went out. The eyes that looked down the river saw not the rolling water or the rising tree lined banks. Instead, rose a great building of stone, a brain-built phantasy, in and out of the doors of which were men coming and going—and each carried a bottle.

Momentarily dimmed, forgotten, the glorious dreams that had been his all these days of journeying now swept back in a great flood, engulfing, blotting out the quivering thrills the money tokens of these men before him had raised. The thoughts of the city remained, the city of dreams, of flowing rivers of whiskey; a place where, too, were buyers even mightier than these. Presently he turned his head, meeting coldly the men's eager gaze. Then he

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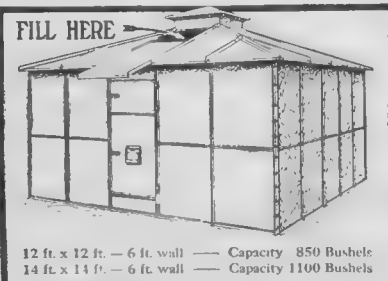
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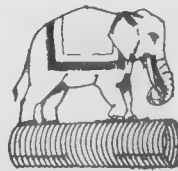
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NAME

ADDRESS



said: "No, I go to town," answering them as he had the Factor ten days ago with the same far away light again in his eyes. Seeing that the men were about to renew their assault, Etienne rose, walked away.

From his camping point here on the Athabasca to where the railroad from the outside reached its banks at Landing was eight hundred miles of upstream paddling against a voluminous river, at times slow, placid, at others turbid, rapid.

Etienne made it in forty-eight days. Weary from the long paddle and tired of the gaping, unpaying curiosity which he had met with at Pelican and Lesser Wabiscaw, Etienne did not enter the settlement on his arrival but stayed camped close in, keeping his precious charges well under cover. Only one hundred miles lay between him and Northtown. From a passing breed he learned that a tri-weekly local ran, leaving for Northtown on the morrow.

Speaking to no one, his five huddled animals screened from sight by a blanket wrapped around the cage, Etienne approached the town in the gathering dawn. Finding the depot he boarded the one passenger coach of the mixed local and, wedging the box on the seat beside him, sat on guard, watching the landscape slip by silently, his thoughts on ahead of the moving train.

Early in the afternoon with noisy puffings the dinky drew into the depot at

Without understanding, seeing no reason in the question, the half breed answered: "Nothin'. I bring him foxes to sell."

"Well, I don't really want any more," the buyer said, then, after a careful glance at the boxed creatures, noting that they were good specimens, continued: "I'll give you two thousand for the lot."

"Two thousand?" Etienne's answer was a protesting scream. "Two thousand," he repeated, "why, me gettum offer twenty thousand dollars back at Pelican."

Suspiciously the buyer eyed him. But the serious expression and the candor in the man's eyes belied the supposition that he was assuming it for the sake of trade.

"How long ago was that?" he questioned comprehension beginning to dawn.

"Purty near three months."

"Oh!" Pityingly now the white man eyed the ragged, trail-worn creature before him and the crude box at his feet. "Good Lord, the markets been flooded now for weeks, but—of course you couldn't know that. Why man, I could buy fifty foxes for what you ask for your five. You're too late. Don't you understand—too late?" His voice softened a little as he repeated the words, even his trade-toughened heart touched by the slow dawning horror that had crept into the other's eyes.

For a long minute Etienne stood stunned, his heart atrophied, the poignant pain of his disappointment peering out



German Prisoners in the Detention Camp at Eastcote, England, During Recreation Hour

The prisoners at play on the estate of Commandant J. Havelock Wilson, of Eastcote, Blisworth, Northamptonshire, England. A replica of the Kiel Canal and Wilhelmshaven reproduced in miniature by the men, showing locks, bridges, wireless station, lighthouse, battleships, cruisers and submarines. A complete Gothic church of the Lutheran denomination stands half way up the hillside. The county police who are guarding the men evince as much interest in the naval manoeuvres as the prisoners themselves.

Northtown. Bewildered and dazzled by his advent into a strange world, Etienne climbed down from the lone, dirty passenger coach and, with precious burden clasped close, slouched into the waiting room.

The noise, the crowds, the unfamiliar sights confused him, made timorous a soul brave in dusky forest. It was almost an hour's time before he ventured to make shy inquiries. Finally a man directed him to a fur dealer's.

Following instructions, Etienne presently reached this—a mean dingy building upon a side street. Entering the office, upon receiving a command in answer to his knock, he whipped the blanket from off the box and setting it down stepped back proudly.

A fat faced, large framed man at the desk, interrupted in the act of writing, looked at the barred cage then to the half breed.

"Well, how much?" he said languidly, without interest, putting the question, the more quickly to be rid of his visitor.

"Thirty thousand," Etienne said calmly, pride and anticipation in his voice.

"What?" With a roar the big man was out of his chair. "Look here, my half breed friend," he continued, his voice rising and anger taking the place of languor in his tones, "my time's too valuable to be spent kidding!"

Surprised, uncomprehending, Etienne took one frightened step back, staring wonderingly at the big man so suddenly angry.

"Thirty thousand," he repeated, now sullenly.

Slowly the glare of the buyer gave way to wonderment. "Say, what's the matter with you?" He made the interrogation curiously.

from underneath long lashed lids. Then that shock absorber—stolidness—his heritage from red ancestors, erased the lines of expression, quick-masking the bitterness that was his.

He walked slowly over to a chair and dropping wearily into it, stared with dazed expressionless eyes at the cage and captives on the floor.

His simple savage mind, tuned always to wilderness things, moving in primordial grooves, made no attempt to grope at the reason for this cruel blighting turn of fortune.

The ponderous wheels of commerce, the massive machinations of the stock market, the cosmic strife of all the vast business world where prices fluctuated daily obedient to supply and demand, had no place in his scheme of life.

He only knew that this was the end of those long miles; that this place at the end of his rainbow held no pot of gold. The beliefs of these past days seemingly rich with promise of fulfillment now stood revealed, mere poor diaphanous dreams.

"Well," for two dragging moments the buyer had waited, "what do you say? Do you want that two thousand?"

At the sound of the words the breed started. Again rose in his mind's eye a great building of stone in and out of the doors of which were men coming and going—and each carried a bottle.

Came remembrance that he was here, in the city where such buildings were actualities, then all the cravings of long unslack desire leaped up, sweeping him to his feet.

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly, coming forward with hands outstretched. "You give dat money now?"

Nodding, the buyer walked over to his desk.

CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

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Winnipeg, Canada

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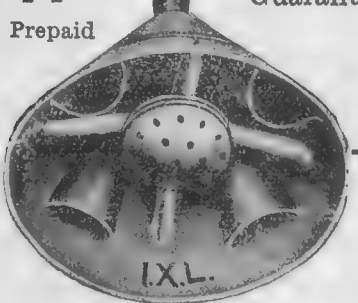
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Our Guests

During the past month two distinguished women have visited Winnipeg—Miss Findley—a young Scotch woman, straight from the "firing line" and Ruth Kedzie Wood—an American woman of considerable prominence in the tourist world.

Miss Findley is a woman of rare charm and manner. She is a prominent journalist, and is associated with "Every Man's" publication. With Dr. Sarolea she came to Canada in the interest of Belgium's needs. She is a personal friend of the Queen of Belgium, and brought with her many beautiful stories of the queen's unselfish interest in her people. Miss Findley emphasized the amazing cheerfulness of the Red Cross nurses and other workers living in the zone of terror. Unmindful of all danger they work and cheer the soldiers, and spread the optimistic spirit everywhere. She cited instances of British women giving all their means to help the soldiers. One had given so much that she had not enough money to take her from France to England when she was ill. Miss Findley's visit to Canada infused genuine patriotic

came upon the announcement of a \$10,000 prize offered for the best solution of the final part of the play.

She had an idea, and her idea won the prize.

Miss Damon left school when she was thirteen, and went to work at sixteen. Her first work was behind a cash register in a clothing store. She went to night school, and learned to become a stenographer. She worked hard and studied. She has supported her parents in a little four-room house.

Perhaps you will think the winning of the ten thousand dollar prize was luck.

When the messenger sent to acquaint her with the news of the prize, asked her parents for her address, this is what they said: "She says never to call her up unless it is something of greatest importance. She doesn't like to be interrupted with personal affairs while in the office."

How many girls acquire ten thousand dollar ideas?

The Bride

During the past year some beautiful prayers have appeared in magazines.



Boys of the Canadian force who made the heroic stand before St. Julien, in the beautiful hospital at Clifden Hall.

inspiration and admiration for the brave men and women at the front, and her tender touches of pathos in relating the real atrocities in Belgium fired every woman who heard her with determination to work and sacrifice in all possible ways to help in the fight for Justice and Honor.

Miss Ruth Kedzie Wood is a woman whose broad experience in travel has given her the power to impart knowledge of peoples and countries in most interesting and instructive description. Personal touches add to the charm of her stories and acquaint one with the life of men and women of other lands. At a luncheon given in her honor she spoke of her experiences in Russia, and emphasized the standing of educated women in Russia. They are equal with man, and in many cases regarded as superior. They are professional women, and are strong in personality and influence.

Miss Ruth Kedzie Wood has written several books of travel, and is now touring Canada for the purpose of writing a book on Canada. At this time it will interest people in our great country, and will no doubt direct tourists our way. Ruth Kedzie Wood is really Mrs. Thompson, and says without the help of her companionable husband she could do nothing—a fine tribute to the love of a good man.

An Idea

Ideas, not money, rule the world. Last summer a St. Louis stenographer went to Chicago for a little vacation. While there she saw a moving picture film—the first part of "The Million Dollar Mystery." Later, after returning to her work, she

How many remember the wonderful prayer by Dr. MacIntyre in our Christmas number of The Western Home Monthly? I have it framed in my room, for I am a mother, and it has helped me. I am sure the readers of this page, especially the brides-to-be, will be glad to learn this prayer by Miss A. R. Clark:

"A Bride's Prayer"

"O Father, my heart is filled with a happiness so wonderful that I am almost afraid. This is my wedding day, and I pray Thee that the beautiful joy of this morning may never grow dim with years of regret for the step I am about to take. Rather, may its memories become more sweet and tender with each passing anniversary.

"Thou has sent to me one who seems all worthy of my deepest regard. Grant unto me the power to keep him ever true and loving as now. May I prove indeed a helpmeet, a sweetheart, a friend, a steadfast guiding star among all the temptations that beset the impulsive hearts of men. Give me skill to make home the best loved place of all. Help me to make its lights shine farther than any glow that would dim its radiance. Let me, I pray Thee, meet the little misunderstandings and cares of my new life bravely. Be with me as I start on my mission of womanhood, and stay Thou my path from failure all the way. Walk Thou with us even to the end of our journey.

"O Father, bless my wedding day, hal-low my marriage night, sanctify my motherhood, if Thou seest fit to grant me that privilege.

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"And when all my youthful harms are faded, and the cares and lessons of life have left their touches, let physical fascination give way to the greater charm of companionship, and so may we walk hand in hand down the highway to the Valley of Final Shadow, which we will then be able to lighten with the sunshine of good and happy lives.

"O, Father, this is my prayer.

"Amen."

Mrs. Hemans

I have been reading an old book lately, and feel disgusted with myself for neglecting these old treasures, so full of splendid inspirational ideas. Mrs. Hemans wrote a poem on "The call to battle" that is especially helpful just now. I quote four verses from it:—"Then the father gave his son the sword, Which a hundred fights had seen—'Away! and bear it back my boy! All that it still hath been.'

"Then the mother kissed her son with tears

That o'er his dark locks fell;
'I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell!'"

"And a maidens' fond adieu was heard,
Though deep, yet brief and low:
'In the vigil, in the conflict, love!
My prayer shall with thee go.'"

"There were sad hearts in a darkened home,

When the brave had left their bower;
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour."

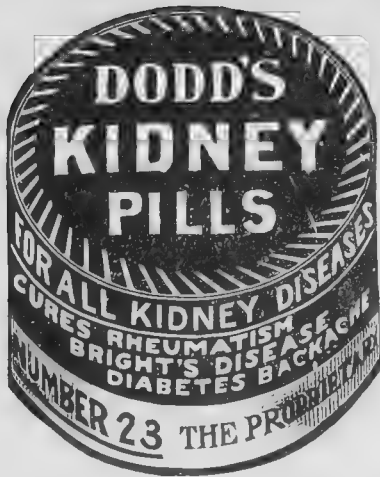
When a young girl, Mrs. Hemans wrote this prayer:

Oh! God my Father and my Friend,
Ever Thy blessings to me send;
Let me have Virtue for my guide,
And Wisdom always at my side;
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe;
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy, though in the meanest cot."

Indiscriminate Candor

There is nothing that girls need in this big world of ours so much as sympathy. I know girls who make friends every place they go. I know others who wonder why they are not popular. The first are kind—the others are unkind. Indiscriminate candor is brutal. It crushes friendship.

Scientists have not explained the mysterious law of attraction that make people gravitate to the girl or woman who says kind things. This person has



a way of saying she is sorry, which brings comfort with it. The gift of simple beautiful tenderness is woman's highest gift.

A Beauty Recipe

In a girl's room I saw a shelf filled with powders, paints and all sorts of beauty lotions.

Let me give a recipe from a notebook:

"For giving the face a good color, get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home, and walk out and back once a day to see that they are still there."

Do Not Blame the Men

Men love to study the story of Ruth because it touches them with a mysterious charm.

Women love to study it because they recognize in her the best type of womanhood.

Men are praying for women who, like Ruth, will demand good and purity and manly courage from them—women who will lead them into Christly homes.

Horrible to us is every strand of sin and cruelty and deception that characterizes a daughter of Herod.

Young men want girls to demand the very best from them that manly character can bestow. These are the girls they admire.

History would be robbed of some of its greatest characters were it not for women who have demanded more of men than they ever dared demand of themselves.

The grand old man—Gladstone—said that his most successful accomplishments were due to the inspiration of his wife.

During the time of Napoleon, his most bitter political enemies went to Madame de Stael for encouragement and help, even in the wording of their speeches, and she was responsible for his banishment.

The poet, the astronomer, the historian, the inventor, the commercial king owe their success to influential women—women who by their very presence encouraged them to aspire for the unusual.

Men always have and always will respect honesty and purity in womanhood.

Men will live up to the standard we set for them.

If we demand—as we seem to in the present age—dollars and diamonds from them they must necessarily lose themselves in a material world where results will be material.

If we demand from men morality and strength of character that is just exactly what we shall get.

Make the character of your personality so Christly that men shall have reverence for girlhood and womanhood, and they will thereby have the best armors against temptations. Make every man with whom you associate understand that you have a womanly ideal that is pure, sincere, honest, Christly.

Remember girls and women are responsible for men's opinion of them; they

want us to be pure in mind and clean in heart and are disappointed if we are not.

Women have important womanly missions in Western Canada—we are privileged characters to have our homes in a land so full of the touch of the Almighty Hand, and we must speak out in acts. We must LIVE our thoughts of the WEST, not in words, but in actions.

If we live up to our environment we shall have a noble Western womanhood.

George Eliot's Friendships

In a letter that George Eliot once wrote to a friend she made this statement: "Your cordial assurance that you shall be glad to see me sometimes is one of those pleasant things—those life-preservers, which relighting destiny sends me now and then to buoy me up."

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too. 'I had a friend,' he replied.

This is Kingsley's definition of a friend. "One human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and worst of us, and who loves us in spite of our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face, and laughs at us behind our back; who will give us counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity and self-conceit but who will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us to fight our battles as best we can."

George Eliot said her friends were her life preservers. The delight in the love of her friends was the supreme pleasure in her life, and the intimate life was the core of the root from which sprung the fairest flowers of her inspiration.

George Eliot wrote 30 books—her writings rank high in England's important literature. Adam Bede, Romola, The Mill on the Floss, Daniel Deronda, Scenes of Clerical Life. Theophrastus Luch and



her other books picture human life and its problems in the hands of an artist of brain and soul.

George Eliot's father was a remarkable man, and many of the leading traits in his character are to be found in Adam Bede and Caleb Garth. Her own family were delineated in the characters in The Mill on the Floss. Theophrastus Luch contains a bit of her own biography. Their were two characteristics very marked in her character—one was her enormous faculty for taking pains, the other was her patriotic inspiration, both of which created strength and power in her writings.

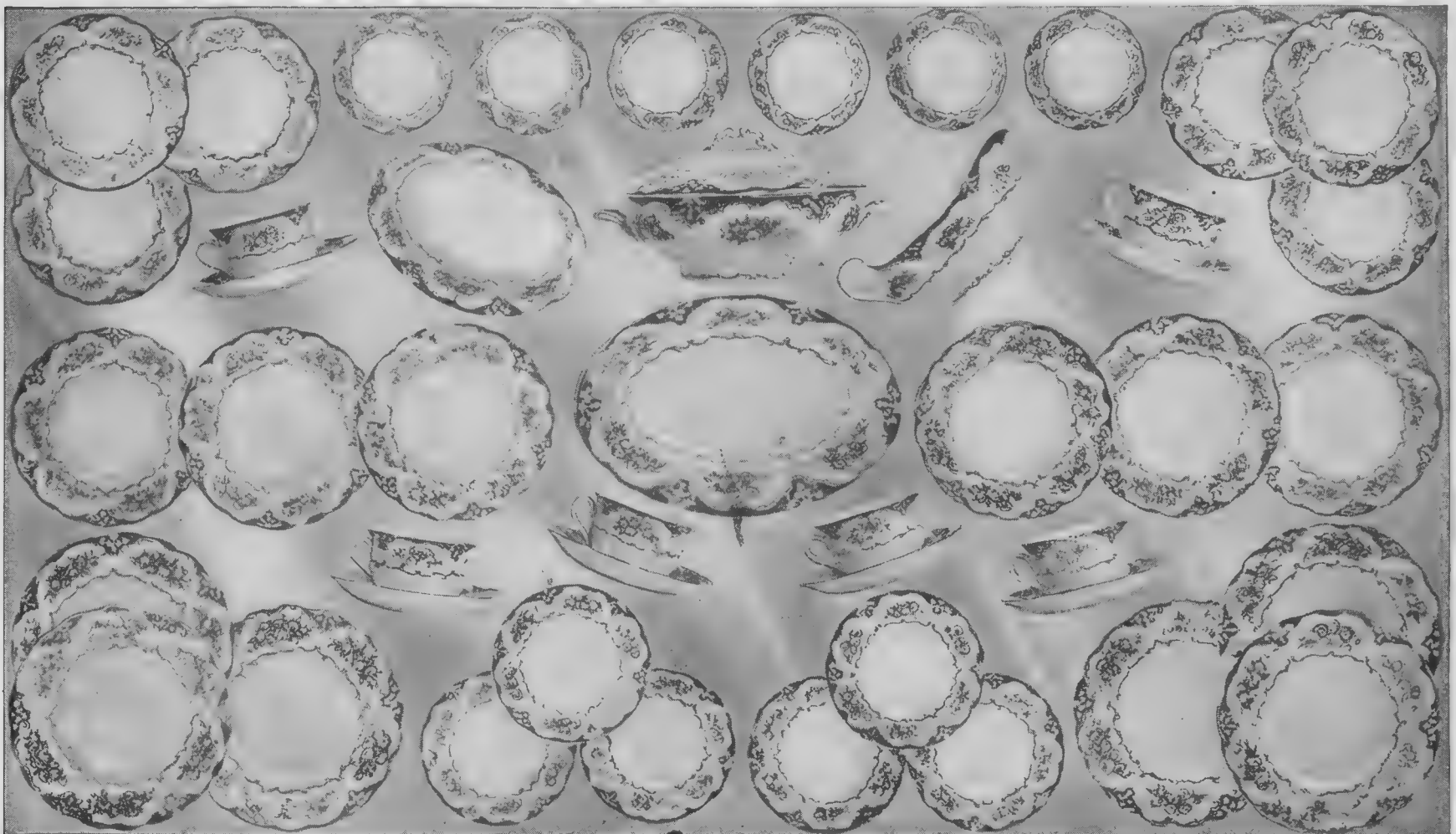
We find among George Eliot's friends—the most important literary people of the day—Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, Carlyle, Emerson Bryant, Dickens, Florence Nightingale.

To-day we turn the pages of her books over, and marvel at her wonderful intellectual power.

Who were her friends? How did she choose them?

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A Little Tin Soldier

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil.

The buff brick buildings of the New Mexico Military Institute stand solemnly on the mesa, their outlines clear and beautiful against the cloudless skies. The notes of the bugle echo sweetly through the golden air; reveille, when the mocking-birds carol a greeting to the dawn; taps, when the twinkling white stars and the great glowing planets shine down upon the little city nestling contentedly in the Pecos Valley.

The stars and stripes wave high, and the drums throb jubilantly; and the routine, from reveille to taps, goes endlessly on, day after day. Sweet is the call of the bugle, and stirring the throb of the drum; and stately are the boyish cadets in their gray uniforms, as they march in parade or review.

Yet one face, on which the white stars shone so tenderly a year ago, no longer dimples the snowy pillows at the sound of taps; one slender form, which marched in parade with so much dignity and precision, is missing now from the ranks of gray-suited, white-belted cadets; one pair of deep blue eyes, which gazed so carefully along the rifle at target practice, and supplemented the instructions in astronomy with private observation of Canopus and Alcyone, are closed forever on a far-off field.

Perhaps his name is seldom mentioned in Hagerman Barracks, or on the campus; perhaps he is already half-forgotten; for new faces come, and old faces go, as come and go the seasons. But down in the town his picture, framed in ebony, hangs upon a wall; and before it, as before a shrine, a girl weeps or prays or dreams, mourning the slender, sunny-haired lad whom she called her little tin soldier. Nor is her grief the less poignant because she knows that the young warrior was awarded the highest honor that Britain can bestow upon her sons—the Victoria Cross, with its solemn words, "For Valour." Valor and glory mean nothing to her, save that they are words associated with War; and that War has claimed as one of its victims Norval Kingsley, late a Roswell cadet.

Laurel Devoy had met him first at the sheep-ranch of his uncle, a quiet little Scotchman, in the northern part of the state. The young English lad was so very different from all the other boys she had ever known, that Laurel could not help becoming interested in him, and despite their many dissimilarities and differences of opinion, the two became good comrades.

By and by he came down to Roswell, to enter the Institute; and the very first Saturday afternoon following, he used his weekly leave to call on her, to renew their acquaintance, and to acquaint her with all his impressions of the institute, the faculty, and his fellow cadets. She was glad to see him, and welcomed him heartily; and thereafter he called regularly every Saturday afternoon.

He was a thoroughly boyish lad, and enjoyed to the utmost the tennis and ball games and all the other sports that enliven the days of the cadets. Yet he seemed to take himself and the world rather seriously, and more seriously still he regarded England and The Army. Norval did not spell "the army" with capital letters, but he thought and spoke as if he did, and it was just one of his little ways that endeared him and made him so amusing to Laurel Devoy.

Laurel was a thoroughly democratic American girl, and she tried very hard to convince him that he exaggerated the importance of kings and castles and colonies; but while he admitted that Americans were a jolly good sort, and the country itself really remarkable, years of conservative training and generations of hereditary influence were of more effect than Laurel's eloquence or pretty pouting.

Laurel spoke easily of "the King" or "the Prince of Wales;" to Norval they were "His Majesty" or "His Highness;" and when Laurel said "Lord Roberts" or "Lord Kitchener," Norval spoke of "His Lordship" with the utmost reverence, coupled with keen admiration for such famous representatives of The Army.

And when Norval confided to her, one day, his intention of enlisting and of going to India, and his hope of innumerable promotions and perhaps, some day, of meriting the Victoria Cross, she laughed merrily and dubbed him her little tin soldier.

"And," he added, smiling at her banter, "when I get a captaincy, then we can be married."

"We?" queried Laurel.

"Yes—you and I."

"But I'm an American," she told him,—"A Yankee, through and through. My ancestors fought your ancestors, you know, and I couldn't contemplate such a thing as marrying an Englishman."

"No?" he replied easily. "Why, if I were a girl, I'd rather marry a British soldier than anyone else on earth!" And so far as he was concerned, that appeared to settle it.

One day in May he told her that he and his uncle had planned to visit their people in England and Scotland, just as soon as the term at the Military Institute was ended. It was then, when each day brought their separation nearer, that she first began to realize how dear he had grown; then that she decided she might, in time, be brought to consider marrying a Briton, even though she was a Yankee through and through. That is, of course, if he would be sensible, and discard all those absurd notions of joining the army and going to India and devoting all his life to His Majesty's service, and settle down, instead, on a comfortable little sheep—or cattle ranch.

Of course, he was really very dignified and military in appearance, in his trim

gray uniform and white belt and gloves, with a sword at his side; and there was no denying that he was a marvel with a rifle, and that a bugle-call made his eyes brighten as even her most winsome smiles failed to do. But for all that, it was just make-believe militarism, and he himself just a little tin soldier.

So May passed, and the Institute closed for the summer, and all the cadets went home; and Laurel read in the newspapers,—"Movements of Ocean Steamships: Sailed, the Orduna, New York to Liverpool," with just the suspicion of a tear in her eye, and in her heart the memory of a kiss; for on the passenger list of the Orduna appeared the name of Norval Kingsley.

He wrote to her every week throughout the summer; and then, one day early in August, came a letter saying that she must not expect to hear from him again, as he and his uncle were returning soon to America, in order that he might not be late in re-entering the Institute.

Just a few days later the war-cloud broke, and Laurel smiled a little as she read of it, dreadful though it was to her as to everyone else. Would the call of the bugle lure the boy lover into His Majesty's service? No, she told herself confidently. For this was real war—and he was only a little tin soldier.

Yet, when the Institute opened on the ninth of September, one dear, familiar face was absent from the ranks of the lads in gray. One little soldier had stripped

marching at the head of his foes, saw his comrades waiting, rifles ready; saw them waver when they recognized his uniform and his white, tense face. He realized that, to the last man, they would suffer themselves to be captured, rather than send a bullet where it would endanger his life.

And then he broke the strange, unnatural silence with a shout.

"Shoot!"

Still they wavered.

"Shoot!" he shouted again. "Never mind me! Remember our country! Are you cowards all?"

The answer was a deafening volley, a stinging shower of leaden hail. He was one of the first to fall, and he lay still among the prone forms of his foes.

After a time he was conscious of someone bending over him, examining his wounds.

"Laurel," he whispered. "Laurel—"

"Yes," said the surgeon tenderly.

"Laurels—a never-fading crown!"

"You don't—understand," he replied wearily—"Laurel—a girl over in America—tell her—"

But the blue eyes closed, and the surgeon withdrew his arm from beneath the golden head.

* * *

The little girl in Roswell does not understand, does not attempt to study, the underlying causes of the war. Indemnities, reprisals, concessions, expansion of territories, to her are meaningless terms. In her heart is no room for bitterness, or



Australians Landing at Gaba Tepe, Dardanelles

Australians, who fought so valiantly in the assault on the Dardanelles, landing their artillery north of Gaba Tepe, Dardanelles.

the veneer of tin and revealed the finely tempered steel—for

"Clearer called the snare-drum, 'We must march, march, march!'"

And sweeter sang the bugle, 'Will you follow?'"

He was not only the idol of the regiment, but a thoroughly good soldier as well; so good a soldier that he stuck to his post at the machine-gun in his charge and sent leaden death into the ranks of the enemy, so that, in spite of the overwhelming numbers of the opposing forces, his own regiment was enabled to make a dignified retreat, with light losses.

But he and his assistant were captured. He did not mind that; he would escape or be exchanged, sooner or later; and in the meantime, he was well treated, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been of service to his country and his comrades.

Yet, even while he mused thus, his country's foes were planning to gain by his patriotism and popularity. And so, when they marched out to battle again, he was placed at the very head of the ranks, in one of the most dangerous positions.

"So young, so brave, so dearly loved!" his captors said among themselves. "His comrades would not see him come to harm, much less harm him themselves. And so we shall place him at the head of our ranks, where he will be of more value to us than steel armor or guardian angels."

And so indeed it would have proved, had not the little tin soldier been more courageous than even they imagined. He,

ought save sorrow for all the victims of the struggle—the men in the trenches and the women at home.

The strains of the bugle and the throb of the drum echo through the golden air, and the gray-clad cadets march in parade and review; but her heart throbs no longer in unison with their even footsteps, for there is missing from the ranks the fair face and the slender, boyish form of one whom she was wont to call her little tin soldier.

Willing To Learn

Mrs. Nelson had advertised in the "Want" columns of one of the newspapers for a girl who could cook and do general housework. There were several applicants for the position, but none of them impressed her favorably. At last came a fair-haired daughter of the Norseland, whose appearance, together with her answers to the questions that were propounded to her, were in the main satisfactory. There were one or two points, however, to be cleared up.

"Why did you leave your last place, Olga?"

"Dey vound vault wit' me."

"Found fault with you? What about?"

"Dey say I ban too eke-nomical."

"Well, was that true?"

"Yas, Ay tank Ay ban, but Ay can learn to be extravagant, ma'am."

"I'll take you, Olga," said Mrs. Nelson. "But," she hastened to add, "you can be as 'eke-nomical' as you please in this house."

After Many Days

Written for The Western Home Monthly by David Langston

SMALL, and lean, and bent, with a far-away look in his eyes, and a general appearance of homesickness.

So thought Jim Saunders as he met the old prospector who was trudging wearily up the steep mountain-trail with a fifty-pound pack strapped to his shoulders.

"He must have a claim up there," mused Jim. "Think I'll track him to his lair next week, and see if he has anything of value."

Now Jim had a passion for mineralogy; in fact, a year ago he had graduated from a celebrated Edinburgh university, having passed with honors the examination on mineralogy; had been promptly interviewed and engaged by a company of capitalists to go to Canada with the view of obtaining some mineral properties in which they could profitably invest their ever-increasing dividends. Hence Jim's presence at this time in the Kootenays of British Columbia. He had inspected numerous holdings, and investigated many "South Sea Bubble" propositions, but had as yet failed to find anything exactly to his liking.

"Who was the old man who went up the trail this morning, carrying a pack?" he inquired as he dined with a pre-emptor in his lonely cabin near the foot of the mountain.

"Oh, that was Old Dick. He's got a 'hopeless' five miles up the creek; driving a tunnel into the base of Old Baldy; thinks he will strike a lead there. Of course, there's signs of mineral, but I haven't seen anything up there worth going after. Old Dick's only working for a grub-stake. He's got a rich property at Hard-pan ridge, and expects to make a sale some day."

Needless to say, this information interested Jim, and a few days later he was climbing up the trail towards Old Dick's claim, with a bundle of blankets and supplies on his shoulders, and a rifle slung over his arm. After two hours of stiff travel he heard an explosion, and surmised that Old Dick's claim wasn't very far away. This proved to be true, as, circling round the foot of a slide, and climbing a rocky declivity for some thirty rods, he suddenly found himself standing on a fairly level strip of land at the base of Old Baldy. Just to the right, in a clump of cedars, was pitched a tent. At a short distance from the entrance to the tent the old prospector was engaged in cooking his dinner over a circular fire-place of loose rocks. A crystal spring bubbled out of the rocks a few rods to the rear of the tent; while over towards the left was a pile of loose granite. The mouth of the tunnel was plainly visible, leading into the sheer wall of the old peak.

At Jim's approach the old man looked up, then stepping forward, genially extended his hand.

"How d'ye do, stranger. How did ye find yer way up here?"

"Oh, struck a trail, and followed my nose," laughed Jim. "You've got a nice spot here, at any rate."

"Well, I allow ye're hungry after that little stretch o' trail, so just toss yer load, and hev a bite o' my fare."

"Thank you," answered Jim, "I'll cheerfully sample your larder," as he noted the venison hanging from a near-by tree, also a fine brace of partridge, and a string of rainbow trout.

"My name is Saunders," said Jim as they seated themselves on a couple of blocks of wood before a slab of granite which was elevated from the ground, and so answered the purpose of a table.

"Mine's Powell," volunteered the old man. "Mostly gets Old Dick hereabouts."

During the meal the chief topic of conversation was the rugged beauty of that region, the hunting, fishing, etc., and the future prospects of the country from a mining standpoint.

"Ye'd better stay wi' me a few days, and look this part over," said Old Dick. "Just put yer pack inside, an' we'll look over the works."

A tunnel had been driven into the rock about twenty feet, and although there were deposits of silver and lead, yet there was no sign of a lead.

"I may strike one soon," said Powell. "Ye see I'm bound to go in fifty feet; a

friend o' mine has grub-staked me till I get that far. It's his claim, an' I agreed to go that far unless I struck a good lead. It only assays three per cent yet. It's slow work drillin' by hand, but I'm used to it, an' I need the cash for winter. Now just make yerself to home," said Dick taking up his tools. "If ye're not too tired, there's plenty o' game hereabouts, an' lots o' trout in the creek a mile south. Come back about six fer supper."

"Thank you," answered Jim; "think I'll look over this rock this afternoon, and see if there is anything worth while around here."

"All right, sir," replied Dick.

After eating supper and stretching themselves before the cheerful camp-fire, Jim ventured the opinion that that locality did not promise much in the mineral line.

"I agree with ye. But I know where there is something good; over at Hard-pan ridge. Ever been there? No! Well, I got a claim there; assays high in silver and lead. Ye ought to see it. I don't own the whole claim, only half; but I located an' staked it. Had some o' it assayed, an', bein' short, thought I'd

university, an' now she's teachin', but'd like powerfu' well to come out here."

"Well's I was sayin', m' partner's fishin' fer suckers, an' 'parently he's got hooked his self, so he wants me ter sacrifice the mine fer ten thousand. 'Don't worry, pard', says I to myself, 'ye've got yer neck in the noose, an' I'll let it pinch ye.' 'No,' says I, 'I won't sell.' An' ain't I right, stranger? I'm a' ol' man, a little rat, an' he's a big, strong, young feller. I wants enough to keep me in comfort; an' ought ter have it, after findin' the claim, an' doin' the duties, an' I 'low't forty thousand ain't too much."

"Yes, you're right," replied Jim. "If it assays as high as you say, it's well worth that, and I wouldn't be in a hurry to sacrifice it."

"Guess we'd better turn in," said the prospector, throwing some brands on the fire.

II

Two days later, Jim bade a friendly farewell to his new friend, and after promising to visit him again, hastened down the trail. Reaching the small "landing," he took the steamer to the town of Prospect. Immediately upon his arrival, he looked up the location of Dick's claim at Hard-pan Ridge, and decided to set out for there, the following morning.

Having made a careful inspection, he concluded that the property was indeed

ternight. Can I see ye private fer a spell?"

"Yes, come into the office. What's the game?" as the two seated themselves. "Oh, nothin'. D'ye want ter sell yer share o' the prop'ty?"

"Well,—er,—don't know."

"Yes er no!"

"Let's see. Yes, if I can get what's fair."

"What d'ye call fair?"

"Oh," tapping the desk meditatively, "fifteen thousand."

"Hem! Raised yer figger a trifle since I seen ye last. Now look here, if ye're willin' ter take five thousand, (yer own figger awhile back) ye kin have it. The offer's good till 10.30 to-morrow; so be at Sloan's office at that time if ye want the cash."

"I say, Dick, who're you dealing for?"

"Fer m'self," responded his partner, coolly walking out, and striking up a conversation with an old chum.

Burton watched him furtively all evening, but Dick ignored his presence, and at an early hour retired for the night. The following morning he ate a leisurely breakfast, chatted to some friends until ten, then strolled down town to Sloan's office. As he expected, he was soon followed by Burton.

"Say, Dick, make it eight and I'll sell."

"No!" rising and putting on his hat.

"Oh, hold on, partner. Guess I'll take the five."

"Alright. Come in, an' we'll git the papers drawn."

As soon as the deal was closed Powell hastened to the "Queen's" in search of Jim.

"Hello!" said he. "How's business?" "Tine. He bit, but not before he tried ter soak me fer fifteen. 'Nix,' says I, 'five er nothin'.' 'Five it is,' sez he."

Dick Burton took the midnight across the line that night, and was heard of no more by his friends in Canada.

Next day, Dick, much pleased by the new turn of affairs, returned to "Baldy." Saunders remained in town attending to some business, and trying to answer the correspondence matter which had accumulated during his absence. One answer addressed to the "Scottish Colonial Investment Company" contained full information regarding Dick's claim at Hard-pan Ridge, and requested further orders.

"Buy it if you can," came back the reply. "We'll give forty thousand cash, subject to a year's test, and will supply all the machinery."

"Good," laughed Jim to himself. "It'll stand the test, and Old Dick can now have his 'little home.'"

III

Three years later Hard-pan Ridge was a veritable hive of industry. The Old Prospector's claim had given a highly satisfactory return from the year's test. Accordingly, the deal had been closed, a smelter erected, numerous miners' houses built, also a company store.

To Dick Powell the change appeared marvellous, after the long years of hope-deferred waiting.

One beautiful Spring evening he stepped from the door of his comfortable, new freshly-painted bungalow, and strolled down to the post-office in company with his friend, Jim Saunders.

"I'm mailin' a letter to the little girl, with a check fer her passage. Expect she'll be here afore snow flies. Hope ye'll like her, Jim."

"Hope so, too," laughed Jim, dropping a letter, bearing the same address as the one Dick had just parted with, into the box.

Dick's letter began, "My Dear Niece," and went on to describe in detail the bungalow, the site upon which it was built, the gradual slope to the lake-shore, the splendid view of the lake and mountains, the snow-clad peaks of the latter, the whispering pine-trees, the wild-flowers, the birds, the winding mountain trails, the boating and fishing, with lastly an invitation that she should come and be mistress of the little home.

The heading of Jim's letter was, "My Dear Sweetheart." It contained the good news that he had been appointed manager for the company, also that they had built a home for him; how he was impatiently awaiting the closing of the school term when she, his queen, would be free to come and meet him in Winnipeg where they would be married; then the journey westward over the broad prairies, and



Refugees Leaving Steenstraate Bridge before the Big German Onslaught

It was at Steenstraate Bridge that the Germans succeeded in getting over the Yser and established a bridgehead. Later, however, the Allies drove them back across the river. The house seen in the photo was converted into a veritable fortress.

look up somebody to victual me fer a share. So I dropped into the 'Grand Union' over 't Prospect one night, an' showed the sample an' report. One feller was mighty interested, an' when I left follered me out, an' offered to furnish everythin', grub an' outfit, to do all the 'sessment work if I give him a half share. Bein' in a pinch, I took him up, an' right there made a mistake. Course he 'lowed he'd help. Bill Burton's his name, an' I soon found 't work wasn't in his line. Soon's we had the papers drawn he helped me pack out the kit, an' worked a couple o' days. Then he sort o' eased up, an' left me to do the whole thing. He had ten thousand when he lit here, but that didn't last long; so he hangs 'round the 'Union', 'tends bar an' waits tables, but mostly lays fer suckers bein's he's handy with the chips."

"Soon's the 'sessment work was done, we had a' offer o' forty thousand fer the property. I wanted to sell; but, no sir, he wouldn't budge; said we otter have a cool hundred thousand. I couldn't coax him nohow. That was five years ago, an' I've been knockin' round ever since from pillar to post, as the sayin' is. Ye see, I'm gettin' old; couldn't work like I use ter when I was in Colorady (never made a stake there, though), an' I wants ter sell, an' build me a little home, an' send fer m' niece to keep house fer me. She's all I got left now. Ye see, m' wife died 'bout thirty year ago, in the Old Land, so I couldn't settle down no more; just drifted out ter the States, then up here. We had no childer, an' m' brother Jack's girl's been like a daughter to me. She's kep' track o' me fer years—ever since her parents died. Course I writes 'casionally, an' sends her a little. Her dad left enough ter put her through the Edinburgh

valuable, also one from which the mineral might be easily transported to market. After giving the matter earnest thought, he decided that this must be the property for which he had been looking. Accordingly, he once more set out to call on Dick at Old Baldy.

"Well," said Jim Saunders, after he had heartily partaken of the evening meal (prepared by the prospector with even unusual care), and had satisfied the old man's queries regarding the happenings in and about town, "I have been out to Hard-pan Ridge and seen your property."

"An' it's good?" questioned Dick eagerly.

"It certainly is. A fine property. But why don't you buy your partner out?"

"Hain't got the nickels, stranger, or I would."

"I'll lend you five thousand, if you wish, for a year at your own interest," said Jim. "Then you can get the property in your own hands, and do your own dealing."

"If I wish!" exclaimed Dick, "Well I guess. Here's my hand, Jim; an' when I sell, ye'll get yer money an' ten per cent interest too; don't ye fergit it."

A week later, the two men left the steamer at Prospect for their respective hotels; Jim to the "Queen's," and Dick to the "Grand Union."

"We'd better not be seen together until I interview my pard," said Powell. "He might smell a rat."

"You're right," returned his companion.

"Why, hello Dick! Where'd you drop from?" inquired Burton lounging forward with out-stretched hand as the Old Prospector entered the waiting-room.

"Oh, nowheres in pertickler. Have a drink? No, thank ye; ain't drinkin'

Of the Same Mind

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

through the grand old mountains. He also mentioned the Old Prospector; how proud the latter was of his little bungalow, and how eagerly he was awaiting the coming of his niece, that he might once again enjoy the blessing of a real "home."

When Miss Jessie Stewart received the two letters she promptly read, then again many times re-read, Jim's letter. This done, she opened Old Dick's; and having perused it, she immediately answered both. The first one, "To My Dear James," assured that happy person that she would have everything in readiness to begin the journey as soon as her school duties would permit; that she would proceed to Winnipeg, and there await his coming. The second to "Dear Uncle Dick," thanked him for his generous offer, and agreed to become mistress of his little home, providing that he could make room also for a very dear friend of hers, if that friend could be persuaded to go; and that she would sail for Canada as soon as school closed for the summer vacation. "Bring your friend, and come along," cabled Dick upon reading this letter. "She won't need any persuadin' when she sees 'Jasmine Cottage,'" he added to himself.

One glorious June evening the Prospector impatiently paced up and down the wharf at Hard-pan Ridge, awaiting the arrival of the steamer "Kuskanook." His niece had telegraphed that he might expect her on that date.

"Wish Jim Saunders was here. Wonder what he went to Winnipeg for anyway," grumbled Dick. "Oh, there comes the boat now. Hope that friend o' Jessie's ain't too high-toned for the little home."

As soon as the steamer had tied up at the wharf a number of passengers stepped from the gang-plank. Among them was Jim, and by his side a graceful young woman whom he introduced to the Old Prospector as "my wife."

"What!" exclaimed Dick. "Excuse me; wish ye much happiness," extending both hands towards those of the happy couple. "But ye did take m' breath away. Never dreamt ye was off on sich a' errand, Jim." Then glancing once more hurriedly over the group of passengers, he remarked in a disappointed tone that he had been expecting his niece on that boat but evidently she had not come.

"Would you know your niece if you saw her?" smilingly inquired Mrs. Saunders.

"Course," said Dick. "Ain't I looked at her picter, times without number?"

"She may have changed since it was taken."

"Well, bein' as it's ten year since it was took, perhaps she might."

"And she has, Uncle Dick. I knew you as soon as I saw you, from the photo which you sent me five years ago."

"What!" ejaculated Dick. "Ye're plumb sure?"

"Yes," and she drew a small photo from her satchel, and held it before his astonished eyes.

"Well I'll be blessed!" grabbing each of their hands. "An' this Jim's yer husband. Hooray! Come on home quick," as he observed the curious eyes turned in their direction.

"But," said Jim in a puzzled tone as they partook of the dainty evening meal set on the rose-embowered porch, "there's one part I haven't quite figured out yet. I thought your niece's surname was Powell."

"No," answered the old man, "Jack was only my half-brother. My mother married James Stewart about five year after my father died, an' Jack was their only child. He was always just like a real brother to me."

"I see," said Jack plucking a rose from the bowl in the centre of the table, and twining it among the dark curls beside him. "So you have a nephew now, as well as a niece."

"When's that friend o' yer's comin'?" suddenly inquired Dick, turning to his niece.

"He's here now," laughed she, nodding towards Jim. "You see, I didn't tell either of you, but thought I'd surprise you both."

"Good!" shouted the old man, bringing his hand down forcibly on the table.

"Well, well," chuckled Old Dick, as he laid his head upon his pillow that night. "Wonders'll never cease. After many days I've got m' little home; m' niece, she's a fine lass;" then drowsily, "and Jim, he's a brick!"

THERE is an ancient adage anent, the "best laid schemes of mice and men"—I find it very true. I am forever making "schemes" which all too often "gang agley."

On a particularly sunny afternoon, when it was close and stuffy in the studio, I had made up my mind that for at least a week there was to be nothing but good solid work—no gadding, no trips up the river.

It was rather heroic of me, for through the open window, the sunshine was beckoning me. I sighed feeling very disinclined for work. But work I must, therefore I "set to" with renewed vigor.

But just a quarter of an hour, after that I heard a letter dropped into the box.

A minute later I had read it—it was from mother.

I frowned, turned it over, read it all through once more, and groaned.

I could remember the freckles very distinctly. There was absolutely nothing interesting about her. Doubtless she was worse now—more freckles.

That she would be enthusiastic there could be no doubt. I'd had previous experiences. They all have boundless "enthusiasm," worse luck. Ye gods, what a prospect!

Again there was the studio. Was it in a fit state wherein one could unblushingly receive a lady visitor—one or two of the pictures must be turned to the wall.

I referred to the letter. There was no mention of the date of arrival—no doubt I should have a note from the girl. Tomorrow I would get Mrs. Meakin to tidy up a bit. With another sigh I began to clean my brushes and palette. Then I fell on the varied collection of things lying about—of course, there is a proper place for everything, but when one lives alone,



Hudson Bay Mt. and Glacier, B.C.

It was very trying. When I had made up my mind to make up for lost time, and resolutely turn over a new leaf, up come the mother—metaphorically speaking—with someone, and a country cousin at that, with the request that I will "show her London."

I sat a moment staring blankly at the letter:

"My own dear boy—Only a line to tell you the L'Eskange's niece is coming up to town with them for a few weeks."

"You know Mrs. L'Eskange cannot get about much and I should like Nora to have a good time; so as you are old friends—you two young people—I have promised that you will do the honors, and will take her about as much as possible. As you have old Nurse as housekeeper, I have told Nora it will be quite proper to go and see you. No time for more.—Your loving Mother."

Good heavens! So I was to be saddled with a flapper, and just now, too! I put the letter in my pocket, with very ruffled feelings.

Old friends—well that was a decade ago, of course. She was a long-legged, awkward girl, with an untidy pigtail of sandy hair and a nose covered with freckles.

one has a way of putting down the object on hand upon the nearest available space, whether it is your hat or a pound of butter, and the result after a time becomes bewildering.

The bell of the outer door "whir-ir-ed" loudly with startling persistency—I glanced into a mirror—there was a smear across my nose and my hands were dirty. Just in time! I remembered that it would only be Browne, the dealer, who was anxious to look at some sketches.

The latch on my front door was locked back, therefore I shouted:

"Come in! That you, Browne?" I said. I was stacking a pile of canvases against the wall.

"D'you think you could let me come to your place to-morrow about the sketches? I'll bring them along. Can't spare time now. Have a beastly confounded ——" There was a little burst of suppressed laughter behind me.

I faced round suddenly, and got pretty red I suppose, because it wasn't Browne after all, but a strange girl. She was very slender, and had Titian hair and dark eyes, and the prettiest face I had ever seen.

"I—oh, I beg your pardon!" I said haltingly. It was a horrid situation.

"But—er—I'm afraid I—that is, I fancy you've mistaken the number or something!"

"I don't think so," said the girl, and came a step towards me.

"In that case," I said gravely, and conscious of the smear on my nose, "What can I do for you?"

"Well"—she laughed again, "You—you might ask me to tea!" And then she put out a ridiculously small hand in an awfully swagger long white kid glove.

"Teddy," she said severely, "do you mean to say you have not recognized me yet—Nora—and such old friends as we are too? I really thought you would welcome me with open—that is, I mean joy."

I pulled myself together and seized her hands. "Why, of course!" I said with enthusiasm. "I am delighted; and if you will grow up into a beauty—but you've caught me fairly on the hop. You see, my old housekeeper, has been sick so I sent her to her brother's place."

"What, Nannie?"

"Nannie—far-famed for certain cream cakes. Meanwhile I exist with a personage who 'does' for me daily—I was just trying to produce something like order out of chaos. But I didn't expect you so soon, therefore behold me suitably covered with shame."

"How absurd!" she was pulling off her long gloves. "I shall insist on helping you—I'm not going to interrupt. Do you think you could find me an apron for work? Which is the kitchen? Please let me!"

I indicated the apartment and followed her meekly.

An hour later, the whole aspect was changed. Everything was in its place. We had discovered a lace tea cloth, a long forgotten birthday gift and now it graced our tea table. There were my Sevres cups too, and a plate of delicious toast—made by Nora.

I sat looking at her absently now. Here was a case of the ugly duckling, and no mistake. Not that this brilliant, charming person could ever have been plain—my ideas must have been distorted long ago. The sandy locks were now a wonderful red-gold, like burnished copper, all little tendrils, beneath a cute little hat—oh, where was the country cousin of my imagination?

"You know," she said, "you've not altered a bit—in looks I mean. But I hear you're something of a woman hater."

"Don't you believe it," I said, "I—er—rather allowed that idea to get about, because—well—for several reasons."

"Yes," said my companion enquiringly. What lovely eyes she had—they invited confidence.

"Well!" I reached for my pipe, "D'you mind if I smoke? Thanks. What was I saying? Oh, ah, yes. Well, for several reasons. You see for one, I'm mostly with men—not very used to girls—I'm always rather afraid of women—more or less."

Suddenly she laughed, and lifted a hand to arrange her veil.

I caught a gleam of diamonds on the third finger of her left hand.

"Some chap is lucky!" I said, indicating it. She stared at it.

"Ah,—you mean, oh, the engagement finger, of course! Thank you for a pretty compliment, kind sir." And then she grew quite grave: "Don't you believe in Platonic friendship?" she said. "I assure you that a girl can prove to be every bit as good a 'pal' as a man to a man. Won't you let me convince you?"

I took her hand.

"It's a compact," I said heartily.

"Then," drawing her hand, which I had been holding an unnecessarily long time, away—"we're going to be the best of pals!"

The rest of the afternoon was borne away on wings. I showed her my pictures, and then we arranged that she should sit to me, the first sitting to take place next morning. And then I took her to the hotel at which she was staying.

Three weeks had passed. My venture into the realms of platonic friendship had proved a gigantic success. It was a joy to go to a show with somebody who could see things from your point of vantage. Here was a girl who was just a "good comrade." It seemed of course a pity that she should be engaged, she was so young and—

On the last afternoon but one of her visit we went on the river—the day was lovely. Nora was wearing blue, and was distractingly pretty.

"Teddy, by the way, according to Plato, our friendship has been a decided success?"

"Ripping," I answered. "And I've educated you, tamed you," she said. "You have quite a different idea in regard to girls now."

"Quite," I answered. "Now, you know," she went on, "I believe you had an idea that girls look on every male creature in—in the light of a possible husband—"

I held up a hand in protest. "And let me tell you that's an exploded idea. I have proved that an ideal friendship can exist between a man and a girl, haven't I?"

"Ye-es," I said, though I could not help a faltering not appearing in my voice.

Just at that moment a wasp stung me on the hand. I pulled out my handkerchief and wrapped it round the injured part. It was very painful. She jumped up.

"I don't think I quite understand," she murmured.

I caught the hand again, and touched the ring.

"If that," I said slowly, "were on another finger, I might explain what I mean."

Promptly she took off the ring and put it on the second finger.

"There you are," she said, "I'm listening."

"No," I said, "No—I mean I would if you weren't engaged. One can't poach, you know on the other chaps' preserves."

"But—there is no 'other chap.'" Her face was hidden.

"Explain!" My voice was cold.

"Oh, Teddy, you are a dense boy. I happened to put the ring—a birthday gift from dad—on that finger by mistake. You jumped to the conclusion I was engaged. I let you think so, as I wanted to prove to you we could be just friends and—nothing more. Now, well—I'm not



Red Osier Dog Wood

"Let me see it," her voice was anxious, which somehow pleased me.

"Mind!" I warned her, "you'll upset the boat!"

I caught her by the hand, and pulled her down beside me.

"Never mind the sting. To-morrow," I said gloomily, "you'll be gone, and I shall be alone."

"Correct," she said dimpling up at me.

"Only you needn't be alone, you've heaps of other friends."

I chose to ignore this remark. I was twisting the ring round and round on that third finger of hers.

"Some fellows have all the luck," I said savagely. "What's he like?" I asked suddenly.

"He's rather a dear!" she said quietly, and I dropped her hand. "What's the matter?"

"Everything," I said slowly. "What a fool I've been. Playing a silly game of 'make believe' after all!" "Do you know," and turned round and faced her, "do you know that I've come to the conclusion that this platonic friendship is silly rot. They say it always ends disastrously for the girl or the man. And—"

engaged—never have been, and never shall—"

"Oh, yes," I said with great decision.

"Oh, dear, yes, you will. You're a flirt, a little heartless minx. But, let's throw the Platonic business overboard—it's a farce—"

She lifted up her face suddenly.

"Oh!" she cried. "What a time you've been finding it out! I've known for more than two weeks!"

"Hobbs is a pessimist isn't he?" "Not exactly. I should call him an optimist."

"What do you mean?" "He acknowledges that every cloud has a silver lining, but grumbles because it is on the farther side."—*Boston Transcript.*

The city girl boarding in the country spoke to the farmer about the savage way in which the cow regarded her.

"Well," said the farmer, "it must be on account of that red waist you're wearing."

"Dear me," said the girl; "of course I know it's awfully out of fashion, but I had no idea a country cow would notice it."

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Wolf Willow
(*Elaeagnus Argentea*)

S. J. Wigley

Willow is an unfortunate name for this handsome prairie shrub for it is not related to the willow family. Silver leaf or silver berry by which it is sometimes known is a far more appropriate common name.

The yellow flowers which appear in early June are delightfully fragrant and for this alone the plant should be a favorite in our gardens. It has however the habit of spreading from the root stock and is not easily kept in place. The mealy silver-gray berries are large and remain on the branches during the winter, but no birds seem to use them for food.

Red-Osier Dog Wood
(*Cornus Stolonifer*)

This is one of the most attractive of our native shrubs for its bright red bark in winter, its clusters of white flowers in June



Wolf Willow or Silver Berry

and waxen white berries in August all demand attention and invite investigation.

The shrub is very common in Central Alberta and grows readily from cuttings.

In northern districts it is a favorite food for moose in winter and for this reason is sometimes called "moose wood." By Indians it is known as Kinnikinnick and the inner bark, shredded and dried is used by them as a substitute for tobacco.

The berries seem useless for food and are very bitter.

This Month's Cover

We are indebted to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway for the photograph of the beautiful scene which is reproduced on the cover.

The Scandal of the Bottle Boy

By Marie Manning

HE was small for his age, so small, in fact, that he always hastened to justify himself with, "goin' on seven," after the humiliating admission of six. This affliction of being humiliatingly young for one's years seemed to run in the family. People were always telling him how pretty his sister was; and when he told them she was his mother, they seemed to think her too young for the part. And he resented it as he did those imputations against his own manly appearance. Perhaps they did look young, he and his mother. But even if it were a fault that she was so young looking, Robert was quite willing to condone it, for otherwise she was so absolutely satisfactory.

The family circle was small—Robert and his mother and old "Mammy Lucy," who had been his nurse and was quite one

taken on his return from kindergarten, worn with the ardors of the day. His mother would meet him at the door, and after she had kissed him and tousled his hair and they had had a few minutes' talk about the events of the day—for decency's sake—Robert would run to his room, and on the lowest shelf of his cupboard he would find his milk bottle warmed to a perfect and epicurean temperature. He would seize it quickly, that his manly eye might not be needlessly offended by a prolonged sight of the loathed infantile attachment that was at once his pleasure and his pain. Stealthily he would consume it to the last drop, then thrust the skeleton back into its closet, that no eye but hers might see, and—that she might have it filled and waiting for him on the morrow.

His purpose toward reformation was too much along the lines of Rip Van Winkle's to land him anywhere. It was the "one more" that made up Robert's Waterloo. His mother reasoned that as he had a slight appetite at the best of times, it would be unwise to interfere with so excellent a form of nourishment. Besides, the crime was not so heinous in her eyes; he was "her baby," after all, the one thing that had been spared her in the desolation of young widowhood.

About this time the children in Robert's school had formed themselves into a league for the protection of the animal world, and were known as the Little Defenders. Officers had been chosen for their respective qualifications, and on Robert's telling of finding a drowned cat and showering it with water for an hour to bring it back to life, the teacher had said that though his labors had been ineffectual and the methods employed were not the most modern, still it had shown so genuine an interest in the work that she moved he be elected president. The motion was carried unanimously.

A picnic in celebration of this humanitarian movement was soon under way. The president's mother would not attend, her mourning keeping her from such festivity, but she agreed to confine her precious son to a friend who would be personally responsible for him. In reviewing later the happenings of that day of wrath, it seemed to both Robert and his mother that the Fates had been secretly in league against them. For who could tell that on that particular morning Judge Wolcott, the former partner of Robert's late father, should take it into his head to come from New York to talk business with Robert's mother, and at the very moment when she was putting the president's luncheon into the basket?

"Oh, Mammy Lucy, please finish this while I go in to see the Judge—deviled eggs, ham sandwiches, jelly cake—gracious, Mammy, that does seem an unwholesome luncheon for a little boy; we'll have to get him something else. No, Robert, you may not have any pickles. Now run upstairs and get your flag, or you'll be late!" And she had whisked out of the room, playfully shoving Robert in front of her.

To Mammy Lucy the president of the Little Defenders was still her nursling and she had not shared any of the family qualms regarding the daily bottle. To her devoted mind it was perfectly proper that he should take bottle, nipple and all to the picnic. So while the president was unfurling the banner of the organization in front of his looking glass in the room above, so that there might be nothing amateurish about the way he handled it at the head of that gallant band, Mammy Lucy was corking up the nursing bottle, that its contents might not spill, and fitting that detestable nipple over the cork, that her darling might have no difficulty in finding it.

On the way to the grove, while the colors of the organization floated proudly above his head, and Johnny Briscoe and Willy Morse pushed the fife and drum to their uttermost limits in the way of martial music, Robert took counsel with himself and decided that he must reform. No man in his position could afford to drink milk from a bottle, even in secret. What if the League knew that their president did this thing? But they'd never know; he'd give it up this very day—he wouldn't go near the Bluebeard closet

when he got home, the closet that held the secret of his shame. And with this resolve he held his head a little higher and puffed his chest a little fuller as he walked to the grove at the head of the Little Defenders, full twenty-five strong.

At the grove the picnickers gave their lunch baskets to the ladies who had matters in charge. It was to be a community luncheon, with a general division of the good things, and already anticipation ran so high it was with difficulty that even the officers could sufficiently restrain their interest to fetch kindling for the fires or water for the lemonade. Robert yielded up his basket—with its skeleton—and set about making himself useful, as befitted a gentleman and a president.

Some of the girls, basely taking advantage of their sex, pried into the baskets under the pretext of assisting the ladies, and they would give shrill exclamations of delight when their investigations were rewarded by the sight of something particularly delectable.

The campfires were leaping joyously, the smell of boiling chocolate was wafted to high heaven, some one had spread a white cloth on the grass and little girls were decorating it with wild flowers. Then Molly Renshaw, a fat little girl with a lisp, began to call out something frantically; again and again she raised her voice as well as her impediment would permit and gave vent to her amazing discovery. To Robert, pressed forward in the center of a group that rushed to see, it sounded like: "Th' pwethideth goth a both! Th' pwethideth goth a both!" And he wondered, with the indifference of a man accustomed to having things come his way, what new honor had been crowded upon him.

A moment more and he saw! Then the horrid sight was blotted out by a dozen eager little hands stretched out to grasp this souvenir of his shame that Molly Renshaw held aloft. "The president's got a bottle!" "The president's got a bottle!" shrieked a multitude of shrill voices that had no impediment in their speech. The girls were the worst; their gestures of disdain, their cries of derision, were harder to bear than the boys' frank laughter. One of them ran to her mother with "Oh, mama, the president's got a bottle like baby sister!" The boys, his late retainers and allies, who at the beginning of the day would have been glad for a word with their chief executive on any subject, now indulged in a humiliating pantomime whereby they drew imaginary nourishment from imaginary bottles. Robert stood alone, a pale young gentleman with all the world against him.

The grown-ups seemed unable to cope with the disorder; two dozen screaming children with the spirit of anarchy let loose.

"Give me my bottle, please. It's mine, you know." And the deposed chieftain took the instrument of his undoing and walked away with head erect. When he got to a group of trees that hid him from his late tormentors he took to his heels and raced as if each small boy and girl had been a tiger in pursuit.

He felt that he had run a long way, miles and miles, but when he had gone through the grove and down a straight piece of road, and crossed the little foot bridge that led over the stream, he could still see the tops of the poplar trees in the grove where the picnic was in progress. The bridge and the stream suggested something, and retracing his steps, he stood in the middle of the bridge and flung the bottle on some rocks below. The sound of its shivering fragments made him feel better, and crossing to the bank, he threw himself down among the high grass, and cried.

From the tops of the poplars he could see the curling smoke, and he imagined the scene of splendid revelry taking place. He wondered, with a vague resentment at the world at large, who was eating his sandwiches, his deviled eggs, his layer cake.

He did not know how long he had been there—it seemed a long time—when his melancholy reflections were interrupted by a faint whining. He listened, and on the opposite bank of the stream he saw three boys—middle-aged boys—who must have been all of fourteen or fifteen, and who were employing the strength of their advanced years in drowning a puppy, a poor little fat puppy who could only whine and baby bark at the outrage.

Robert, on his stomach in the lush grass that grew to the water's edge, commanded

from his point of vantage a full view of the impending tragedy. The biggest boy—all foolish grin and a thatch of straw-colored hair—picked up the puppy, "hefted" him professionally, and remarked that a two-pound stone would do it. The puppy barked at this—his absurd baby bark—as if he flouted their judgment of his weight. He was game despite his tender years, and when they handled him roughly he warned them—in his high treble—and slapped at them with clumsy paws. He had no claims whatever to birth, proletariat was written all over him, but he was so brave a soldier of fortune—making the best of his last desperate chances—that Robert wondered at their hardness of heart, even considering their advanced age. If this had happened before his own humiliating experiences of the morning, it is not improbable that the self-confidence he had always enjoyed in such full measure would have prompted him to appeal to them. But so deeply had his chagrin taken root that he felt the puppy would have no chance whatever with such a social pariah as himself for a champion.

If only Judge Wolcott had not come, perhaps his mother would have given him ten cents and he could have acquired the puppy by lawful purchase. The biggest boy now pulled a piece of gunny sacking from his pocket, put a stone in the middle of it, sprawled the puppy on the stone, and began bunching the ends. The impudent treble bark had turned now into a whine, a terrified whine, as this waif from the underworld of dogs saw it was all up with him. Robert had experienced some moments himself that morning that made him feel very close to the little dog, and something in his breast swelled and made him feel like fighting, even with such odds against him. There they were, three great brutes of boys almost as big as men, and here he was "no bigger'n a pint cup," as Mammy Lucy always said—but he couldn't stay in the grass a minute longer. "Say, whatcher fellows doin' to that dog?"

The boys looked up; then they laughed at the little figure with matted hair and eyes red from crying.

"We're drownin' a pup, little Johnny-jump-up," the boy with the shock of hair said, and the two others laughed with glee.

"Won't you give him to me? I ain't got er dog."

"We ain't givin' away dawgs to-day. We're drownin' 'em."

Now all the Little Defenders had been duly grounded in arguments to deal with such atrocity as this, but to save his life Robert couldn't remember one. He could only stand there, as the boy said, like a Johnny-jump-up, and plead his own dogless condition as a reason why the drowning should not proceed.

"Oh, pitch the pup in, an' stop talkin'," sung out next to the biggest boy. "Here, gimme him." And he made a grab at the whining bundle.

David minus sling or stone desperately pulled himself together and began to harangue the triple measure of Goliath on the opposite bank—one of the arguments had begun to come back to him.

"Now how'd you feel if a great big giant you'd no chance against was to come along an' pick you up an' drown you?"

This proposition was apparently one of the most amusing that the trio had ever heard advanced. They doubled up, they hooted, they shouted. In language far from polite they advised David to run home to his mother, and when a great big giant caught and drowned them, they'd let him know how it felt.

But Robert stood his ground. "Well, he ain't done anything to you—if you're drownin' things, why don't you get something of your own size?"

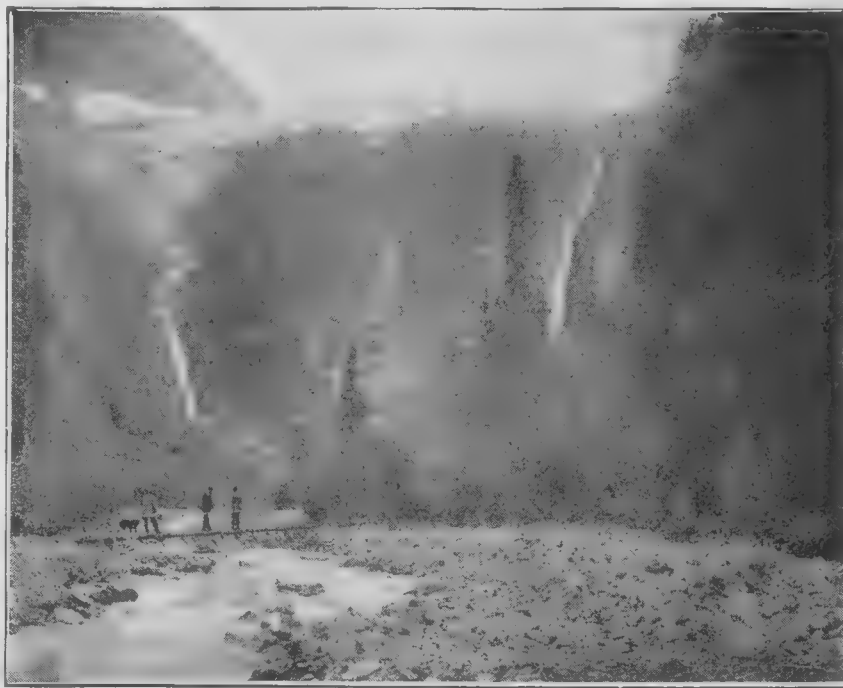
The older boy, the one who held the whining bundle, made a playful move as though to cross the creek and grab the Little Defender. In doing this he stumbled, dropped the gunny sack, and out rolled the cause of all the trouble, blinking joyously at again seeing the daylight. But his joy was short lived, for the second biggest boy stooped, picked up the puppy and flung him down the stream as far as he could throw.

Robert saw the black ball go whirling by. His fighting blood still up, without a moment's hesitation he plunged after it. This was more than the trio had bargained for—the special pleader had worn an immaculate sailor suit and shiny ties, and these things on the part of a very young gentleman bespeak watchful feminine

eyes. They had no wish for a possible encounter with an irate mother or nurse. But the water was not deep enough to do him any harm, and consoling themselves with this thought, they ran as fast as they could.

The water in which Robert floundered was cold, though not very deep—but there was nothing to be seen of the black ball with beady eyes. The creek bottom was soft and muddy. Robert scrambled around for a more substantial foothold, stepping into a hole and went under, and water filled his mouth and nose. He choked and spluttered; then, with a mighty effort, he got up, feeling more drowned than when he was under. He grabbed a bunch of lush grass, and a couple of yards ahead saw a wet black head and two little paws working manfully. Robert did not dare risk another hole; he scrambled along the bank till he was opposite the puppy, and again plunged after him.

And for once the Fates proved generous—even lavish—for after their scurvy treatment of the morning this was the moment they chose for the now thoroughly repentant Picnic to discover the missing president. They had been searching for him through the grove. At the red farmhouse they inquired, but the farmer could tell them nothing of a little boy in a blue



Hudson Bay Mt and Glacier in B.C. G.T.P. Railway

sailor suit. The friend of Robert's mother who had promised to be personally responsible for him was nearly distracted; she had told Molly Renshaw some awful truths about her manners, the campfire was out, the chocolate grew cold untasted, the ants alone enjoyed the picnic.

Then some one had proposed searching along the creek, and though every one knew that the water was not deep, the ladies had shuddered and the minister had hurried forward! "Robbie!" "Robbie!" "Robburt!" they had called, but Robert had not heard. The minister saw him first, and started forward; but Robert, triumphantly holding the puppy—now his puppy—was already scrambling toward the bank. The minister did not mind getting himself dirty a bit, but pulled the president right up to his black coat, puppy and all; the lady who had promised to be responsible cried; the boys rushed forward to greet the former pariah; the puppy cuddled to its protector—it was a magnificent moment for Robert, Little Defender!

"Robert, laughter is often an expression of the unthinking," the minister said, and the Picnic hung its head like those brutal boys, for they, too, had laughed at a small weakness of this gallant Defender. "I am proud to shake hands with you." And the minister not only shook hands, but patted Robert's muddy shoulder.

"Hurrah for th' pwethideth! Hurrah for th' pwethideth!" It was actually that little minx, Molly Renshaw, who had started all the trouble in the first place, that was now leading the applause. The hurrahing proved as contagious as hurrahing usually is, and while it was at its very height, Robert and "Picnic"—they had decided on that name for the puppy—were led in triumph back to the grove and the deserted baskets,

The Luck of Dead-End Camp

A tale of '98—written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

It lay in Devil Valley, between two mountain spurs and you could see it for twenty miles and more as you munched up the trail, because of Watch-tower Rock that kept guard over the pass. This was a tall, top-heavy mass of stone crested with a lump of rock that had been roughly hewn in the earth's upheaval to resemble a giant human head, and that seemed to cling there only by luck or the merest neck of shale.

None of us had ever climbed Watch-tower Rock. We were all too busy panning the streams below for the bright yellow metal, and the old campaigners who had been halfway up and there had balked, told tales of the rough and uninviting ascent where they had had to cling by fingers and toes to the crevices in the sheer sides and where boulders were loosened at a breath and came hurtling down in great bounds, sending showers of sand and pebbles in their wake. Then, gold was not usually found at such altitudes and it was gold we were all looking for—not beautiful scenery.

"Yust wait," said Olson ominously "someone sure goin' to git Saw-Ridge. He ain't got no friends in Yukon." This was true. Several of our wilder spirits had registered a vow to "get" that individual whom we knew only by the appellation of Saw-Ridge, by reason of his claim being situated on a ridge of rock that was regularly serrated like a mammoth saw. Only that he was always armed to the teeth and was not slow in drawing a gun, and was besides the ugliest fighter in the gold region, he would have bitten the dust—or rather the snow—months back.

"Tenderfoot yust come in," remarked Jakey, presently, as he shovelled mulligan into his mouth with a huge clasp-knife.

"So!" observed Bellamy, with a yawn. The rest of us either smiled grimly or swore roundly at this intelligence. Another fool come in to starve!

"A bloomin' cockney?" asked Dick, patiently.

"Naw—he ban Canuck."

Silence fell for the space of a few moments. Then Dick Delaney rose from amidst the cloud of shag-tobacco smoke, stretched himself and yawned.

"Well, g'night—I'm off to bunk," he said, sourly.

"Batter go ofer to Cook's, boys," here spoke up Jakey, as he climbed down from his stool, having partaken of a very satisfactory supper, which was his first meal that day. We did not eat, any of us, three times a day, then.

"What's goin' on over there?" demanded Dick.

"A raffles."

"Tuh! Poor old Cook! What's he raffin' now?" asked Bellamy.

"A dog."

"A dog! Once that general store of his was rakin' in potfuls of money. Look at it now! So he's raffin' one of his dogs!" Bellamy sighed and then spat vociferously.

"Come on, boys," cried Dick, "if there's goin' to be a show of any sort we wanta be right in at the front!"

"Yes, come along," subjoined another.

So we all swung out into the April twilight and took our noisy way along the rough road-path where the winter snow was fast melting into the gumbo, towards the General Store, the dim coal oil lamps of which were casting a dull patch of light across the road.

"One hundred—going—going at one hundred!" sang Cook himself who wielded the hammer.

We heard his voice even before we crowded in at the door. Quite a crowd had collected about a handsome malemute dog, that looked around him with great ox-like brown eyes, and wagged a friendly tail whenever someone patted his head.

"Who bids one hundred and five?" demanded the Hammer, in crisp business-like tones.

"I bid," returned a little gray-haired prospector, a noted dog-fancier.

"One hundred and ten!" croaked a large coarse-lipped man in leather overalls and sombrero.

He swung a thonged whip idly in one hand and smiled in sardonic triumph at his competitor.

"Going!—Going to Saw-Ridge at one hundred and ten!" chanted Cook.

The little prospector looked regretfully at the dog. He hesitated. Then with one last determined effort of self-sacrifice he bid one hundred and fifteen, and looked fearfully at his counter-bidder.

"One hundred and twenty!" retorted Saw-Ridge.

There was a half-minute's silence. It seemed as though even the callous Cook were loth to give the beautiful canine into the keeping of a notorious horse-beater.

"Who bids higher?"

No one spoke.

"Going at one hundred and twenty—Going—going—g—"

"Hold on!" cried a new voice.

The crowd turned. Standing a head taller than the tallest was a newcomer who had just pushed his way in. Saw-Ridge looked around in surly surprise and beheld a man, with a clean-cut brown face, wearing a sheepskin-lined corduroy coat and a shabby wideawake.

"Who the devil are you?" he inquired, looking the stranger up and down with undisguised scorn.

The newcomer ignored him and addressed the master of ceremonies.

"I bid one hundred and twenty-five," he said.

Cook's eye brightened.

"Who goes higher?"

"One hundred and thirty-five!" snorted Saw-Ridge.

The bidding went on by fives and tens until at length in sheer desperation Saw-Ridge called out one hundred and eighty and with a cordial oath sank down upon a pickle-keg.

"Two hundred," said the bronzed stranger, firmly.

"Go higher?" asked Cook, turning an avaricious eye upon the surly sourdough.

"No, curse you, I've bid my last. Take the dog, tenderfoot, and be d—d!"

Saw-Ridge turned and made his way out of the shack the crowd falling back respectfully on either side, for as he strode he flourished the villainous whip and his eyes gleamed wrathfully upon all.

"Buy a dog-collar?" asked Cook, rubbing his fat hands together and turning to the dog's new owner, to receive his money.

"No thanks," replied the latter, "I'm stony broke."

And with a gesture of careless indifference he handed over the bills and then turned the lining of his pockets out, for the benefit of all.

A laugh of derision went up among some of the crowd.

"You blamed fool!" ejaculated old Dave Bellamy, in whose eyes money was radium, just now.

"Say, stranger," said Dick Delaney, "what did you blow into Dead-End for?"

The newcomer had a pair of frank boyish eyes. There was a twinkle in them now.

"Why, gold, of course," he answered.

"You finger on strikin' gold here?"

Bellamy's tones quavered. The child-like credulity of the tenderfoot was almost pitiful.

"I do."

"Then lemme tell you lad, there ain't so much as a grain of it around the diggin's. The camp's been swept from Watch-tower up to the head of the river. We're all goin' back to Dawson when the snow melts."

The newcomer looked a bit thoughtful. He stood patting his new canine friend on the head and did not reply. Gradually we all trooped out into the road, and back to the restaurant where Saw-Ridge now stood before the rude counter, drinking hard cider. His dog-team was before the door, ready, the sleigh filled with supplies, for the long mush upstream. We noticed as we passed, that the four dogs lay stretched out in their harness snatching a much needed rest. The leaders whined and moaned.

"Poor beasts!" said Dick Delaney, with an oath of pity. The tenderfoot was just behind us. He halted and then stepped up to the prone huskies.

A low exclamation escaped from him. We turned around. Great welts and the blood frozen along deep cuts on their bodies told a story of the poor beasts' late treatment at the hands of their owner, that was all too well known in camp. It was new however to the tenderfoot. The angry blood surged to his face.

"Who has done this?" he demanded, turning to us.

"I reckon 'twas Saw-Ridge," drawled Dick, with a grim smile.

"Who?"

"The chap inside, standin' at the bar." "Stay, youngster!" here interposed another, "where you goin'? Don't go for to talk big to Saw-Ridge!"

But the "youngster" had dashed into the North Star eating house. We followed. The prospect of a little real excitement was sweet—these being the days before the moving picture shows had penetrated as far north as the Yukon.

The tenderfoot approached the redoubtable sourdough who stood draining a glass of hard cider, and spoke very quietly. But there was a pant—the pant of an aroused lion—behind the words.

"I am going to give you the best thrashing you ever got in your life," he said, "going to draw as much blood out of your ruffianly carcass, as you've drawn to-day from those huskies."

Saw-Ridge stared, glass in hand—stared, speechless at the stranger's colossal nerve. The rest of us stood with bated breath. We figuratively saw the lad—he was little more—lying unconscious under

the tables and chairs. Not one of us had courage enough to offer any assistance.

Saw-Ridge whipped out his ever-ready revolver and fired three shots in rapid succession into the pine rafters above. "There's three more fer you, kid!" he said, smiling until his thick lips parted showing his crooked yellow teeth. "Come on!"

"Fists! Fists!" we yelled, "a fair fight Saw-Ridge!" And we hooted so long and so loudly that at last he threw down the pistol. At the same instant Dick Delaney sneaking forward drew the sourdough's long knife out of his bootleg. The latter finished his drink unconcernedly.

The next instant the cider-glass crashed over the pine counter and shivered into atoms among the array of bottles. The tenderfoot had sent a lightning blow out and Saw-Ridge staggered up against a pile of biscuit boxes. But he retaliated with a bull-like rush. The tenderfoot skipped aside and avoided the impact. Then came a clinch. The tenderfoot knew a bit of jiu-jitsu for he managed to keep his feet nine times out of ten while Saw-Ridge wiped the floor every second round. All the camp had now gathered in the cafe, at the door and out in the road, and cheers filled the air from fifty throats.

Bleeding profusely, torn and dishevelled, Saw-Ridge at last growled out that he had had enough. The tenderfoot wasn't so sure. He knelt on the sourdough's chest, pale, panting, but little hurt—the victor. Yet the lust of battle still burned in his eye. There was scarcely a square inch on his adversary that did not contain a bruise, and he was unable to mush homeward for two days afterward.

The tenderfoot rose reluctantly. How we cheered! The sound echoed far away down into the canyon.

Saw-Ridge gained his feet, and vowing vengeance and the law, limped away. Those who habitually defy the law are ever the first to clamor for it when worsted.

"If ever you ill-treat a dumb creature again," said the stranger slowly, as the other slunk off, "I hope to heaven I'm around. But—I think you won't!"

From that hour Jack Wynne—that was the tenderfoot's name—was one of us. He shared the poor luck of Dead-End, ate with us, starved with us, and the weeks slipped away till the middle of May had arrived. We had learned in this period that Jack's mother was an invalid down east and that he had come north to look for gold so that he might be able to pay for an expensive operation for her. In addition there was a family of small brothers and sisters who looked to Jack for support, the father being dead. Jack never doubted but that he would strike gold and we who knew better—or thought we did—hated to discourage him. By half-dozens and dozens the camp drifted away until only a round dozen of us remained. As for Saw-Ridge he came and went as before but we all knew—all but Jack, that is—that he would wreak vengeance at some time or another. Hate and malice smouldered in him and the glance of his eye was ugly when it fell on the young easterner.

Friend of all dumb beasts was Jack, not a dog or horse but knew his caressing hand. A young fellow from the lower gold camp rode into Devil Valley one day on a cayuse that had been urged to its topmost speed up the trail. A heavy pack-saddle and the leather straps over its shoulders rubbed on raw flesh, and the animal was lamed as well.

"I say, Stranger," said Jack Wynne when the fellow had dismounted, "this poor animal is in actual distress. Look! See here—and here—and here. How far have you ridden him?"

"Fifty-five miles," returned the other, surlily.

"To-day?"

"Of course! Think I'm on a pleasure trip? An' what's more, I gotta get back to-night."

He added with an oath that it was nobody's business but his own. For answer Jack tossed the pack off into the mud, then unbuckled the other harness and seized the halter.

"Talk of nerve!" ejaculated the stranger, a slim chap, who, unlike the sourdough, was no match for Jack.

"I'll take care of the cayuse," answered Jack, coolly, "and you can either wait till he is fixed up and ready for travel—or you can hire another to ride back on."

Al Gringley, the owner, stood surrounded by his pack-saddle and harness, swearing roundly while Jack led the cayuse away. Dick Delaney came up to him just then and advised him to make no trouble.

"That's the guy what laid Saw-Ridge out," he remarked in his slow drawl. "You heard about it?"

Gringley had. The whole Yukon knew that tale. So, finding discretion the better part of valor, he hired a fresh horse, made his purchases and rode away.

The trail to Dawson ran beside Watch-tower Rock, hugging the cliff for some hundred yards, with the river upon the other side foaming and dashing along in its turbulent course, to the Pacific. At this season it was swollen and very rapid and at one point where the trail wound about the base of the hill there was but a narrow margin of a few feet between the roadway and an instant and horrible death.

Jack Wynne and I had been prospecting far south one day and were returning to camp on horseback tired, dispirited and as hungry as only healthy youth can be after a long day's arduous toil. Our packs were guiltless of nuggets. We had panned some rather indifferent quartz but gold had eluded us.

Jack's mare walked lame.

"She's picked up a stone," observed Jack, as the animal raised a hind foot uneasily.

So he dismounted and busied himself in extracting the pebble. I reined in also. Before us, its crest bathed in the golden light of the westerling sun, frowned Watch-tower. We had now entered upon that hundred-yard shelf-like portion of trail between the Rock and the river.

Jack's foot had just touched his stirrup and I had gathered up my reins again, when a short sharp report, too heavy for a gun shot, and seeming to come from the clouds, startled us. We looked up. There was a puff of dark smoke, a shower of dirt and stones and then we beheld, rolling down hill, a huge boulder. Along the jagged fissure of a glacier track it bounded, coursing in a southwesterly direction, then with a sound like a mighty clap of thunder it hit the trail not twelve feet ahead of us and leaped into the water below, sending a shower of spray fifty feet into the air. We were covered with the flying dust and sprinkled with the water.

But we had been delivered miraculously from death. A long moment we were silent—wordless from sheer astonishment. We gazed upward again. The giant-head top of the Watch-tower was gone!

Then it was that Jack seized my arm. "Draw in close to the hillside," he said, "then wait and keep an eye south. That was a pretty close shave all right!" We reined in until a clump of birch entirely screened us. A quarter of an hour passed, while we sat in our saddles, eyes bent down the trail towards a point where a bridle-track leading out from the mountains behind, crossed the main roadway.

"There he is," said Jack, quietly, at length.

Riding south on his piebald cayuse we beheld Saw-Ridge. "I'm going to climb Watch-tower, to have a look at his fuse—if any is left—and to see if he has any more traps laid for the unwary," said Jack.

It was useless to attempt to deter him. He had dismounted and bounded part of the way up the slope before he had finished speaking. The departure of the knob had lowered the height of Watch-tower by ten feet. I watched him climb until he disappeared around a bend in the Rock.

Presently a wild halloo clove the air and looking up I saw him standing bare-headed and waving his hat frantically. I could only conclude that the fine air of that altitude had gotten to his head.

He came down at length, heralding his approach by a rain of pebbles.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"Hustle up and let's beat it back to camp," was all the reply I got, and not another word could I get from him, till we had reached Dead-End.

"Come along, boys! Into your saddles!" shouted Jack as he reined in his mare.

"What for?" asked Olsen, rising from a seat in front of the eating house. The Swede had not yet acted upon his intention of returning to Dawson.

"Never mind what for! I'll tell you about our narrow squeak as we ride along. Quick! Delaney, Cook, Bellamy—the whole lot of you! I've got something to show you."

The men were ready for anything, for life had been a rather monotonous affair these past weeks. We caught fire from Jack's mood, almost forgetting that we were rotten-luck prospectors and that we must inevitably pull stakes and move—move on eternally, the will-o'-the-wisp of gold ever before us, advancing, receding, tantalizing us, but always evading our eager grasp.

"How many are good for a climb?" demanded Jack, when he had told of our escape.

Half a dozen of us acknowledged the soft impeachment. The others remained below, when we had reached the Rock. We climbed slowly, picking our way, groping, staggering over boulders, bruising our shins, tearing our hands, cursing good-humoredly but impelled onward and upward.

"Thet Saw-Ridge ought to be reported," vowed Bellamy, as he puffed and panted up the incline.

"I reckon we'll never see him again," prophesied Dick. "He's a coward. He thinks he's done for Jack, so he's shown a clean pair o' heels."

"Here we are!" announced our vanguard.

"Well boys, how do you like the view?" he asked.

"View!" snorted Dick. "Say,—is that all you brought us up here for? I thought you were goin' to enact some sort o' gun-play for us."

"Tell us just how it happened——" began Cook.

But a shriek interrupted him. We turned. There was old Bellamy, the hoariest campaigner of the lot down upon his knees clawing at the earth.

"The pay-streak! The pay-streak!" he yelled in a high treble.

Where the giant-head crest had rested there now shone a myriad veins of a dull yellow color, intermingled with dirt and rock. It was the color our eyes had long sought in vain, and it spread upon all sides and ran down for yards into the canyon. We fell upon our knees also, (all but Jack who stood grinning at the joy his little surprise had called forth) and began crawling, clutching, scraping and shouting like a lot of men gone suddenly mad. Bellamy, poor old fellow wept like a child, and then cackled, and pawed at the earth like a puppy.

"There's oodles of it—oodles of it!" he raved.

The find was a rich one—rich beyond our wildest imaginings.

"Hooray for Dead-End Camp!" chortled Cook, "watch her spring to life once more!"

"Hooray for Jack! He diskivered it!" cried another. Bellamy still crawled about on hands and knees, mumbling like a maniac. The old fever had hit him hard. "This news'll travel faster'n greased lightning," so come on lads, an' stake yer claims!" said Cook.

"Hold!" interposed Dick. "These diggin's, whole and entire belong to Jack Wynne. It's the law o' the Yukon, lads."

There was a silence. Jack Wynne now drew a sheet of paper from some place about him and folded it several times. We watched him, fascinated, and still in silence. Then he produced a stub of pencil. Next he tore the paper into twelve bits and made markings on each piece.

"Pass them round," he said, handing the lot to Jakey Olson. The Swede gave us each a slip, and kept one himself. There were a few left over, to be given to the others who had not come.

"One - twelfth share, Giant-Head Claim," we read.

After the cheering had subsided and when we had lifted Jack shoulder high to bear him down hill, we turned for another look across the territory that spread away upon all sides into dim distances from the eminence upon which we stood. The evening was clear as crystal and the few smoke wreaths ascended like gray plumes into the blue translucent air.

"Look lads," said Dick, "look away yonder between the Piapot range and the sea."

We gazed long and finally discerned a tiny dark speck many miles distant on the dun plain, to the south. The speck moved. We judged that it had just set out on the second lap of its journey, and that it was travelling at a fair rate of speed. No need to ask what it was. Truly has it been said—"the wicked flee when no man pursues."

The Young Man and His Problem

SYMMETRICAL MANHOOD

Physical, Mental, Spiritual

When King David was dying, he called his son to his bedside and said to him: "Be strong, and shew thyself a man". No better legacy could be left to any young man.

The emblem of the Young Men's Christian Association is a triangle. This signifies that to be a symmetrical man requires a trinity of qualities. On top of the triangle is the word, "Spirit"; on the other two sides, "Mind" and "Body". These are the three parts of a young man which the association seeks to develop—a strong body, a full orbed mind, and a spiritual nature.

Physical

Every man is a capitalist, and started by God with a fair equipment of working capital. A representative of Bradstreet's approached a man for his rating. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am a man of independent means", came the reply, "I have two good eyes, two good arms, two good legs, and a clear brain." He was a capitalist. Many a man has made good with less equipment. A superb physical equipment is worth a fortune to any man who knows how to make proper use of it. To be the possessor of a body that responds to every suggestion of the mind; to be able to press on when others are falling out in the race; to be able to stand up in spite of business competition and ever multiplying details;—these are the possibilities offered by a splendid physical equipment. No man has a right to be a failure. It does look as if, after you have furnished a man with a bucket and a cow, that he ought to be able to go out and get the milk. Still, some men will turn the bucket over, sit on it, and then wonder why things do not come their way. What we've got to do is pick the bucket up and get busy. Muscle is worth its weight in gold, and nerves of iron are never to be ignored; but after all brain is more than brawn, and grit is more than gristle. Alexander H. Stephens weighed 85 pounds when at the height of his congressional career. They rolled him about in a wheeled carriage; wheeled him into the halls of Congress, and wheeled him out again. He was all brain and scarcely any body at all; but he wouldn't surrender to his physical weakness. He mastered it. Roosevelt at 20 was slender and sickly; at 49 he sat in the Presidential chair of the United States in perfect command of himself. Dr. DuVal, an ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, addressing the Presbyterian Athletic Association of the City of Winnipeg, said: "No education is complete without the education of the body". It is our duty to cultivate our physical strength and help to fortify the noble temple in which the Creator has housed our mind and spirit. It matters not how valuable the possessions that are stored in a house, if the house is insecure and the roof leaky. It is no credit to a man to be so careless about the house in which the priceless treasures of mind and spirit are placed, that the building becomes worn out before its time. If you and I are going to do efficient work in this busiest age of the world's history; if we are going to hold our own in the fierce competition of this most remarkable of all commercial periods; we will need sturdy muscles, stout lungs, healthy livers, and good digestion. A man handicaps himself seriously in the race of life who pays no regard to the rules of health. On the other hand, a man with a healthy body has better chances of success, because health inspires him with hope and ambition.

Mental

The development of the body, however, is not all that makes up a man. A prize-fighter has a well-developed body; but the influence of Jess Willard and Jack Johnson does not count for much outside of the prize-ring. There is a mind to be cultivated, and a soul to be saved. The man who devotes himself entirely to physical culture will be apt to neglect the other two parts of his nature. When the hour-glass is sending the sand down, it can not send it in the other direction. If all a man's energy is running to brawn, there will be nothing left to run to brain. The men who have compelled the world's attention, have not been physical giants, but men of mental and moral muscle. Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, and Lord Roberts, were not great in body. If the ideal of a symmetrical man consisted only in physical qualities, we should be lower in the scale than certain animals. The ox surpasses the man in muscular strength; the antelope in speed; the hound in keenness of scent; the eagle in eyesight; the rabbit in acuteness of hearing; the honey-bee in delicacy of taste; the spider in fineness of nervous energy. So we can't measure a man by his body. We have advanced beyond the age in which the world counted as its greatest heroes men like Ajax, Hercules, or Miltiades. The world today is not ruled by muscle, but by mind and heart. A young man's value to the world and to himself depends very largely on the cultivation of his intellect. Just as in the development of the body we have to regard suitable food and proper clothing, so in the development of the mind we have to consider the kind of food. Henry Ward Beecher affirmed that a proper use of his spare moments, had given him a fair grasp of the grand characters and great events of history. But it is not

food simply, nor eating, that makes strength; it is digestion. It is not the bolting down of mental meat that will make us thinkers, but meditation upon what we have read. It's mighty hard work to think, but it pays big wages. Character has to be thought out as well as fought out. Tell me the thoughts that slide in at the side door of your mind and I'll tell you the sort of fellow you are. It is the mind that plans; that impels plans into possibilities; possibilities into purposes; purposes into performances. Says George Mathewson: "The man who has fought a successful moral battle in his imagination is already more than half victorious, for it is in imagination that sin looks brightest and virtue seems most hard to win." Some one else has said: "Thought is the nitric acid which turns the glycerine of the ideal into the dynamite of the real." We must then guard most sacredly the door of our minds and keep it closed against the entrance of evil thoughts. To do this we will need to exercise our wills. The power to say, "No", and stick to it; and the power to say, "Yes", and stick to it, is one of the very best things we can cultivate. But we don't stick; that's the trouble. We begin enough good things, usually when we're going to bed, but we're back at the old stand before breakfast. A hound started out to trail a stag. He crossed the trail of a fox and became side-tracked. A rabbit jumped up before him and he forgot all about the fox; it was the rabbit for him. When the hunter finally got up to the hound, he was barking at a hole in the ground; he had treed a field mouse. Many a man has started out on a royal career, and compromised on a rat. The men who have counted for anything in the world have been men who have exercised their wills. When Napoleon's counsellors told him that he could not carry his army across the Alps to Russia, he drew himself up in dignity and said, "There will be no Alps". The first speech made by Disraeli before the British House of Lords was such a wretched failure that when he resumed his seat, he was greeted with hisses and groans. He rose, ground his teeth, and said, "You'll hear me some day". We all know how well he kept his promise. The party leaders at Rome thought that they would get rid of the ambitious young Caesar, so they gave him a commission that necessitated a prolonged absence from Rome and a difficult expedition into the heart of an uncivilized and unexplored region of country. They said: "Rome never again will see young Caesar". But the young man conquered Gaul, and, returning after a campaign of ten years, seized the sceptre of imperial power in Rome. Opposition, disappointment, difficulties, never can keep a man of will-power down.

Spiritual

Let us now come to the final quality that goes into the make-up of symmetrical manhood; and that is the spiritual nature. Physical strength is good, but it is only the cellar foundation of the house. No one would be content to live in the cellar, no matter how well stocked it might be with provisions and other comforts. He would at least want another story to the building, and we have spoken of the intellectual development. But to stop with that would be like dwelling in an art gallery or library, and never having any higher rooms where we might come into fellowship with the Creator. To change the figure, to neglect the spiritual nature, as some have done, equipping the physical and mental natures with everything needful, is like building a splendid ship and leaving off the rudder. The spiritual nature in a man is the rudder which controls his thoughts and purposes. In fact, it is the legitimate master of the whole machinery of body and mind. The Duke of Wellington used to say that moral is to physical strength as three to one. Sometimes a ship at sea is found flying the signal, "Not under control". That is a very terrible signal. So long as the machinery and rudder and rigging are sound and the ship is under complete control, she may weather the strongest gale; but now she lies helpless, at the mercy of wind and wave. No rescuing ship ever dares come very near to her, for "Not under control," means that she is a menace to others as well as herself. So in life we find far too often, a man whose conduct indicates that the forces of his life are not under control. The splendid athlete who can win a boar race, or in the arena knock out his opponent, may be only a baby in his moral manhood. A man with muscles strong enough to fell a horse, may be weak enough to yield to some subtle temptation. Samson broke the lion's jaw, but he could not break the force of his lower nature when it came upon him with its invitation to sin. A man may have the mental strength of Gambetta, and not have moral strength enough to break the fetters which finally lead him down to death. No wonder the Bible says, "He that ruleth his spirit, (that is he that ruleth himself) is greater than he that taketh a city". The finest specimen of an athlete is the man who can try conclusions with his lower nature, and put his foot on its neck. He needs something more than brilliancy of intellect to do this. You remember when Jesus walked in Galilee, a poor invalid touched the hem of his garment and was cured. It was not the garment that healed her; it was the Christ in the garment. When the Roman soldiers got hold of that seamless robe, they couldn't work any miracles with it. The garment was nothing without the Christ in it. And so there are, men in the world today who bear all the

outward semblances of power, but who are wholly without power. Their manners are elegant; their dress is faultless; their speech is smooth and eloquent; but they lack power. Then there are plain men who have few of these outer adornments, but when they speak we listen; when they warn, we tremble; when they praise, we feel a new life flowing through our veins. The secret is spiritual character. You remember what men said about the noble Greek who governed his city by unwritten laws: "Phocian's character is greater than the constitution." The power of character in Lamartine was such that in the bloodiest days in Paris he never bolted his doors, and once, when he rose to speak, the person who introduced him said, "Sixty years of a pure life are about to address you." Emerson says there was a certain power in Lincoln, Washington, and Burke, not to be explained by their printed words. John Milton said, "A good man is the ripe fruit this earth holds up to God".

Conclusion

The man, therefore, who takes care of his body, and cultivates his mind, but leaves his spiritual nature abandoned, is not a symmetrical man. If the Roman youth were elevated in spirit by standing one day in each week in a room devoted to the statuary of great heroes and making vows to their imaginary presence, how much more are we ennobled when we come into the presence of the infinite and eternal Creator, who is able to impart to us the elevating and transforming influence of His Holy Spirit.

"For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain;
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is everywhere
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

TEUTONIC MORALITY

There seems to be no German consciousness of guilt. Excesses are "regrettable" but unavoidable. They are mere incidents in the progress of Kultur. It is foolish, say the German apologists, to be disturbed about them. So long as there are obstacles in the Hohenzollern path, they must be combated, and with any means whatsoever that come to hand. If the rest of the world does not understand the necessity, so much the worse for the rest of the world. Germany is absolutely sure of her "new morality" and will not be gainsaid. With such moral delinquency argument is impossible. It brushes humane consideration aside without compunction. It talks in a language that is not ours. We employ terms and ideas which it regards as obsolete. But, thank God, they are not obsolete. The Ten Commandments still stand, and justice and humanity have not yet lost their meaning for civilized men.—Providence (R.I.) Journal.

BRITISH FINANCIAL RESOURCES

Very few people realize that the total national debt of Great Britain when the present war began was less by an immense amount than it was a hundred years ago. The national debt of the United Kingdom in July last was, in round figures, £700,000,000. In 1814 it was £900,000,000. The annual burden per head in July, 1914, was about eight shillings. In 1814 the burden of carrying the national debt amounted to a little more than forty-one shillings annually per head. Keeping these facts in mind, it is not difficult to arrive at an instructive conclusion. The population of the United Kingdom in 1814 was 17,000,000, while in 1914 it was about 46,000,000. On this basis alone, the United Kingdom could now stand a debt of almost \$14,000,000,000 before being as heavily laden as it was a hundred years ago in the height of the struggle against Napoleon. But this comparison is, of course, defective, from several points of view. Let us make another calculation, based on the annual charge per head a hundred years ago. On this basis, the British national debt could be increased to \$17,500,000,000, a stupendous total, before the people of the United Kingdom would be bearing a burden per head as large as that of 1814. But, again, the shilling of a hundred years ago had more than three times the purchasing power of the shilling of to-day. But if we make it only twice, we must increase our \$17,500,000,000 to \$35,000,000,000. And in these calculations we have not taken into account the share borne in the Empire, outside Great Britain itself, in carrying on the war. Every available resource of the whole Empire, as also of France and the other Allies, pledged to the carrying of the war to its conclusion in the overpowering of Germany. Lloyd George was speaking from a sound knowledge of history when he said at the beginning of the war that the longest purse would win in this conflict, as it did in the conflict with Napoleon, valor on land and sea in defence of freedom being backed up by financial resources of unprecedented magnitude in history.

Acid—Indigestion

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A. B., M. A., M. D., (Johns Hopkins)

You are a plain woman Or perchance you are a simple man; a hail fellow well met! Mayhap you are a college graduate, a suffragette, or a University professor.

Even so, your facilities for gaining a knowledge of hygiene physiology, and

medicine has been contracted to the language you hear, the newspapers you read, and the made-to-order magazine articles of yesteryear.

Is it then amazing that Professor P. D. Q. head of the economic or philosophic

seminaries of Red, White and Blue University, Jane Didoes, President of the Women's Literary Society, and John Smith of Brown's Alley should all think pretty much alike about "uric acid," "indigestion", little liver pills, sewer air, and liver pads?

No it is not. The common medical convictions of the non-physiologists of this day and generation are the surviving superstitions of a past medical era.

Of all these scapegoats and Patsy Bolivars, none are more comforting to the domestic hearth than the one which goes by the platitude "too much acid in the blood" or "too much stomach acid" or "too much acid pabulum".

A feast of fat things becomes a hissing and a mocking in the face of this commonplace—and erroneous—diagnosis.

What can a poor monarch or even a digger of ditches do, if he must be forever cursed with this ever-present spectre of "acid in the body"?

"When the sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm
trees are,

At the last of the thirty palace gales,
The pet of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom
Orders a feast in his favorite room,
Glittering square of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrup, tintured with
spice,

When these pains occurred X-ray-moving-pictures were made of the stomach. Professor Cannon of Harvard found also from his experiments that these sensations are induced by movements of the muscles in the stomach which move as waves from the lower to the upper end or in a reverse order.

Just where the ailment of mere hyperacidity ends and ulcers in the upper bowel and stomach tube begin is not yet clear. Often the sensations and feelings are the same and what many people and lots of good doctors have called excess of acid in the stomach, turns out actually to have been often "ulcers" or little half-cavities in the stomach walls.

Nervousness and worry have been among the various consequences, the associates, and the causes of both "hyper-acid" stomachs and ulcers of the "duodenum" or stomach.

Such serious poisons as balladonna or its active principle "atropin", charcoal, magnesium in the form of an oxide, and Glauber salts as a laxative, are tried and true aids in the treatment of this most modern of stomach maladies.

St. Matthew tells us not to give a man a stone for bread or a serpent when he asks for fish, yet these are not bad victuals if you have the beginnings of hyperacidity. Too much salt, sparkling drinks, alcoholic beverages, tea, coffee, spices, and soups are all injurious and augmenters of an overflow of stomach juices



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Creams and cordials and sugared dates
Syrian apples, othmanee quinces
Limes and citrons and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern
Princes."

Anyone who eats a frequent fare such as this, may have one of the few true types of "acidity". Such a ration will so irritate your stomach that the two tenths of one per cent of muriatic acid—which man has in order to digest a fair and honest meal,—becomes augmented by virtue of your digestions necessity, to a much higher percentage.

The true essentials of a feast should be more fun than feed, for a great many feasts to-day mean many fasts on the morrows.

This is one of many causes which produce that condition in the stomach—not in the blood or other tissues. It has nothing to do with "uric acid" nonsense—called "hyperacidity" or large quantities of stomach juices and stomach acids.

When your stomach is well and hearty, these acids and juices are mixed with water and other fluids and properly weakened. When your stomach is ill or digests badly, either these acids and juices are not properly diluted or neutralized or the acid, as Professor Gregerson just discovered the other week, is increased in amount and strength.

When your stomach annoys you with a hollow, gnawing sensation, pains and pressure a few hours after a meal, you may have this "superacidity" or hyperacidity present.

Dr. Adolph Schmidt of Halle, Germany, recently proved that these sensations are not due to an excess of acid. He introduced as much as five per cent of muriatic acid into his own and other stomachs. There was not the slightest sign of boring, hollow, empty, sinking pains

All food eaten when "hyperacidity" is present should be well chopped and the sufferer should eat his largest meal at breakfast and his smallest at night.

In the morning something should be eaten every two hours so that there will be no appetite left for a midday lunch. Usually it is in the afternoons and night, when the pains appear.

After the middle of the day nothing more should be eaten until seven or eight o'clock. Then oatmeal, hominy or some mush may be eaten.

Nothing may be eaten at night and a fast from eight at night until eight the next morning regulates the flow of stomach juices in a new way. Professor Adolphe Schmidt of Germany, who devised this plan has had good results from it.

Those with hyperacidity should eat dry meals and drink water between times. The stomach should never be loaded up.

Personally, I have met with much success in treating the "hollow", "empty", "gone" sensations in the stomach by a discovery that was accidentally made. When the pains of hyperacidity come on, you should wriggle your tongue around in your cheeks and crunch your empty jaws together to "manufacture" a lot of saliva in the mouth. This should be swallowed as fast as it is made. The saliva is exactly the opposite of your stomach juices. So it links itself together with the stomach fluids and neutralizes them—it binds them with chains of love and friendship.

"The poor man will praise it so hathe he
good cause,
That all the year eats neither partridge
nor quail,
But sets up his rest and makes up his
feast,
With a crust of brown bread and a pot of
plain ale."

The Philosopher

"WHAT GOD THINK THEY THAT THEY SERVE?"

In his proclamation to the German armies in the East last fall, the Kaiser said:

"Remember who you are. The Holy Spirit has descended on me, because I am the Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Most High in Heaven. I am His sword. Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission. Let all enemies of the Germans perish. God demands their destruction, God through Me commands you to fulfil His will."

What God can the ruling powers and the obedient masses of the German Empire worship, when they disregard all the higher principles of humanity?

* * *

THE GREAT CHARTER OF DEMOCRACY

A little more than a fortnight ago, on June 13th, fell the seven hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta, upon which the entire fabric of constitutional government throughout the English-speaking world, as the embodiment of liberty under law, was made possible. Magna Charta is the foundation not only of the constitution of Great Britain and of Canada and the other overseas self-governing nations of the Empire, but of the constitution of the United States, as well, and of every individual State in the federal union which makes up the United States. Germany has not yet advanced to the stage of casting off absolutism, which was what was done at Runnymede on June 15, 1215, when King John was compelled to sign the Great Charter.

* * *

A PEOPLE CHERISHING THEIR CHAINS

Let us suppose the war ended, and the Allies, the triumphant vindicators of democracy, saying to the German people that they must do away with the militarism and absolutism, and must become self-governing. What will the German people do? The Philosopher has had a letter from an old friend, who is a German by birth, who writes that he finds it "impossible to conceive a Germany in which every man except the Emperor is not looking to somebody above him for orders." The German from whose letter these words are here quoted is opposed to everything that Germany stands for in this war. To quote further from his letter: "You speak of the Hohenzollern dynasty as half crazy. You might add that the Wittelsbach dynasty in Bavaria is wholly crazy. But the Germans, with rare exceptions like myself, who am no longer a German, accept and bow down to the absolute Hohenzollern overlordship, regarding it as an essential part of the established order of the universe, like the daily course of the sun across the sky. Speaking of Germany and the Germans as I knew them, I find it hard to believe otherwise than that neither a republic, like the United States nor France, or a limited, constitutional monarchy is possible in Germany." But the Germans will have to become capable of self-government, abandoning their militaristic ideals of government, their savage belief in their tribal Gott, their War Lord and their religion of force and blind obedience. They cannot turn back the tide of human progress.

* * *

A DECLARATION OF SWEDEN'S MIND

One of the most notable utterances from a neutral country since the beginning of the war is the declaration which a large number of Swedes of national prominence and importance, the men in Sweden who represent the best for which Sweden stands, have drawn up and signed their names to and had distributed throughout the United States, feeling it to be a duty they owe to humanity that they should thus place themselves on record to the sinking of the Lusitania and other savage atrocities perpetrated by the Germans on land and on sea. This Swedish declaration, which means that neutral opinion upon the German outrages is the same, irrespective of national boundaries, is as follows:

"The Swedish people are virtually unanimous in supporting the Government in its policy of strict neutrality, yet a large section of them, whether a majority or not we cannot say, are anything but neutral in their feelings over the methods of warfare adopted in this terrible war which culminated in the sinking of the steamer Lusitania.

"The misconception that war suspends all the laws of humanity must prove fatal to the future of civilization and disastrous to that human solidarity which is of such vital importance, particularly to the smaller nations of the world."

The signers of this declaration, like all other right-minded people in the world, are amazed at the revelation which the world has had of German savagery and of the German doctrine that whatever Germany does is right and whatever the enemies of Germany do is wrong. The Germans cannot understand how the minds of people who are not Germans work, and they appear actually to believe that the failure of people who are not Germans to think as the Germans do is due to their being wilfully blind through envy and hatred of Germany.

THE CENTENARY OF TROUSERS

One hundred years ago this month a man was mobbed in the streets of London because he had the audacity to appear in public in long trousers, which were then a novelty and indignantly denounced by the upholders of the established order in men's garments. In the same month of July, 1815, the Duke of Wellington discarded knee breeches and went to a Court ball wearing trousers, but was at first refused admission by the men on duty at the gates of Buckingham Palace, who did not recognize the great national hero who turned him away on the ground that he was not properly dressed. Their failure to recognize the great national hero who only the month before had vanquished Napoleon at Waterloo created an immense amount of talk, and Wellington's championing of the new garb for men's legs helped enormously to win the day for trousers against the knee breeches of the old regime. Like most other improvements and reforms, trousers had to make their way in the world against indignant denunciation and strong opposition.

* * *

IN REGARD TO BERRY PIES

Summer returns, and pies made of the different berries which bounteous Nature has provided for pie-making return in their due order with each succeeding summer. Pie made with imported strawberries the Philosopher has already enjoyed in moderation this summer; and he is looking forward to pies made with the native wild raspberries that grow in such incalculable abundance throughout the vast territory around the Great Lakes, westward to the prairies and northward many hundreds of miles. What thousands of tons of that delicious fruit go to waste every summer, so far as humanity is concerned, providing feasts only for the birds and the bears? But of all berry pies, there is none can compare with a gooseberry pie of the kind which the Philosopher knew in his youth, and so seldom encounters in these later years. The fond memories he cherishes of the authentic and delicious gooseberry pies of his youth—pies with whole yet tender and succulent gooseberries reposing on a bottom crust rapturously saturated with juice, and delicately covered above with crispy slabs, or cross-belts, of celestial pastry—rise up early every summer, long before gooseberries are ripe. That is why he is here discoursing of gooseberry pie. He is still hoping against hope that this year, perhaps, the fates will be kind and grant it to him a gooseberry pie such as he knew in his youth, not one in which the berries have been mashed into a stodge, and the flavor outraged and destroyed. The ancients had an expression, "worthy of the gods." Well, such a gooseberry pie as the Philosopher has now in mind would have been more than worthy to be served up at a grand banquet of the ancient Greek and Latin divinities on Mount Olympus.

* * *

THE STYLES IN WOMEN'S CLOTHES

The Philosopher has received a letter asking him to "condemn the feminine fashions of the time." But, speaking generally, the Philosopher cannot condemn them, because they are beautiful and graceful. On the whole, if he may be allowed to express an opinion, the prevailing styles in feminine attire must be commended, because they follow the lines of the figure and permit freedom of movement, and are, in fact, better than the preceding fashions for a good many years back. The fashions prevailing at present are better than the fashions preceding them during a succession of generations of humanity, for the reason that they have abolished the excrescence, the protuberance, the hump, which for fully a century (ever since the Directoire styles of the French revolution went out) was regarded as a necessary feature of women's dress. People now living and still active can remember several kinds of calculated monstrosity, of artificial protuberance, that have characterized feminine costumes. There was the crinoline, or hoop skirts, which made women look as though they had mushroomed out. Next came the bustle, which, with its eventual accompaniment of a tied-back skirt in front and the "Grecian bend," so called, was uglier than the hoop skirt. The bustle passed away in time, but the protuberance immediately reappeared in the great puffs of the sleeves at the shoulders, making women look as if they had balloons inside their sleeves. This fashion was not so ugly and deplorable as the bustle; it was more ridiculous and laughable. In due time the swollen sleeves began to wane, and observers wondered where the hump would appear next. Lo, it appeared at the hips. Next it came in front, in "the blouse effect." But at last, let us hope, the protuberance has been chased away altogether, for a long time. Those fluffy layers of skirts (if that is the right way to describe them) one above another, look like the old protuberance all gone to pieces.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE IN DENMARK

Through the adoption of a new constitutional provision the women of Denmark now vote on equal terms with the men. The new constitution abolishes not only sex discrimination in regard to the ballot, but also the previously existing special property rights. It was so recently as 1849 that Denmark passed from a despotism to a free constitution. It has now gone farther than any other European country in granting suffrage to women. Not only may they vote and be elected to office just like men, but the conditions are more liberal than in the other Scandinavian countries and in Finland, where there are varying degrees of woman suffrage. It is noteworthy that woman suffrage in Europe has not yet spread far from the shores of the Baltic. But in all the European countries the claim of votes for women has been voiced. That issue, along with so many others, has been swept aside by the supreme issue in all the countries involved in the war, but in all those lands the women are proving their political and economic value in so many ways that the suffrage issue is bound to come forward again once the great conflict is ended.

* * *

AS TO NEW PUBLIC SCHEMES AND PROJECTS

In reading over recently the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, the Philosopher noted many shrewdly wise reflections of that great and remarkable man, who originated so many useful things that he deserves to be called the Edison of the eighteenth century. One proof of his knowledge of human nature is that he never at first proposed any of his reforms or new projects of public betterment as originating with himself alone, but always as the joint recommendations or suggestions of a number of a few friends. "In any public scheme or project," wrote Franklin, "it is advisable that proposer or projector should not at first present himself to the public as the sole mover in the affair. His neighbors will not like his egotism, if he be at all ambitious, nor will they willingly co-operate in anything that may place an equal a single step above their heads." While there is undoubtedly a great measure of truth in these words of Franklin's, do they not, perhaps, lay too much stress on an unworthy aspect of human nature, and not enough upon that common sense, as we call it, which is a necessary safeguard against the impractical schemes of visionaries as well as the projects of self-seekers?

* * *

THE PROBLEM OF THE GERMAN IN THE STATES

The great problem of the United States, as of our own country, has been to absorb and assimilate immigrants of different racial origins, so that they will think and feel like natives of the new lands in which they have made new homes for themselves and their families—in a word, that they will in spirit and in actual truth what they declare themselves willing and anxious to be when they take the oath of allegiance. The people of the United States have had a startling awakening in regard to a very large proportion of the people of German origin in their midst who had become naturalized American citizens. They were believed to be Americans in heart and mind, but they have shown themselves to be Germans in America for German purposes. The United States has in the past been credited with an amazing and unprecedented success in absorbing and assimilating immigration from many lands across the sea; but it is plain now that with the German immigration there has not been such a success, not through any fault of the United States, but because the German does not recognize any country but Germany. There are great numbers of Germans in the United States who owe allegiance to that country, but who take their orders from Berlin, and whose dominating motive is to serve the purposes of the Hohenzollern autocracy, regardless of any duty they owe to the United States. In a word, they are Germans, like the millions in Germany whose sole allegiance is to the Kaiser, and to nobody and nothing else in heaven or on earth. The Americans have millions among them who always seemed to them to be good citizens; and now they discover that these Germans approve with a fanatic zeal of anything and everything that Germany does, and would in a moment sacrifice the United States and the whole world to the Hohenzollern-ridden German system of militarism. It is as if they were Mohammedans in a Christian country suddenly proclaiming their faith when a holy war is proclaimed by the head of Islam. This problem in the United States is one which we have, in a greatly less measure and degree, in Canada. The right-thinking people in both countries have to give it serious thought.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

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The readers of the Quiet Hour have been doing fine work ever since the war opened. I make this assertion without fear of contradiction because I know the women of the West, though The War I do not know what anyone has been doing personally; but the efforts of the past will not suffice and the women of Canada are being called upon to make at least five times as much as they have ever made before of comforts and medical supplies for our wounded and sick soldiers.

In the past few months I have not said very much about the war, but now it seems as if there is no topic that can for a moment be considered beside it. Before going on to speak of what is needed in the way of supplies for the soldiers, let me say a word to my readers in the West of what the war really means. From letters that have come to me, it seems that a great many women do not understand exactly why this is Canada's war and particularly why the women of Canada should be straining every nerve to provide for wounded and sick soldiers.

To be sure this is the war of the British Empire and their Allies, but it is something more and closer than that. It is a war to establish the right of the weak against the strong. It is really a war to preserve civilization. I want to quote here a passage from the letter of a very prominent young doctor from Winnipeg who had been through the awful horrors of Langemarck and who, at the time he wrote this letter, was at a rest station after Ypres battle, where he was looking after 300 sick, not wounded, patients in a temporary hospital. He says:

"It rather shocks one to read in the papers how very easily the home people seem to be taking this war. If only a few of them could come over here and find how one is fighting for existence and that civilization is in danger of overthrow, they would perhaps think a little more about it. The Lusitania seems to be a fearful crime, but it is only the proximity of the affair that has awakened England. Horrors tenfold times worse than that are in our minds and ears here; of these, of course, I will tell you nothing. Of barbarism we are sick and filled with loathing."

It has been my privilege to speak for Red Cross work on a number of platforms and I want to put in this column what I have said at these gatherings, namely, that, if by any tragedy of fate, the arms of Britain and her Allies should be defeated, the women of Western Canada would, ere long, have to face the same horrors that have overtaken the women of Belgium, France and Poland. This is no exaggeration. Germany is bent on world conquest. Her policy is one of frightfulness and the present war and the work of Britain and her Allies is to defend the world from these monsters—the term is used advisedly. Every woman should read and read carefully the statement of Commissioner Bryce on the subject of German atrocities, not to fill her mind with horrors that she cannot prevent, but to realize the necessity of the triumph of British arms, if the whole world is to be preserved from the horrors which have overtaken the unfortunate people in the path of German conquest. Probably there is not a woman in Western Canada, or in Canada at all, who has a momentary doubt as to the final triumph of Britain and her Allies; but the task before them is gigantic, far more gigantic than we in Canada are able to realize and surely it is the part of the women who stay at home in safety—even though

the hearts of thousands of them are wrung by the separation from and the loss of their loved ones—to do everything in their power to assist the men at the front by seeing that they are as comfortable as possible and that every known comfort is provided for them when wounded.

There are two distinct organizations which take care of wounded and sick soldiers. They are the "Army Medical Service" and the "Red Cross." The Army Medical Service is a part of the army and many of its members rank as officers

and the whole service is subject to the same discipline as any private in the ranks. It is the special duty of this Service Corps to look after military hospitals and these hospitals are managed from an army department and were supposed to supply all the necessities of hospitals. Canada's Hospital Department was in Ottawa. The Army Medical Service, going on the traditions of past wars, issued their supplies to military hospitals on the basis of, one soldier, one wound; but this was very speedily found to be no use. The present war has shattered all previous records. Many a man has received as many as twelve and fifteen wounds and is recovering. When it is realized that one shrapnel wound may require ten or twelve yards of bandages, and when it is further realized that in less than five days one dressing station, namely, that of the Third Field Ambulance which was manned by seven doctors from Winnipeg and two from Brandon, dressed 5,210 wounds, we get some very faint idea of the enormous quantities of medical supplies needed.

It is amazing how rapidly the Army Medical Service has re-adjusted its basis and the wonderful things that it has done. The Canadian west can never be sufficiently proud of the members that it has sent in the Army Medical Service. They have been truly giants in the work that they have accomplished. I want the women, however, to remember that medical dressings must be made by hand. They cannot be made in factories. Therefore, even the Army Medical Service is dependent on the women for dressings. The standard dressings which were formerly used are no longer suitable and new specifications for dressings are to be issued, in fact, they are being prepared at the present time.

The work of the Red Cross is auxiliary to the Army Medical Service. In passing it might be remarked that they both carry the same symbol, that of a Maltese cross of scarlet on a white field. The Red Cross is only allowed to go to the clearing hospitals, which are located some twelve miles from the firing line. It is the business of the Red Cross to supplement in every way the work of the field hospitals. These must be mobile, moving with the firing line and therefore do not carry any more equipment than is necessary, having this supplemented constantly by motor lorries which travel from the base hospitals and supply stations to the field hospitals. The Red Cross, by the Army Medical Service, has also been asked to establish some hospitals of its own. It has one at Shorncliffe, one at Clivedon, England, and a station in Boulogne, from which the field hospitals are supplied. These hospitals are under the command of a captain of the permanent forces.

Now, what is the work of the women of the West with regard to Red Cross?

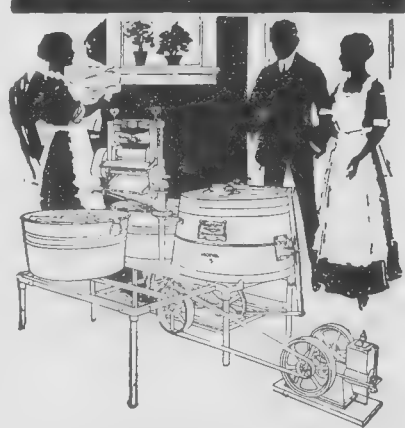
(Continued on Page 34.)

Could Not Bend Down
On Account of Backache.

Mr. J. A. Lubiniecki, Dauphin, Man., writes: "It is my pleasure to write you in regard to Doan's Kidney Pills which I have been using for some time for kidney trouble, which used to affect my back so that at times I could not bend down, nor could I walk straight. I learned about your pills from your Almanac, and I bless the happy hour I thought of buying this medicine. One time a druggist persuaded me to buy ———'s Kidney Pills, saying they were just as good, in fact he guaranteed they were. I yielded to his advice, and what was the result? I had bearing down pains in my back for two days, so I took the balance of the pills unused to the druggist, and told him to give me Doan's Kidney Pills as they would stop the pain in 12 hours at the outside. He told me he was sorry I did not use more of the pills, and lengthen the time to await results. I told him there is no need of waiting with Doan's Pills, they go right to the spot. No substitute for me."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c a box, 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's"

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You should choose a power washer with the same care you buy a piano. Examine the design; be sure it's simple—complications are bound to mean trouble later on. See that the construction is strong and finished down to the last detail. Apply this scrutiny to the Automatic Power Washer and see how splendidly it will answer the test.

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RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

What the World is Saying

Brief and to the Point

Germany is the Judas of civilization.—Quebec Chronicle.

* * *

The Western Temperance Trend

Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Manitoba are all heading for the water wagon.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

* * *

Those Lusitania Warnings

The rattlesnake gives warning, too, but he is not regarded as a highly desirable citizen.—New York World.

* * *

Long Enduring Garments

A dispatch states that American sailors have worn balloon trousers for over a hundred years. They must be made of sheet iron.—Vancouver Province.

* * *

A Fundamental Difference

The German is happiest when he is doing what he is told. The Englishman is never content unless he feels he is doing what he chooses.—Toronto Globe.

* * *

Switzerland Ready to Defend Herself

Germany declares her army won't cross Switzerland to fight Italy. So does Switzerland.—Philadelphia North American

* * *

A Looker-On in Constantinople

While his subjects are fighting, the Sultan of Turkey has assumed an attitude of systematic personal retirement that is as near neutral as he can make it.—Washington Star.

* * *

It Passes Understanding

"Greater regard for the German empire in the United States," is what one Austrian paper expects from the crime of the Lusitania. It's impossible to fathom the depth of the modern Austro-German mind.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

* * *

Intoxicating Liquor

There is only one defence for liquor selling, that a large number of human beings crave alcohol. The less said about the evils of prohibition the better.—Topeka Capitol

* * *

The Turk and the Hun

Turkey's action in rescuing a few British sailors from a sunken submarine will cause some misgivings in Berlin as to the quality of Turkish "kultur."—Montreal Daily Mail.

* * *

Some Moisture in Arizona

It has been raining at Flagstaff and other Arizona points for a month, and the river beds, usually so dusty at this time of year, have become quite damp.—Minneapolis Journal.

* * *

Herod and Kultur

There must be a suitable spot within the sacred precincts of Siegesallee in which a statue can be erected to Herod, who was perhaps weakly discriminating in his butchery of babies, but who, nevertheless, pointed the way.—Manchester Guardian.

* * *

"The Eavesdroppers' Blight"

A student in the Oklahoma Agricultural college has perfected an invention which prevents rubbering on party telephone lines. He calls his device "The Eavesdroppers' Blight." He is hereby nominated for the hall of fame.—Duluth Herald.

* * *

The Viewpoint of Prussian Militarism

One thing the Prussian Colonels cannot understand is this British and American talk to the effect that lives of civilian non-combatants possess some kind of special value. They do not see it at all. From their point of view, quite the reverse is the case.—Victoria Times.

* * *

German Generals Cultivate Fierce Looks

German generals, says F. D. B. takes the fiercest photographs of any class of people in the world. Probably it is forbidden a German general to look at a camera unless he is repeating rapidly under his breath, "Gott strafe England."—Ottawa Free Press.

More Honorable than the Iron Cross

By Dutch royal decree Captain Mills, of the American liner Philadelphia, has received a gold medal and each member of his crew a silver medal for rescuing the crew of a Dutch steamship. A better decoration than an Iron Cross for drowning a crew.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Fitting Partners

How fitting that Turkey, whose crimes and savagery in the past have gained for her the appellation "unspeakable," should have drawn as an ally Germany, a nation whose very name in the years to come will by reason of her recent hellishness be a stench in the nostrils of civilization.—Paris Matin.

* * *

The Insanity of the Bavarian Royal Family

If Crown Prince Rupprecht is ever brought to trial for the horrible brutalities committed under his instructions, he will have a good defence. He will be able to plead insanity and support the plea by producing his family record.—Edmonton Journal.

* * *

Something the Germans Do Not Know

Personal liberty is infinitely the most important possession of the Anglo-Saxon nations. That liberty has been secured by centuries of struggle, and by the gradual evolution of parliamentary government. The German has no idea of it, and no regard for it.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

* * *

What Have They to Thank Germany For?

What cause has any German in the United States or Canada to be loyal to the ruling classes of Germany? What has the Kaiser done for them? Such happiness and prosperity as they have achieved is due to their own efforts and to the land in which they make their livelihood, and whose free institutions they enjoy.—Toronto Star.

* * *

Hate and Malediction

The Germans are admirably consistent in their use of the name of God for purposes of malediction. The latest is "Gott strafe Amerika." The only thing that does not seem to have occurred to them is to leave a little of the punishing to Him who said "Vengeance is mine."—Baltimore Sun.

* * *

What War will Mean for the United States

If war be our part it must be war to success, regardless of the price. It means that Germany must be beaten in order that the United States may be safe. It means that Russia's cause is ours and Russia's defeat our menace. It means that Great Britain's embarrassments are ours and France's danger is ours. It means that the defeat of the Allies is the greatest danger to which the United States could be exposed.—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

Mail for the Trenches

The British post office carries every day four hundred thousand letters and fifty thousand parcels to the soldiers of the empire fighting in France. It is as little as those of us who are at home can do to write as often as possible to the men who are spending long days and nights in the trenches. A letter may mean little or nothing to you, but it may mean a lot to a man at the front.—Canadian Journal of Commerce.

* * *

A Soldier of the Empire

Private Thomas Evans, of Aurora, Ont., who went to war with the Queen's Own of Toronto, is among the missing in France. He was a veteran of the Egyptian and Boer wars, and, although fifty-seven years old volunteered when the call came last fall. Private Evans certainly deserves to be called a soldier of the Empire.—Halifax Herald.

* * *

Splendid Work in South Africa

The conquest of German Southwest Africa by the troops of British South Africa under the command of General Botha. It is all the more notable an achievement because it was immediately preceded by an insurrection in South Africa, fomented by Germans, an insurrection which had been long in preparation and which threatened to assume very serious proportions. General Botha and Smuts crushed it promptly and effectually; then turned their attention to the conquest of the neighboring German colony. Probably they have added to the British empire territory much greater in area than Germany. And only fifteen years ago Botha and Smuts and most of their men were fighting to drive the British out of Africa.—Fortnightly Review.

Economic Delusion and the War

Germans thought their failure due to Britain's success. The British people, being clearer in understanding, knew that the commercial success of any nation helped other nations. Germany thought it would be an advantage to crush Britain. Britain knew it would be, commercially, a disadvantage to crush any nation. Germany planned to crush under an economic delusion.—London Statist.

* * *

A "Rough House" Legislature

In the Pennsylvania House of Representatives members opposing certain bills have resorted to the use of sneezing powders, torpedoes and foul-smelling chemicals, in addition to throwing papers, books and magazines about. This state of affairs is enough to make old friend William Penn turn in his grave in the belief that the Huns are represented in his old territory.—London Advertiser.

* * *

In Regard to Names

One newspaper suggests that Canadians who bear names savoring of the Teutonic would do well to change them to names that give no hint of German origin. The suggestion will hardly be put into practice to any extent, and would be of little benefit anyway. There are some good Canadian citizens whose names have a German sound and whose fathers were natives of this country. Also, there are in the Canadian casualty lists some very German names. What is in a name, anyway?—Montreal Herald.

* * *

German Training

And it has been shown a thousand times in this war, that, man for man, the Germans, in spite of a training as soldiers claimed to be better than that given to any other people in the world, are no better or more successful fighters than Canadians or English, who, six months ago, had never handled a gun or worn a uniform. It was only in the first weeks of the war that German "system" demonstrated the value expected of it. Thanks to it, the Germans went in their first rush almost to Paris, but it didn't enable them to go further, or to remain there, nor has it saved them from being pushed back, steadily though slowly, ever since.—New York Times.

* * *

A Characteristic Utterance of the Kaiser

Kaiser Wilhelm announces that the Almighty has put into the hands of the Germans "a new and mighty weapon—those gases wherewith we have defeated our enemies." And yet the Kaiser knows that his government solemnly agreed some years ago that the German army should not make use of this new and mighty weapon, and is now using it in defiance of that agreement. It will be expedient for the Kaiser to show proof that the Almighty has released him from his vow.—Petrograd Novoe Vremya.

* * *

British and French Lessons to Germany

When the English discovered they had a foolish, unmanageable, lawbreaking king on their hands they removed his head. Later, France found it necessary to separate many haughty individuals from swelled domes, including crowned ones. It remains to be seen whether Germany will profit by the lessons of the past, and will purify herself by castigating the Hohenzollern brood, whose known insanity and degeneration have led her into the present sea of blood and mire and dishonor.—Kansas City Star.

* * *

Would Hang the Kaiser

Germany is convicted by the very rules of international law which it has helped to frame and appealed to so often. To what lengths will the spirit of militarism carry the German government, that it shocks the world by deliberate premeditated murder, absolutely without military advantage? Great Britain would be justified, on any interpretation of international law, in hanging Von Tirpitz and the Kaiser himself.—Wall Street Journal.

* * *

The Stony Path of Honor

The Germans have made us a prouder, if a sadder, people than we were. We entered upon this war—in large measure unprepared—in defence of one of the smallest, most prosperous, and least ambitious of nations, when its frontier contrary to Germany's treaty engagement, and ours, was violated. We shall henceforth pursue the war to its only possible end in the full knowledge that we are championing not merely the cause of freedom in Europe, but the cause of the great human family. We may well hold our heads high to-day. We could, at the price of honor, have remained out of the struggle; we chose the stony road.—London Daily Telegraph.

Woman's Quiet Hour
(Continued from Page 32.)

First, let me say that medical dressings, when the new specifications are out, are best left to the larger towns and cities for the simple reason that they need to be properly sterilized before being packed, and this can only be done where there is a hospital with a proper sterilizing plant; but there are, I was going to say, a thousand other requisites that can be made anywhere—sheets, pillow slips, towels, pyjamas, surgical shirts, hospital gowns. These are a few of the things that any little group of women anywhere in the country can help to supply. The Red Cross furnishes exact specifications for the making of the garments and the bed linen, and these have not changed since the opening of the war and have been printed so often in the daily and weekly papers that they are familiar to nearly everyone. However, I will be glad to furnish them to any group of women who have not got them. I have enumerated some of the things that can be supplied for the hospitals, and then there is the knitting of socks.

Raising Money
difficult, if not an impossible task. But wherever money can be raised, it is the first requisite of the Red Cross, because money can be transferred to Britain by telegraph and can be made available for buying dressings and other requisites more quickly than anything else. Every few dollars count, and it can safely be sent to any branch of the Red Cross Society with the full confidence that it will be expended properly and quickly.

I am glad to announce that for the future all Red Cross supplies from Western Canada will go directly through to the seaboard without having to go to the headquarters in Toronto which has been the rule heretofore. This will save time, and I would like to say in closing this word about the Red Cross, that it is, I know, a rather monotonous and dreary thing to keep on working and sending in supplies of which you never hear again; but let me assure every worker that the men and women at the head of the Red Cross are capable and devoted, and while it is impossible to send out definite reports of where supplies go and how they are used, everything for the Red Cross is being used



Private Charles Lightfoot, of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles, photographed in the beautiful open-air hospital of Mr. & Mrs. Astor at Clifden Hill, where he is recovering from wounds received in battle. Private Lightfoot fired several hundred rounds in eight hours, holding the Germans at St. Julien. He was wounded severely by shrapnel and later by bullets.

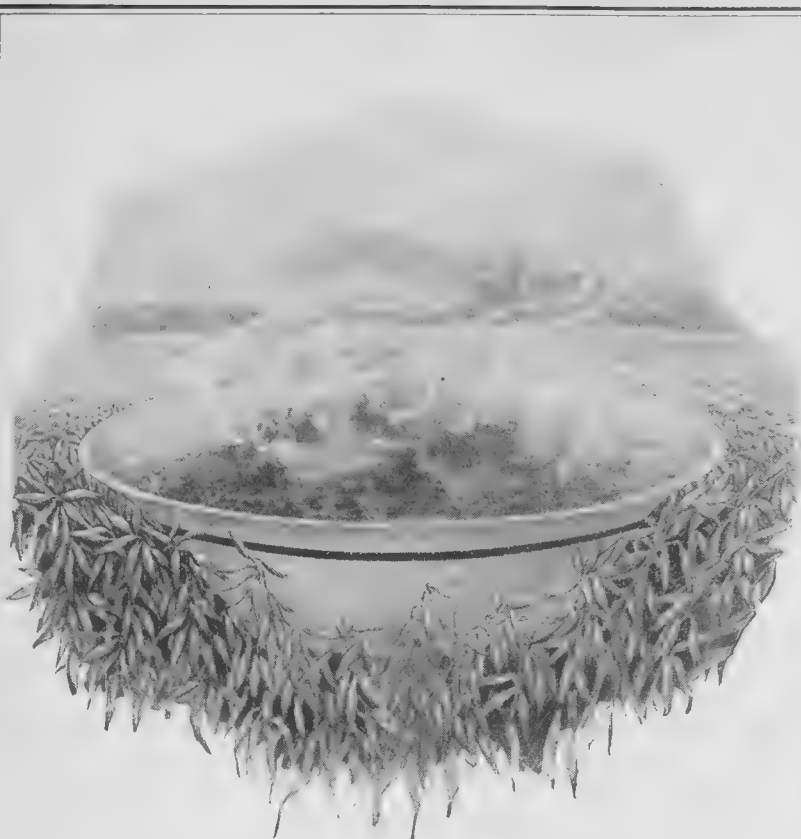
It is estimated that before next October there will be at least 150,000 Canadians on the firing line. Every one of these men should have a pair of fresh socks at least once a week. My readers will gather from this that there is no danger of an over-supply of socks. Every army man bears testimony to the fact that hand-knitted socks are the best, and surely the women of Western Canada wish to give only the best for their men. If you cannot knit socks and have the opportunity of getting socks properly knit by machinery, by all means supply these; but I would like to think that every woman in Western Canada who can knit is knitting for the men at the front. The general specification for socks is that they should be 14 inches from the top of the sock to the bottom of the heel and 11 inches from the back of the heel to the toe. Do not knit the heel with a seam in it. The legs of the sock may be either ribbed or ribbed for four inches and then knit plain, and in toeing off the socks it is much better to run a darning needle with the yarn around the last ten stitches of the sock, drawing it up closely and fastening smoothly, than to knit it off to the last stitch. It makes a round and more comfortable toe. But as a passing word, keep on knitting socks; there will never be too many of them.

Raising money is a subject that I never urge on the women of the West because I know that with very many of my readers this is possibly very dif-

for the work of the Red Cross and for nothing else. In the past there were some delays and some confusion, owing to the new organization of the work and to some confusion which occurred between the definite spheres of the Army Medical Service and the Red Cross. But this is done away with, and every garment and every package of dressings and linen which goes forward, for the future, will bear on it the absolute stamp of the Canadian Red Cross. Every woman who makes surgical shirts or pyjamas may take to herself the comfort of knowing that the men who wear them will see that they have been made for them by women in Canada.

There are a number of other subjects which I would like to take up, but this month I have felt impelled to devote all the space which the editor will allow me to this explanation and plea for Red Cross supplies. If I can answer any questions or help in any way with information, write to me and I will answer as quickly as possible. Above all things, keep on knitting socks.

The latest story of the "Bang went saxpence" series. There were two Heel-an'men, an' they were at the front. An' yin o' them coteh a hen an' the ither yin was jist goin' to thraw its neck. 'No the noo,' says the first yin, 'let her be till the morn's mornin'. She might lay an egg.'



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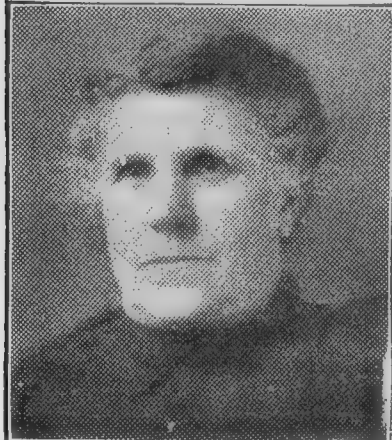
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The Home Doctor

Faddism

We wonder if that day will ever dawn when we shall be free from the faddist. One of the most glaring evidences of his presence amongst us, was found in a report of an address given by one of our dental friends to a company of teachers. The dentist told the teachers that porridge was not a good food because the eating of it did not exercise the teeth sufficiently. What a shattering of settled convictions is this! We have looked to Scotland as the nurturing ground of a superior race and to porridge as their staple diet. We have heard how Scottish students startled the world with their brain prowess;

the action of lead that poisoning occasionally originates in seemingly the most unaccountable manner.

Sometimes it follows such obscure accidents as the drinking of water or other beverage that has passed through new lead pipes, or that has been stored in casks lined with lead; the eating of food that has been cooked in lead-enamelled vessels, or the use of cosmetics containing the metal. It has resulted also from the wearing of artificial teeth in the manufacture of which lead had been wrongfully used, and even from the repeated biting of lead-dyed silk thread. In a few instances, too, lead pigments have been used to improve the color of food preparations, and large



General Luigi Caneva, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Armies, who will personally direct Italy's Campaign against Austria

we have always understood that porridge did it. Surely, we shall not have to forego the facts of centuries because a dental surgeon propounds such a preposterous proposition. No, we shall not do so. We are, indeed, sorry that in this age of specialism certain members of all trades and professions get such a close and narrow view of some one idea that all else is excluded. Porridge is not a good food because it doesn't exercise the teeth! Gad-zooks!

Chronic Lead Poisoning

Most cases of chronic poisoning by lead are those of smelters, painters, glaziers, and other artisans of this class, who inhale the metal in the form of fine dust, or swallow it with their food, indeed, as a result of their own carelessness.

In such cases the nature of the illness is immediately recognizable, as a rule, for the attack is always expected. But some persons are so sensitive to

quantities of flour have been rendered poisonous by the use of lead to fill defects in the millstones.

The distinctive symptoms of chronic lead-poisoning are derangement of the digestion, lassitude, aching of the muscles, and dull abdominal pains, or severe colic of a peculiarly agonizing character. In most cases there is a narrow indigo-blue line in the gums close to the margin. The sufferer loses flesh rapidly, his skin becomes sallow, and in the worst cases the nervous system becomes affected.

Such violent evidences of brain-poisoning as convulsions or acute mania are less frequently produced than the form of paralysis known as "wrist-drop," in which the hands droop from loss of power to extend the wrists and fingers.

In the treatment of chronic cases, physicians generally administer laxatives, which form insoluble compounds with the lead that remains in the intestines and remove it; and later they endeavor, by the use of other remedies,

Many Troubles Arise From Wrong Action Of The Liver.

Unless the liver is working properly you may look forward to a great many troubles arising such as biliousness, constipation, heartburn, the rising and souring of food which leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, sick headache, jaundice, etc.,

Mr. Howard Newcomb, Pleasant Harbor, N.S., writes: "I have had sick headache, been bilious, and have had pains after eating and was also troubled with a bad taste in my mouth every morning. I used four vials of your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and they cured me. The best praise I can give is not enough for them."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. per vial, 5 vials for \$1.00; at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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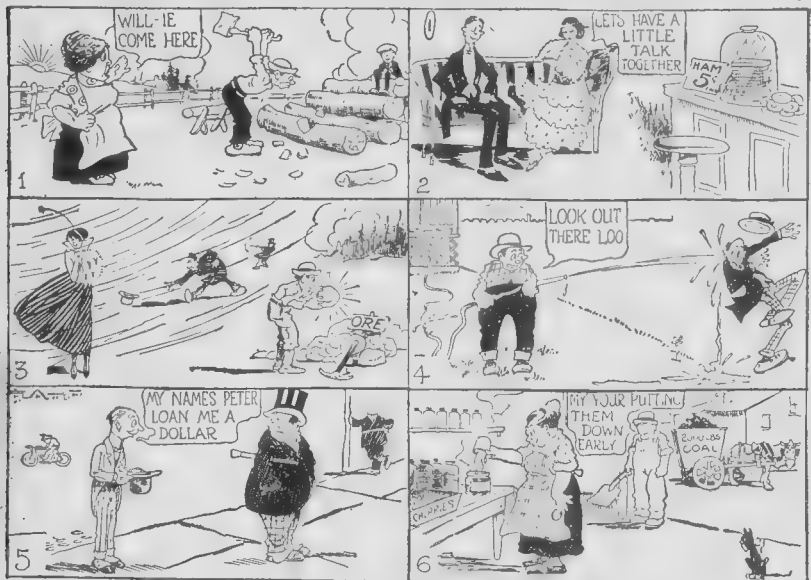
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1915 Model. Twin Cylinder—Two Speed. Completely Equipped, Ready for the Road

HERE'S A REAL PUZZLER FOR WISE HEADS

DO you know the Province of Ontario? Can you recall the names of its many fine towns and cities? Here is a puzzle that will try your knowledge of Canadian geography. Each of the six pictures below represents the name of a town or city in the Province of Ontario. What are they?



HOW TO SOLVE THE PICTURES

The artist who drew the above cartoons wrote out the names of all the towns and cities in the province and from his list chose the names he illustrated as above. Your best move is to follow him and first of all write down all the names of towns and cities in Ontario that you can think of.

To help you get the right start we will tell you that No. 1 represents Collingwood. Now

puzzle out the rest, and when you think you have the correct answers write out all six names neatly and clearly on a sheet of paper, put your name and address on the upper right hand corner and promptly mail them to us.

To the senders of the best written and nearest correct sets of answers, duly qualified according to the conditions of the contest, we will award the following magnificent

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1st Prize, Twin Cylinder 1915 Indian Motor Cycle, complete. Value \$310	10th Prize.....	5.00 Cash
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We are the publishers of **EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD**, the Great Canadian Magazine that is the established favorite in more than 80,000 of Canada's best homes. That is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, but it doesn't satisfy us. Our slogan for this month's "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." We want to introduce this live, entertaining, up-to-the-minute, all-Canadian magazine to the people in hundreds of new homes, who may not know it now.

When you enter this great contest you can help us to accomplish this purpose, but you do not have to be a subscriber, nor are you asked to take the magazine, or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the motor cycle or a big cash prize. Here is the idea:

Only the completely correct sets of answers to the above pictures will be sent on to be judged for the awarding of these grand prizes.

Follow these Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write your answers on one side of the paper only and put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answers and your name and address must be on a separate sheet.
2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage. Do not forget that your letter must bear the extra 1 stamp for "war tax," otherwise it will not be delivered to us.
3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co. also their relations or friends are not allowed to compete.
4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.
5. Judging will be done by three gentlemen having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded to the senders of the correct sets of answers according to neatness, handwriting and general appearance.

Address your reply to the Manager, the Geographical Contest

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., No. 106 Continental Bldg., TORONTO, ONT.

to dissolve and remove any of the poison that has been deposited in the tissues. Special treatment by massage, electricity and exercise is generally required for the relief of the paralysis.

Water that has stood overnight in new pipes should never be used for drink or in cooking. The mineral matter in ordinary drinking water forms an insoluble coating on the interior of water-pipes in the course of a few weeks, however, and thus prevents future contamination.

Lead pipes should not be used in cisterns, for rain-water is devoid of mineral matter.

Treatment of Typhoid

By Dr. H. W. Hill

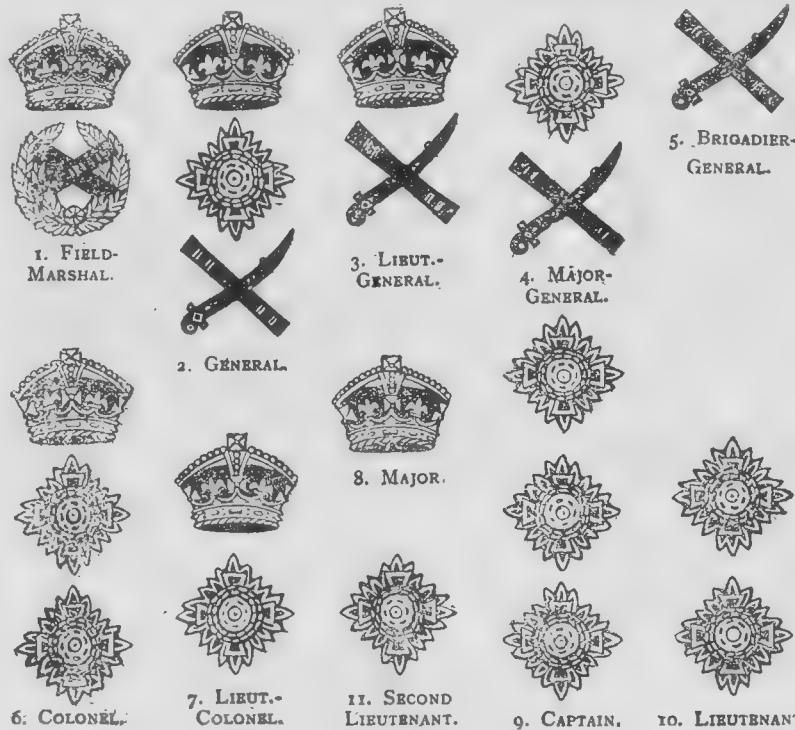
Outbreaks sometimes may occur from two or more independent sources happening to operate together. Thus I have seen an outbreak of typhoid and dysentery in one community due to flies; and in a hotel in that community another outbreak of typhoid carried by the hotel well into which sewage had

Flies

Fly outbreaks can almost invariably be stopped instantaneously by merely fly-proofing the outdoor toilets except in those rare cases where deposits of human discharges in the open may be responsible. Such fly-proofing means only stopping all holes in the walls or ceiling and placing a weight or a spring on the door. It does not mean necessarily any elaborate structure of fly screens, etc. Limeing of closets is often recommended but is almost invariably a fallacy since it is a process that must be continued day after day for efficiency and usually will not be so continued in any large percentage of cases.

Milk

In milk outbreaks the search for the person infecting the milk should be tried at once and if successful within a few hours, the elimination of that person stops the outbreak. Should there be difficulty in finding the infecting person, however, the milk supply must at once be stopped or pasteurized and this status should be continued until the infecting person is found and eliminated.



The distinguishing badges of British Officers

backed. In investigating this place more or less confusion might readily arise if one did not take into account the chance of two separate outbreaks existing at once.

Method of Purifying Water

Water outbreaks are most readily ended, so far as the water is concerned, by installing hypochlorite treatment. In Minnesota we kept ready for shipment the necessary plant for treating a million gallons a day. The whole thing cost less than fifty dollars. When packed, we could ship this plant in a very short time with instructions how to install it, thus purifying the water long before notice to boil the water could be propagated through the community so as to really reach the inhabitants. As if immediate chlorination is impossible, instructions to boil the water printed on placards and publicly posted up on at least three points on each side of every block in the community, is the shortest way to notify the people. This notice should be a very condensed one in very large type, such as, **TYPHOID—BOIL THE WATER**, and signed by the Board of Health. Newspaper notices are usually far too slow in reaching the public effectively. Permanent reformation of the water supply should then follow of course.

Food

In food outbreaks the infection of the food which is responsible has usually ceased before the typhoid develops; if not, however, the indications are to see that the guilty food is cooked or eliminated from the diet, and to search for and stop its contamination if possible. (See Milk).

Occasionally neither stopping the supply nor pasteurizing the milk is practicable. In such a case the safest way, if the infector cannot be found, is to transfer the handling of the milk to a totally new set of persons. Of course, in the rare cases where the addition of infected water to the milk is the source of the trouble, the elimination of such addition would be sufficient. It is a wise precaution in all cases to have a thorough disinfection of all utensils.

(Note—Infection of milk with typhoid is comparatively rare; with bovine tuberculosis, almost continuous. Milk should be pasteurized always for the sake of the latter, even if typhoid were unknown.)

Contact

Contact outbreaks can only be stopped by the most rigid and consecutive attention to the washing of hands after each contact with the patient or the patient's discharges, or by the immunization of those who are in attendance on the sick. The precautions regarding hands must be insisted on even after immunization, for the sake of the unimmunized to whom the immunized may carry infection in contact. Hence proper precautions about hands are really more inclusive than immunization.

The Pill that Brings Relief.—When, after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and pains in the stomach he suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Parlee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

About the Farm

Bed Bugs

Some of their Habits and how to Get Rid of them.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by the Parasitologist of the University of Wisconsin

Though several species of bed-bugs may attack man the chief offender is the cosmopolitan, *Cimex lectularius*, which is typically a human parasite. This insect has recently attracted considerable attention among scientific men on account of the discovery that, in addition to its disagreeable blood-sucking habits, it is able to inoculate certain diseases into its victims when it feeds. The species of bed-bugs which live in swallows' nests, on bats, and in other places are specifically distinct and seldom trouble man. On the other hand, chicken houses are sometimes infested with *Cimex lectularius*.

The peculiar odor characteristic of bed-bugs is due to the secretion from a pair of stink glands which open just in front of the middle pair of legs in the adult,

Insects which are so closely associated with man have naturally fallen under suspicion as possible disease carriers. Yet we have as yet comparatively little accurate information in this connection. The bed-bug can transmit bubonic plague and certain South American fevers from one animal to another. It has also been claimed that Oriental sore, tuberculosis, syphilis and typhoid fever may be so carried.

If a house is infested by bed-bugs, it is not necessarily due to neglect or uncleanliness. The pests often migrate from adjacent dwellings, particularly those which are not occupied. They are frequently met with in boat and sleeper berths, and even in the plush seats of day coaches. They may be brought in the laundry or in the clothes of servants.

Chances of infestation are decreased by the use of iron beds and the reduction of hiding places for the bugs. Gasolene, benzene or alcohol squirted into the cracks in beds at regular intervals will usually kill the adult insects, but the treatment should be re-



The farm near Noolki Lake, B.C.

and on the dorsal side of the abdomen in immature insects. Similar glands are to be found in many of the other true bugs. Their use is to make the insects distasteful to other animals, particularly birds.

One female bed-bug kept under observation laid more than one hundred eggs during a period of sixty days. Eggs are usually deposited a few at a time, in cracks and crevices of beds and furniture, under seams of mattresses, under loose wall paper and in similar places. After six to ten days a young bed-bug, or nymph, hatches from each egg. The nymph grows slowly, shedding its skin about every eight days, or five times in all, and feeding between each moult. After this adolescent period it acquires the rudimentary wings which mark him as an adult. The nymphal period varies with fluctuations in temperature, food, and other conditions. Under favorable conditions the bed-bug lives about seventy days as a nymph and feeds nine times, but if food is scarce it may wait a hundred and forty days before becoming mature. Professor Riley of Cornell University has kept unfed nymphs alive in a bottle for seventy-five days.

Adult bed-bugs are remarkable for their longevity. Dufour kept specimens in a bottle without food for a year. Their ability to fast, together with their willingness to feed upon mice, bats, birds, and other small animals, enables them to persist for long periods of time in deserted habitations.

Bed-bugs usually crawl from their hiding-places at night and attack the exposed parts of the bodies of sleeping persons. If undisturbed they feed until their bodies are greatly distended, and are then able to remain in hiding for a long time.

peated frequently for a time to insure the death of all new broods. Riley and Johannsen in their book of Medical Entomology recommend fumigation for severe infestation as follows:

"The simplest and safest method of fumigation is by the use of flowers of sulphur at the rate of two pounds to each one thousand cubic feet of room space. The sulphur should be placed in a pan, a well made in the top of the pile and a little alcohol poured in, to facilitate burning. The whole should be placed in a larger pan and surrounded by water so as to avoid all danger of fire. Windows should be tightly closed, beds, closets and drawers opened and bedding spread out over chairs in order to expose them fully to the fumes. As metal is tarnished by the sulphur fumes, ornaments, clocks, instruments and the like should be removed. When all is ready the sulphur should be fired, the room tightly closed and left for twelve to twenty-four hours. Still more efficient in large houses, or where many hiding places favor bugs, is fumigation with hydrocyanic gas. This is a deadly poison and must be used under rigid precautions. Fumigation with formaldehyde gas, either from liquid or 'solid' formalin, so efficient in the case of contagious diseases, is useless against bed-bugs and most other insects."

When Asthma Comes do not despair. Turn at once to the help effective—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This wonderful remedy will give you the aid you need so sorely. Choking ceases, breathing becomes natural and without effort. Others, thousands of them, have suffered as you have, but have wisely turned to this famous remedy and ceased to suffer. Get a package this very day.

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We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

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THE BEST FOR BLISTERING.

I have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSM quite a good deal, and for a blister it's the best I ever used. I wish your remedy every success.
CHAS. MOTT, Manager,
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Have used your GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSM to cure curb. I blistered it twice, and there is no sign of it any more. The horse is as good as ever.—DAN SCHWER, Evergreen, Ill.

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Being a soap it cleans and dyes at the one operation.

From Laces to the heaviest woolens Maypole dye "takes" perfectly—try it but to-day and see—full directions on every cake.

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Directions for Farm Butter Making

1. Cool the cream from the separator as soon as possible to 55 degrees F. or lower.
2. Never mix warm cream with cool cream.
3. Mix all the cream to be churned in one vat or can at least 18 hours before churning.
4. Ripen at a temperature of 70 to 75 degrees F. for from six to eight hours, stirring frequently during this period.
5. Cool cream to churning temperature as soon as ripe.
6. Let the cream stand eight hours or more (over night) at the churning temperature.
7. The temperature of churning should be such as to make the butter come in from 35 to 40 minutes, usually 55 to 60 degrees F.
8. If it is desired to use artificial coloring, it should be added to the cream just before churning.
9. Stop churning when the granules are about the same size as peas, varying to wheat, and draw off the butter milk.
10. Wash the butter once with pure water at the churning temperature, agitating three or four times, and drain.
11. Wash a second time with water about four degrees above churning tem-

perature, agitating seven or eight times, and drain.

12. Add the salt wet while the butter is in granular form, using about one to one and one-half ounces for each pound of butter, according to the demands of the market.

13. Work the butter just enough to distribute the salt evenly.

Forest Insects in British Columbia

"Forest Insect Conditions in British Columbia," is the title of a new bulletin of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, which is the result of a preliminary survey undertaken by Mr. J. M. Swaine, M.Sc., Assistant Entomologist for Forest Insects. During the past few years frequent reports of serious forest insect depredations in British Columbia have been received by the Division of Entomology, and in view of the high commercial value of the merchantable timber in the province, an investigation was projected. The present publication has been written with a view to assisting immediately the lumbermen and owners of timber limits in the matter of recognizing the commoner species of injurious beetles, and their injuries, with a view to the adop-



Farm near Bulkley Valley, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

tion of the control measures which are described. This bulletin, No. 17, Second Series, may be secured free by those who are particularly interested in this subject and make application to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Father's Chicken

My mother thinks that father ought to always have the best,
And she has got him so he thinks he's better'n all the rest.
She gets his evening paper out when he comes home at night,
And drags around his easy chair and tries to use him right.
And when we all sit down to eat she never blinks a lash,
But hands him out some chicken and helps us kids to hash.

My mother says that home should be in our affections first,
But father thinks it's just the place for him to act the worst.
When he's in town he jokes and laughs and uses people kind,
But when he starts for home at night he leaves his smiles behind.
He snarls about the dinner, and he calls the victuals trash,
So mother feeds him chicken and fills us up on hash.

But after father's rested and has had his evening smoke,
He always feels lots better and he likes to play and joke.
He helps us with our lessons, and he does it in a way
That makes them entertaining, and seem just as plain as day.
And sometimes, when we go to bed, he hands us out some cash,
So let him have his chicken, we'll get along with hash.

Chas. F. Hardy.

A short course in agriculture, prepared from the standpoint of the country clergyman, will be given at the Manitoba Agricultural College commencing August 2nd. In addition to the lecture course, which is being put on by the members of the staff of the College, there will be a Conference for the discussion of the relationship between the country Church and Agriculture. Addresses will be delivered by social workers of national reputation. The program is now in course of preparation.

Special rates will be given by the railways.

Free to Threshermen

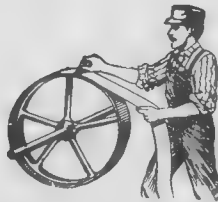
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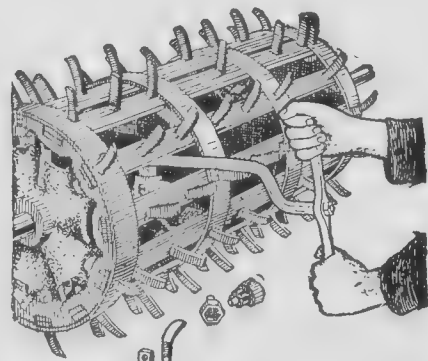
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Washington's Superior Pulley Covering consists of canvas and a specially prepared cement. Is more durable than a leather covering. Put up in outfits of 3 different sizes.

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120 ft. long.....	28.80		120 ft. long.....	32.40		120 ft. long.....	38.40	
130 ft. long.....	31.20		130 ft. long.....	35.10		130 ft. long.....	41.60	
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Windsor Supply Co.

Windsor, Ont.

Household Suggestions

Raisin Pie

Boil one pound of seeded raisins an hour in water enough to just cover them; add one lemon, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour. This will make three pies.

Cream Pie

Pour a pint of cream over a cup and a half of powdered sugar and let it stand while the whites of three eggs are being beaten to a stiff froth; add this to the cream and beat up thoroughly, flavor and bake with one crust.

Custard Pie

For a large pie take three eggs to one pint of milk, half a cup of sugar and flavor to taste. The crust may be baked a little before putting in the custard. Prick the crust here and there before putting it in the oven to prevent blistering. Baking the crust first keeps it from becoming soggy.

Lemon Pie Without Pastry

Butter a pie plate generously and cover with a three-eighths of an inch deep layer of rolled and sifted unsweetened cracker crumbs, patting them down to form a smooth layer adhering to the plate. Fill with the following mixture and bake in a moderate oven until firm and delicately brown. Filling: Heat one-fourth of a cupful of lemon juice, add the grated rind of one lemon, and one teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed with one cupful of sugar. Boil one minute, then add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and cook in a double boiler, like soft custard, until it thickens. Cool slightly, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and use for pies or tarts, baking in a moderate oven until firm.

Baked Indian and Apple Pudding

Stir half a cupful of yellow corn meal into one quart of scalded milk. Cook in a double boiler for thirty minutes, then add one teaspoonful each of salt and ginger and half a cupful of molasses. Pour into a buttered earthen baking dish and bake for one hour, stirring occasionally. Add two cupfuls of apples, cored and cut in eighths, and bake, without stirring, for one hour longer, or until firm. Serve with cream.

Cocoanut Blanc Mange

Mix one-fourth cupful of cornstarch and one-fourth cupful of sugar with a little cold water. Add to two cupfuls of scalded milk and stir until it thickens. Cook in a double boiler for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool slightly, add one cupful of shredded cocoanut, the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and one-fourth of a cupful candied or Maraschino cherries, cut in small pieces. Chill in molds, wet with cold water, and serve with cream or a soft custard made with the yolks of eggs.

Spiced Apples

Peel and quarter large firm apples and stick three cloves into each piece. Weigh the apples and take half as much sugar as fruit. Put the sugar into a preserving kettle with a quart of cider vinegar, three sticks of cinnamon and two tablespoonfuls of whole cloves. Boil all ten minutes and then drop in a few apples at a time and gently simmer till they are transparent, but not soft. Put them in cans, boil down the syrup and pour over them. They will taste like pickled pears. When these are used save the juice and cook more apples in it and can these also.

Spiced Figs

Get the small pulled figs which come late in the winter, and measure three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put on the sugar in a saucepan with a cup of water to each pound of fruit, boil and skim for five minutes. Then drop in the figs and simmer till a straw will pierce them easily. Put them in jars with alternate layers of white cloves, whole cinnamon and a very little mace in the syrup, but do not close the jars. For three successive mornings pour off the syrup, bring it to the boiling point and pour it over. The third morning measure it and allow one cup of vinegar to every

three cups of syrup; boil the two up well for two minutes, then pour it on the figs and close the cans. This will be found a most excellent recipe.

Orange Marmalade, Transparent

Take four pounds of Seville oranges, eight pounds of granulated sugar, six pints of water, and the whites of two eggs. Peel the rind off the oranges in thin ribbons, shred it finely with a pair of scissors, cover with water, boil gently until tender, then strain, preserving the liquid. Strip every particle of pith and fibre from the oranges, slice them; remove the pips and soak them in a little cold water. Simmer the remainder of the water and the sliced oranges for two hours, then drain through double cheesecloth or fine hair sieve, but do not squeeze the

pulp. Replace the liquid in the pan, add the liquid in which the rind was cooked and the strained water from the pips, bring nearly to boiling point, and clarify with whites of egg.

Put whites in liquid, whisk briskly, bring to cooling point, whisking all the time; then simmer slowly for thirty minutes. Strain until clear, replace in pan, add the sugar, boil gently until the syrup jellies, on a cold plate, then add the orange rind. Simmer gently for ten minutes longer, turn into pots, cover at once with white paper dipped in boiling milk.

Virtues of Suet.

Of simple and wholesome foods of heat-making properties none is less expensive than the old stand-by, beef suet. Best adapted to the great masses of people who have personal objections to pork fat this is a substitute no one can afford to ignore. It solves to a certain extent, a question of

getting the most nutriment for the least expenditure. In exploiting my discovery to intimate friends I have so often been surprised in their ignorance of its uses that I have come to feel that a large majority of housewives who wail over the high cost of living know nothing of the economy and delectability of suet.

And what is suet? It is merely a variety of solid and fatty tissue which accumulates about the kidneys and intestines of several of our domestic animals, especially the sheep and the ox. In buying it for kitchen uses I ask for the best beef kidney suet. This has no odor and when properly prepared and used for meat crusts is most tender, flaky, brown and crisp.

Who does not like pot pie? If the crust is short with suet well rolled into the flour and wet with butter-milk and baked a delicious brown nothing can equal its appetizing fragrance. Here is my method: Of course, the meat for the pie is previously cooked until tender. It may be a beef stew, or lamb, veal, chicken, mutton, or it may even be a purchase of round steak not cooked at all until it is baked under the crust which I make as follows: Shave a cupful of suet onto the bread-board together with two cups of flour to which has been added salt to taste and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. With the rolling-pin roll suet and flour well together, loosening and picking out the shreds and rolling and mixing until the flour is thoroughly mixed with the suet. Have the buttermilk standing ready with froth the soda you have added and stirred in—I use a half teaspoonful to a cup and a half—then place the flour in a bowl and mix with the buttermilk until wet enough to roll out. The buttermilk is what makes the crust brown and flaky. Have the crust as thick



Vanderhoof, B.C.

The Range
that Lasts
a Lifetime

Kootenay Steel Range

The Range
that Lasts
a Lifetime

A Household Guide and Recipe Book FREE—

A reliable source of information on domestic questions, with a mass of tested recipes that will make the KOOTENAY still more valuable to its users, has just been compiled for us from all the best available sources. We will gladly send a copy of this book (as long as the edition lasts), to ALL who fill in and mail coupon below.

This is the Range with a Dust-Proof Washable Oven

Invariably you dust your oven before baking. Isn't this the case? If you are a KOOTENAY user this duty is unnecessary—with old-style ranges it is almost essential. Did you ever wonder where this dust came from? Ovens that need constant dusting are made with seams and rivets in the top—over which smoke and ash-dust pass—heat loosens the rivets, and dust drops through whenever the stove is shaken. THE KOOTENAY OVEN HAS A SEAMLESS TOP. This is not all—THE KOOTENAY OVEN CAN BE WASHED LIKE A CHINA DISH.

This Oven is made of Nickelled American Ingot Iron, that may be easily and thoroughly washed with soap and water WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER OF RUST. The VENTILATED OVEN carries off all odors that arise from cooking or baking. The KOOTENAY OVEN is SQUARE, DEEP AND ROOMY. The ALUMINIZED CENTRE RACK adds greatly to baking space, as the baking is done equally as well on the rack as on the oven bottom. This BOTTOM IS REINFORCED to prevent buckling, and protected by asbestos. So the KOOTENAY Oven will wear easily five times as long as the incorrectly designed one of ordinary iron. THE NICKEL PLATED OVEN MEANS GREATEST RADIATION; therefore is most economical and radiation is even, thus giving best baking results.

You might easily overlook all these good points in the KOOTENAY Oven, because there are so many others in the rest of this range.

The FIRE BOX linings are made in nine pieces of heavy-weight Semi-Steel, which is practically indestructible. The HEAVY DUPLEX ROLLER GRATES have two faces—one for wood, one for coal—instantly interchangeable.

The KOOTENAY has a DUPLEX DRAFT that ENSURES AN EVEN FIRE.

The POLISHED TOP is a bright, smooth, easily cleaned surface (no black lead necessary).

And there is NO REACHING for Dampers, because the DAMPERS ARE IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

Look at the picture and note the general "dress" of the KOOTENAY. Then ask your dealer to "show" you and tell you the rest. You'll soon be as great a KOOTENAY enthusiast as we are.

Remember—The KOOTENAY is guaranteed 2



McClary's

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My Name
Address
My Dealer's Name
To the McClary Mfg. Co., Winnipeg
Gentlemen—Send me FREE
Copy of "Household
Guide"
W.H.M.

as biscuit dough and of the shape the dish is in which is waiting the meat, which is properly seasoned, and, pricking the crust with a fork to allow the steam to escape, place it over the meat and fold the edges in, making all neat at the edges with the prongs of the fork. Baked in a steady and evenly hot oven this is a dish most appetizing either for a luncheon or dinner and the cost brings it within the possibilities of all. It also gives to every member of the family the needed fatty food so indispensable to health.

The same preparation of the flour wet with a mixture of egg and sugar and buttermilk and soda is a simple preparation and a portion placed in a pudding dish, topped with several layers of pared and sliced apple, or other fruit, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, covered with the rest of the dough and baked makes a most satisfying dessert when served with a puddingsauce. If any should be left over it is as good as when new by simply steaming and serving afresh with sauce.

Good kidney suet sliced and laid across a pan of beans and baked to a crisp brown is often in the favor of those who find pork an objection in this place. It seems to be more easily assimilated by many who had supposed they could not digest "baked beans" with comfort.

This same browned-flour preparation is most excellent in giving the final touch to a veal or lamb stew. Neither of these meats is of sufficient strength to really satisfy a hungry person but by adding a sufficient amount of the above preparation after the meat is cooked until tender both thickening and richness is provided and the meat is so disguised as to be bewildering to those of the uninitiated.

Indeed, a dinner of meat prepared in this way and served with hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, vegetables and dessert is not only inexpensive but satisfying. Few housewives there are who would not try by this means to cut down the expense of the meat bill.

Of course there are many un-named ways in which suet enters in for a useful

and beneficent service toward human-kind. It is not for us to know how and where these ways may be, but as housewives eager to know how to reduce the cost of living, we may here find one answer to a few of the problems that beset us every day. Mrs. Bertha S. Saunier, Cook County, Illinois.

Veal and Ham Pie

Cut half a pound of ham and one and a half pounds of veal into thin pieces. Mix together on a plate one tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and pepper, cayenne and mace and powdered herbs; roll each piece of veal and ham in this seasoning, and lay in a deep dish alternate layers of veal, ham, and two hard-boiled eggs

sliced. Half fill the dish with water or stock, cover with rough puff pastry and bake in a hot oven for an hour and a half. When ready add a little well-seasoned stock. Garnish with halved baked apples.

Potato Rolls

No bread known to Virginians is more delicious than this. First boil six medium-sized potatoes, mash fine and add to them a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt, half a tablespoonful of butter, and half a tablespoonful of lard. Then add half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little tepid water. Stir until well mixed, then cover and stand in a warm place for four or five hours. Add two well-beaten eggs and all the sifted wheat flour that

can be worked in. Cover closely and again stand in a warm place until light. The time will vary from two to six hours according to the temperature, and this can be regulated to suit the time at which the rolls will be needed. Knead well and roll out on a board to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Cut into rounds and fold, buttering lightly where the two thicknesses meet. Arrange in a pan, let rise for a third time and bake in a quick oven.

Planked Steak Without the Plank

Have ready potatoes mashed and beaten with cream, mushrooms fried in butter and creamed cauliflower, French peas and some butter onions stewed until tender, then fried in butter. Broil a large porterhouse steak and put on a hot platter; at either end and in the middle of the sides make four potato roses by squeezing the mashed potatoes through a pastry bag or paper cone. Then arrange the cauliflower, mushrooms and onions in little piles, leaving space for four turnip cups filled with the French peas. They are made by cooking thick slices of white turnip until tender. Then with a small vegetable knife scoop them out and shape the button by removing some of the turnip until it is in the shape of a shallow cup. The peas which have been cooked with a little cream and butter, are piled in these cups, and with a few sprigs of parsley furnish the finishing touch.

Pressed Chicken

Cut chicken in small pieces, stew until the meat drops from the bones, season well and pick into small pieces as you take out bones. Do not chop. Boil juice down to a teacupful, then mix thoroughly and press. This is convenient to have for Sunday night supper.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.



The Inside Passage to Alaska. "Princess Beatrice," C.P.R. Coast Service

Six British Hero Spoons for Two New Subscriptions

You have heard about these famous spoons which are advertised so freely in every Canadian newspaper and now have the opportunity of possessing the complete set of six at no cost whatever to yourself.

EACH SPOON IS GUARANTEED BY THE WM. ROGERS CO., whose reputation for silverware is so well known. The six heroes who comprise the series are:—

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| 1. Lord Kitchener | 4. Late Earl Roberts |
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There is a tremendous demand for these spoons which are at once both artistic and useful and we urge our readers to take advantage of the offer promptly.

Send us in two new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 and the six spoons will be forwarded you postpaid.

Address all orders:—



The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Fashions and Patterns

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

1343—A Popular Suit for Mother's Boy—Striped madras in blue and white is here shown, with collar of white linen. The trousers are cut in regulation tailor style, and finished with straight lower edge. The design is simple and easy to make and is good for all wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 5 year size. Pattern 10c.

1360—A Smart Effective and Popular Style, for the Growing Girl—Girls' Dress with Separate Skirt Attached to an Under Waist—The blouse or "jacket" may be finished with a sleeve in wrist length, having a band cuff, or in short length, with shaped turn back cuffs. The collar is shaped to conform to these cuffs. For linen, challie, gingham, cashmere, serge, poplin, repp or

34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern, 1345, is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires $7\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the tunic, for a medium size Pattern 10c.

1197—A Simple Becoming Model—Brown broad cloth was used for this design, finished with simple machine stitching. The model would also look well in green serge, or in taffeta in any of the pretty new shades of this season. The plated skirt with yoke top is new and graceful. The waist is cut with low neck outline, and finished with a smart collar. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material for a 16 year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards with plaits drawn out. Pattern 10c.



chambrey, this style is excellent. The skirt is a three piece model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

1174—A Very Desirable and Popular Style—Ladies' Apron—For percale, gingham, drill, sateen, lawn or cambric, this model will be found very satisfactory. The back is finished with a belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

Waist 1361—Skirt—1345—A Neat and Becoming Summer Dress—Striped gray and white taffeta was used for this style, with gray crepe de chine for yoke and sleeve portions. For plaid, checked or plain materials this style is excellent. It is good for pique, linen, gingham, batiste or lawn. The waist fronts are shaped over the inserted vest, which is cut to form yoke and sleeve portions. The sleeve is stylish in wrist or short length. The skirt is circular. The waist pattern 1361, is cut in 6 sizes:

1357—A Popular, Becoming Dress for Mother's Girl—As here shown white linen was used, with dotted percale for trimming. In galatea or seersucker it will make a serviceable school dress. In serge combined with checked or plaid suiting, or for either of these and other woollen materials it is an excellent style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size. Pattern 10c.

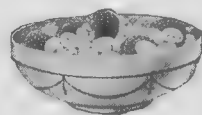
1363—A Unique and Stylish Design—Ladies' Costume—This simple but attractive model, offers several style variations. It may be made with a flaring or a low rolled collar, a sleeve in wrist or short length. The fronts may be shaped in points or in straight outline, and closed at the side or finished with a rever. The skirt is cut circular and with four gores. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot. Pattern 10c.



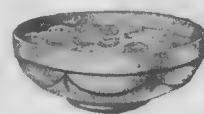
Old-Home Dishes

Plus Some New Enticements

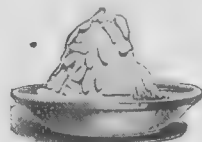
Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have changed the ways of serving many an old-time dish. They are making these dishes more delightful than even memories of the old.



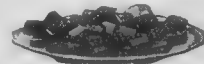
Instead of serving berries only, countless people now mix Puffed Grains with them. And these airy morsels, crisp and fragile, add a taste like toasted nuts. The blend is most inviting.



Instead of plain white bread in milk, they serve these bubbles of whole grain. Puffed Grains are four times as porous. They are toasted, thin and crisp. And they easily digest.



Instead of plain ice cream, they garnish it with Puffed Rice. And the grains are like nut meats, made porous and flimsy, ready to melt in the mouth.



Instead of plain fudge, they now stir Puffed Rice in it. And it becomes like a nut candy that is very easy to eat.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

These are New-Time Foods

These foods belong to these days of efficiency. Whole grains by this method are made wholly digestible. We get all of the elements, not merely the starch. Other methods of cooking break up part of the food cells. In Puffed Grains, by Prof. Anderson's process, every food granule is blasted to pieces.

This is perfect cooking, through

internal steam explosion. In that respect, this is the best way these grains were ever served. And in this way most folks best enjoy them.

These are foods for meals and between-meals, for outdoors and indoors, for morning, noon and night. Keep well supplied in summer.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

PETERBOROUGH, Ont.

SASKATOON, Sask.

Cornless Feet

Are Very Common Now

A few years ago they were not. People pared corns and kept them. Or they used an inefficient treatment.

Then the **Blue-jay** plaster was invented. That ended corn pain instantly for everyone who used it. But it also gently undermined the corn, so in two days it all came out. And this without one bit of pain or soreness.

One told another about it, until millions came to use it. Now those people never keep a corn. As soon as one appears, they remove it.

We urge you to do that. Prove **Blue-jay** on one corn. If you hesitate, let us send you samples free. If the pain does stop—if the corn does go—think what it means to you. It means a lifetime without corns. Your own friends, by the dozens, probably, know that this is so.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

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Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Jaeger Pure Undyed Camelhair Blankets For the Front



Special Equipment for Nurses
No. 3 General Hospital (McGill)

The Treasurer of the Supplementary Equipment Fund for Nurses writes:—

"I take the opportunity of thanking the Jaeger Company for the interest and trouble they have taken in executing the order and expressing our satisfaction as to same.

You may be interested in hearing that the nurses were delighted with their rugs and the friends who contributed to the fund, equally pleased; all agree that there is nothing better than a good Jaeger, for lightness and warmth, I consider they have no equal.

The order was for 146 Blankets to be supplied in a week."

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen Co., Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
Incorporated 1883 with British Capital for the British Empire.

Dr. Vermilyea's TOE-KOMFORT

(The Tissue Builder)
CURES FOOT AILMENTS

As a general all-round foot remedy for Corns, Callosities, Bunions, Chilblains, aching feet, excessive perspiration, etc., it has no equal.
At Shoe and Drug Stores or by mail on receipt of price. Trial size 25c., extra large size 50c. Free sample on request.

Vermilyea Mfg. Co.
216 8th Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.

1201—A Practical "Short Clothes" Outfit—Child's Set of Dress, Petticoat and Drawers—Muslin, cambric, nainsook or canton flannel, are good for the petticoat and drawers, with edges, embroidery or feather stitching for a finish. The dress is lovely for lawn, batiste, nainsook, cashmere, percale, gingham, challie or voile, also for flannelette and crepe. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. It requires 2¾ yards of 27 inch material for the dress, 2¾ yards for the petticoat and ¾ yard for the drawers for a 3 year size. Pattern 10c.

1351—A Dainty Summer Frock—As here shown white batiste was used, with all over embroidery and insertion for trimming. The skirt may be made with or without the heading and finished in raised or normal waistline. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 7½ yards of 27 inch

lower edge and flare collar, cut in sections. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 1¼ yard of 24 inch material for No. 1, 1½ yard of 27 inch material for No. 2, and 1¾ yard of 36 inch material for No. 3 for a small size. Pattern 10c.

1350—Waist—1336—Skirt—A Charming Summer Dress—Composed of ladies' waist pattern 1350, and ladies' skirt pattern 1336. As here illustrated, white taffeta was employed in the making, with pipings of new blue on the free edges. The skirt is composed of double flounce sections, that may be finished with deep scalloped or straight lower edges. For poplin, linen, organdie, lawn, dimity, voile or crepe, this design is very attractive. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7¼ yards of



material for an 18 year size, with 1 yard for bolero. The skirt measures 2¾ yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

1339—A Dainty and Becoming Negligee—Ladies' Kimono Perforated for Sack Length in Straight or Pointed Outline—This style of garment is easy to develop and very comfortable. It is nice for cotton or silk crepe, for cashmere, albatross, lawn, dimity, crepe or batiste. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist. The neck is finished low in becoming "V" effect. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large, and will require 4½ yards of 44 inch material for the full length style, and 2¾ yards for sack length, for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

1362—A Set of Popular Dress Accessories—Ladies' Over Waist and Two Boleros—Three attractive, charming and "easy to make" styles are here shown. No. 1 shows a graceful over waist, gathered to a belt in front, and with the long loose back portion, held by a smart belt, that also encircles the front. No. 2 is a dainty bolero style, good for batiste, embroidered silk, lace, taffeta and faille. No. 3 shows a jaunty bolero with shaped

36 inch material with 1¼ yard of lining for the foundation skirt, for a medium size. The skirt measures about 3½ yards at lower edge of lower flounce. Two separate patterns, each 10c.

1352—A Popular Style—Girls' Suspender Skirt and Guimpe—As here illustrated, brown plaid gingham was used for the skirt, with white lawn for the guimpe. Khaki suiting, linen, linene, galatea, ratine, crepe, voile, cashmere or serge are all good materials for the skirt. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

1342—A Practical Garment—Ladies' Apron, with or without Band Trimming The free edges of neck, sleeve, pocket and right front may be trimmed with bands of contrasting material (pattern for these bands are furnished with the model), or the edges may be underfaced, bound or hemmed. The pattern is good for percale, drill, jean, gingham, chambray, lawn, sateen or alpaca. It is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

Her Baby Had Dysentery.

Had Two Doctors. No Result.

WAS CURED BY THE USE OF
DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of Wild Strawberry.

In dysentery the discharges from the bowels follow each other with great rapidity, and sometimes become mixed with blood.

Never neglect what at first appears to be a slight attack of diarrhoea or dysentery will surely set in. Cure the first symptoms by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. Martin Farragher, Dogherty Corner, N.B., writes: "I can very strongly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for dysentery and summer complaints. My little girl, at the age of two years, had the dysentery very bad. We had two doctors, but with no result. My mother brought me a bottle of "Dr. Fowler's," and when half the bottle was used the little girl was running around playing with her dolls with great delight and joy to the family, for we did not think, she would ever get better."

There are a number of preparations on the market to-day, claiming to be the same as "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry," and also called similar names, so as to fool the public into thinking they are getting the genuine.

"Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. See that their name is on the wrapper.

Price, 35 cents.

Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1914-1915 Spring & Summer Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also a concise and comprehensive article on Dress-making, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c. (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.

Artificial Limbs

MADE IN WINNIPEG

We can fit you at short notice with the best that money can buy. Write us for full information.

J. H. M. Carson
357 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg

1354—A Neat and Pleasing Morning Dress—In Long or Short Sleeves—White linen with facings embroidered in blue is here shown. It would make a nice dress for business wear in poplin, repp, voile or any wash fabric, and is nice for ratine or crepe. The fronts have a deep tuck at the shoulder, stitched to yoke depth. A revers collar trims the low neck; it may be overlaid with contrasting material for effect illustrated. The skirt is a four gore circular style, with good lines and ample fullness. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and requires 8 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

9910—A Dainty Little Model—Girls' Apron—This simple practical garment may do duty as a dress or apron. It has sufficient fullness and is cut with body and sleeve in one. The design is good for percale, lawn, dimity, gingham, cambric, chambray or crossbar muslin. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6,

medium and large. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for the apron and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for the cap, for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

1349—A Popular and Becoming Dress for the Growing Girl—White repp, with cadet blue pique is here combined. The blouse in Middy style is shaped at the closing. It may be finished with a regulation middy sleeve in wrist length, or with a neat pointed cuff turned back over the sleeve in elbow length. Pique, linen, linene, poplin, batiste, dimity, lawn, gingham, galatea, percale, chambray or serge are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

Waist 1356—Skirt 1353—Dainty Summer Dress—Comprising ladies' waist pattern 1356, and ladies' skirt pattern 1353. As here shown embroidered net and organdie are used. The tunic portion of the skirt may be omitted. The waist pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and

SUMMER CATARRH

FREE ADVICE ON ITS CURE



Catarrh Specialist Sproule

(Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service.)

Who Will Give Free Advice on Curing Catarrh To All Who Ask For It

Now is the season of Summer Catarrh—the most dangerous form of Catarrh because it's the most deceptive.

Perhaps you have it and are making the great mistake of thinking it only a stubborn, sneezing, nose-running, head cold—an ailment that comes with mid-summer and that you'll be rid of a while later on.

Don't deceive yourself about Summer Catarrh. It's far more than a simple ailment—it's a dangerous one. The very fact it troubles you at all in warm weather proves it's deep-seated Catarrh of the worst kind.

Don't take any chances with such a treacherous disease. Start to cure it at once! It's the best season of all the year to get rid of it—the season when you can clear it out of your system with the least time and trouble.

Take your Catarrh in hand now for what seems to-day a harmless ailment may be a very dangerous one when Winter sets in. Remember, neglected Summer Catarrh is too often the cause of that run-down, diseased and weakened condition that opens the gate to Consumption.

Don't neglect your Catarrh any longer. Don't meet the cold weather with your system undermined by this insidious, poisonous trouble. Write to me to-day and let me give you the most helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on just what to do for it. It shall not cost you a penny and you'll find my counsel and information of genuine aid and benefit.

Don't hesitate to ask for my help. For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh and I know it in every form. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh. I'll send you names and addresses of people living right near you, who'll willingly tell you of all that I did for them.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—DON'T DELAY ANY LONGER! Tell me about your trouble and without any charge whatever, I'll send you, after careful study, a complete diagnosis of it and a friendly helpful letter that will show you how Catarrh can be cured.

Answer the questions yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address,

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

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This coupon entitles you to medical advice free on curing Catarrh.

Does your nose run?
Do your eyes run water?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Does your nose feel swollen?
Do you feel "all stuffed up"?
Do you have fits of sneezing?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you sometimes wheeze or cough?
Does the dust make you sneeze very badly?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you sometimes have bad headache?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Does the mucus drop in back of your throat?

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Gerhard Heintzman Piano —Upright Grand, San Domingo mahogany case, nearly new, regular \$600. We are offering you this for.....	\$325
Bell —7 1-3 octave upright Piano, in walnut case, with plain polished panels, full length music stand, three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale price...	\$225
Gourlay —A Cabinet Grand upright Piano, in beautiful dark mahogany case. This Piano has had exceptional care and has only been one year in use and is to-day in as fine order as when it first left the factory. Original price \$550. Our price.....	\$285
Nordheimer —Upright Piano, small Louis XV. style in mahogany case. Is just like new. This is a great bargain.....	\$285
Haines —Cabinet Grand Louis XV. Piano in dark mahogany case, by the celebrated Haines Piano Co., with plain polished front, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys. A handsome instrument, cannot be told from a new one. Regular \$550, only.....	\$340
Steinway —Small upright Piano, in dark rosewood case, a wonderfully fine toned Piano. Was \$750 for.....	\$285
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8 and 10 years. It requires 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size. Pattern 10c.

1334—A Pretty Summer Frock—Costume for Misses and Small Women—Of most engaging simplicity is this attractive style, with vest and panel portions. The kimono sleeve and side portions of the waist are cut in one. For linen, linene, batiste, lawn, dimity, gingham or chambray this style will be found excellent. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years, and requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for an 18 year size. The skirt measures about 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

1335—A Neat and Well Fitting Apron Model and Smart Cap—Ladies' Apron with Princess Panel—This style is nice for pretty percale, strong gingham or seersucker, for jean or drill, lawn, alpaca, sateen or cambric. The princess panel is joined to side portions that meet straps at the shoulder, which are fastened to the band at the back, holding the apron firmly to position. The cap is circular in shape, and its fullness is drawn up with ribbon, tape or elastic. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small,

42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for the dress with 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the tunic for a medium size. Two separate patterns, 10c. each.

1337—A New and Smart Style—Girls' Dress in One or Two Piece Style, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—The skirt, a two piece model with a deep plait at the sides may be made detachable or joined to the waist at high waistline. It may be made of gingham, chambray, percale, linen, linene, ratine, crepe, serge, taffeta, batiste or galatea. The sleeve in wrist length, is finished with a band cuff. In short length a neat trimming band is added. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

Sores Heal Quickly.—Have you a persistent sore that refuses to heal? Then, try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the dressing. It will stop sloughing, carry away the proud flesh, draw out the pus and prepare a clean way for the new skin. It is the recognized healer among oils and myrials of people can certify that it healed where other oils failed utterly.



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The famous Field family, Cyrus and his brothers and sisters, were brought up to obey. The father was a clergyman with eight hundred dollars a year for nine children; and frugality and right living were absolutely necessary.

Once a useful rat-trap was missing. The

father gave orders that when it was found it should be brought directly to him. A few days afterward, during service, when the sermon was in full swing, there was a clattering up the aisle.

It was two of the Field boys, carrying the lost rat-trap. They gravely set it down before the pulpit. One of them said, simply, "Father, here's your rat-trap." Then they turned and went out.

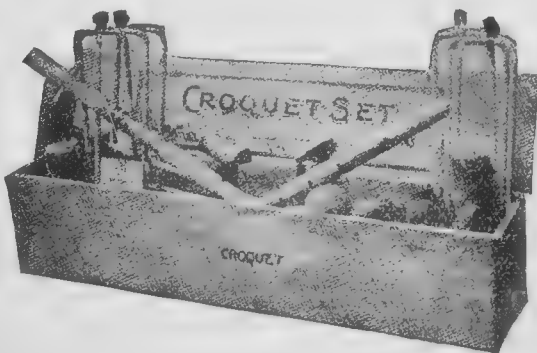
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Here is your chance to get absolutely **FREE** a **Complete Baseball Outfit**.

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OUR OFFER: Send us three new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly and we make you a present of this complete Baseball Outfit.



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Wouldn't you like to play croquet this year? Well, we have a first class croquet set — for four players — all ready to ship you without it

costing you a cent. Just send us in three subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly and the croquet set will be sent you **FREE**.

Summer is here NOW so act quickly. For any further particulars address

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

1338—A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl—This neat and becoming little model is made with a wide panel over the front, to which the side portions are joined. The sleeve may be finished with a band cuff at wrist length or in elbow length, with a neat turn back cuff. The dress is in one piece style, with the fulness loose or confined by a belt at French waistline. The closing is at the left side under the panel. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material for a 6 year size. Pattern 10c.

1346—A Seasonable and Attractive Girdles and Vestee for Ladies—The suspenders may be made with or without the belt or girdle, and are suitable for velvet, silk, cloth, linen, taffeta, gingham, percale and any other of this season's popular dress materials. The vest or vestee may be of lawn, linen, pique, batiste, mull, organdie or chiffon. The

bust measure. It requires 8 yards of 27 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 2⅞ yards at the foot. Pattern 10c.

1359—A Pretty Dress for Party, Dancing or Best Wear—White batiste, with swiss embroidery is here shown. In lawn, dimity, with "Val" insertion or edging, or in daintily embroidered voile or batiste, this design will be found very lovely. The skirt is a three piece gathered model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material for a 14 year size. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

Waist—1348—Skirt—1341—A Stylish Costume—For this attractive model white linen was employed. Voile, crepe, panama, corduroy, gingham, chambrey, serge, pique or lawn are equally appropriate and the style is also good for taffeta. The waist is made with yoke



pattern including all styles illustrated is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires for No. 1 and for No. 2 ¾ yard of 36 inch material and for No. 3 ⅞ yard of 27 inch material, for the medium size. Pattern 10c.

1340—A Simple "Easy to Make" Design—Girls' Apron—This attractive little model has a gored skirt, the front of which is cut in one with the bib and bertha portion. It will develop nicely in gingham, cambric, lawn or percale, and is also good for saten, alpaca, drill or jean. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 2 yards of 36 inch material for a 12 year size. Pattern 10c.

1344—A Smart Dress for Morning, Home or Business Wear—This neat and trim little model is good for linen, lawn, gingham, repp, poplin, voile, chambrey, ratine or percale. It is also nice for tub silk, taffeta, cotton, crepe, corduroy, seersucker or galatea. The shaped yoke is a new style feature, and the sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a four gore model, and may be joined to the waist at raised or normal waistline. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches

sections that are cut in one with the back. The skirt is circular, with yoke sections over the sides, and may be finished in raised or normal waistline. Ladies' waist pattern No. 1348 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and ladies' skirt pattern 1341 cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, furnish the models. It will require 5½ yards of 44 inch material for the waist and skirt of one material. The skirt measures about 2¾ yards at the foot. Pattern 10c.

1355—A Modish Dress—Ladies' Costume with Two Styles of Sleeve and with Convertible Collar—This trim little model is finished in the newest mode, and shows some splendid style features. The sleeve in bell style is unique in its shaping. The shaped fronts outline a vest of contrasting material, and the collar is good in flare or low style. The skirt has a shaped yoke to which the three gores are joined. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5¾ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Volunteered for the Front

May 10th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your magazine for a year and eight months, and it is certainly the best paper I have read in this country yet, and the column that I always look for first is the correspondence, and if you can spare the room I would like to join

in the Correspondence Columns. So upon reading the May number I was prompted to write to defend "we bachelors," as "Just Me" seems to have a very poor opinion of the Western men. Now really, "Just Me" if you have found the bachelors where you are so bold, rowdy and otherwise depraved, is it right to make the statement that the bachelors of the West are all in the same class? As your statement covers all the three provinces, personally I have "bached" for four years in a settlement of bachelors and though they may lack the polish of a more civilized country I think they are (the majority at least), at heart gentlemen. Let us hope so anyway.

I think "Contented" has indeed the right idea of "love" (though inexperienced myself), as love and friendship in their true worth call for sacrifices of all concerned.

I have been greatly interested in the arguments of some of the writers in favor of extending the right to homestead to women. Well, personally, I would raise no objections to their hav-



Suspension Bridge near Hazel, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

it. Say! "Love Me More," you are sure mixing up a strong dose for somebody. I wonder if you ever sampled it yourself. I hold with "Yankee Foreigner" and "Blue Bird" with what they say about people slighting newcomers. Let me stay West and I'll be happy, as long as I get my Western Home Monthly every month. Is not this war terrible; another splendid boat gone to the bottom, the Lusitania, not to mention the lives. It seems to me more like murder than war with these submarines firing at passenger boats. I volunteered for active service in the second contingent, but was not accepted, but if it keeps on I might get a chance yet. I should like to hear from some of the readers, and will answer all letters.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly and its readers every success. I will call myself

A Green Englishman.

P.S.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Blue Bird."

Wants Shellbrooke Correspondents

Dear Editor—I would like very much to correspond with some person in or around Shellbrooke. I used to know a friend who lived there, but have lost trace of them, and I would like very much to get some news about them if at all possible. I will leave my address with the Editor, and will sign myself, "Information."

Defending the Homesteader

Alberta, May 8, 1915.

Dear Editor—I, like many others, have been a silent but interested reader of your magazine and am of course inter-

ing the right, but consider that a woman homesteader would not be a benefit to the country at large as the great majority would only prove up their land as a speculation (for they certainly could not be expected to farm it and improve it to the same extent as a man), and making a home out of a homestead is decidedly a man's job (and if you're lucky, a woman's help greatly lessens the labor involved). Now when I raise this objection to girls homesteading I consider I am taking their part for I consider that "proving up" a homestead is not at all fun. What do you think boys?

Well, I find my letter is getting rather long so must close.

If anyone is a little bit interested, I would be very pleased to hear from them.

I will use these most popular initials for my pen name. Yours sincerely,

W. H. M.

Husband Should be Willing to Help

Dear Editor—I have been very interested in some of the topics which are being discussed in the Correspondence page and note how many young people of the fair sex are discussing the point that men should learn to do more cooking so as to assist his wife in this department when needed. It is true that they should, and I think that members will agree with me that it takes two to make a quarrel, and therefore if the husband and wife really love each other they will not quarrel and would therefore be willing to help each other in any way. How many young people get married that wish they were single again, because they did not know what real love was and which then leads on to unhappiness? and therefore I maintain that

Blackheads
are a confession

of the use of the wrong method of cleansing for that type of skin that is subject to this disfiguring trouble.

The following Woodbury treatment will keep such a skin free from blackheads.

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired result by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed; substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then, protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. Thereafter, use the above Woodbury treatment in your daily toilet.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today to the Woodbury Canadian Factory for Samples will send a cake large enough for a week's treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 654 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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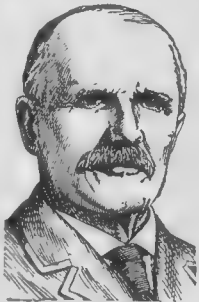
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Operation Decided On As Only Means of Relief

But the Writer of This Letter Resolved to Try Dr. Chase's Ointment First and Was Cured.

This is not an isolated case, for we frequently hear from people who have been cured of piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment after physicians had told them nothing short of an operation could bring relief and cure.

If you could read these letters, coming as they do, day after day and year after year, you would realize what a wonderful curative agent Dr. Chase's Ointment really is. Few ailments are more annoying or more persistently torturing than piles, and when this suffering is promptly relieved by the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment there can be no



MR. BEAUVAIS.

doubt as to where credit is due. Friends and neighbors are told of the results and so the good word spreads, and Dr. Chase's Ointment is becoming known far and wide as the only actual cure for piles or hemorrhoids.

Mr. Charles Beauvais, a respected citizen of St. John's, Que., writes:—"For 14 years I suffered from chronic piles or hemorrhoids and considered my case very serious. I was treated by a well-known physician who could not help me, and my doctor decided on an operation as the only means of relief. However, I resolved to try Dr. Chase's Ointment first. The first box brought me great relief, and by the time I had used three boxes I was completely cured. This is why it gives me such great pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to everybody suffering from hemorrhoids as a preparation of the greatest value."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c a box, a 1 dealer, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"real love" makes the days labor far more lighter and easier for both. I would like to hear from members, especially "Freda" and others. Will write again later. Thanking you for the space in your interesting column. My name is with the Editor. Yours sincerely, Okanagan.

Still a Gentleman

Sage Creek, Alta., May 15, 1915.

Dear Mr. Editor, I have read with interest a school teacher's letter in the May number, and in particular her remarks on the manners of the Western bachelor.

After all Miss "Just Me," a man may smoke, may perhaps take a drink, and yet be a gentleman. Personally I am not an angel—I smoke, take a drink now and then, occasionally use strong language, but—I retain my respect for women and can behave myself accordingly.

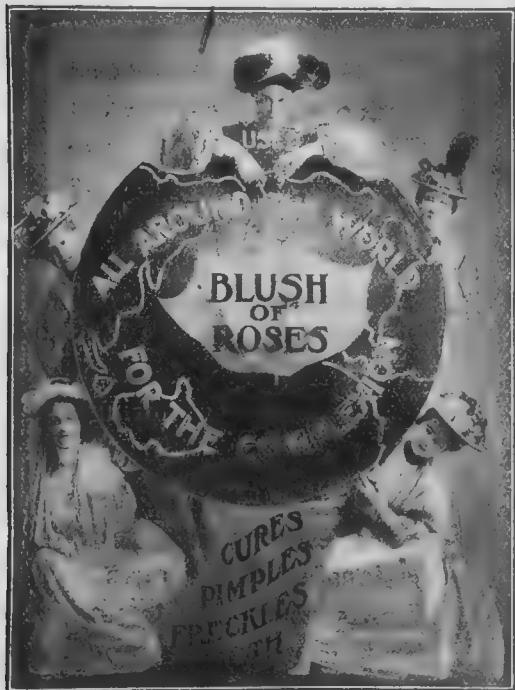
Miss "Just Me" observes that each man thinks the girls are extremely anxious for his attentions—"In fact they are bolder than is at all polite"—Horrible! In my experience of the West, which is extensive, I have found that the girls are either too stiff and formal, or else quite gushing. The average

Two Kinds of Patriots

Keefers, B.C., Feb. 23rd, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have not been a reader of The Western Home Monthly only about the last few weeks, but I think it is a very good paper for old and young. I have just read the Correspondence corner, and I think there are some fine, sensible letters among the lot. "Thistle" has invited some one's opinion on the subject of patriotism, and so I will just try and give him my humble opinion on this subject. In the first place, I think there should be two classes of patriots, the one that goes and fights at the front and one that stays at home and goes about with a cheerful manner, doing his work the same as if there was no war at all. Some people seem to have an idea that the men who stay at home are cowards. This is right enough in some cases, but I want to know what would happen to this country if every able-bodied man were to leave everything behind him and go to the front. Take for instance if all the farmers were to throw down their tools and all went to war, where would the food supply of both soldiers and civilians come from? I think though that a young man who enlists for active service to go direct to the

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The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whitens the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.



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girl cannot act naturally. Ask her to inspect your new shack and she giggles, expecting a proposal. Lift her out of a rig, and she thinks you are "bolder than at all polite."

When I was a "kid" the boys and girls used to play football together, swing on the garden swing together, ride our pet donkey together, and the boys had their own code of honor. They were never rough when playing footer with the girls; they let them be first in everything, in fact were very careful of them because they were "just girls." I believe all those boys still retain the instincts of a gentleman, although some are now Western bachelors, and those girls grew up without any mamby pambly nonsense, understanding boys, the truest of friends, and the best girls in the world.

To return to Miss "Just Me." "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind"—Sometimes! Although I would not dare say it before her, I will write it, hundreds of miles away. I am afraid she is just a little bit selfish. She has a world of sympathy for herself, but none for the lonely bachelor—poor Western bachelor.

My letter is long, so I will cut short my apologies for taking so much space in your valuable paper. Yours sincerely, Rags.

Miller's Worm Powders are not surpassed by any other preparation as a vermifuge or worm destroyer. Indeed, there are few preparations that have the merit that it has to recommend it. Mothers, aware of its excellence, seek its aid at the first indication of the presence of worms in their children, knowing that it is a perfectly trustworthy medicine that will give immediate and lasting relief.

front should surely be called a patriot. This is my idea then, that there are two classes of patriots, and I think that if we did not have both classes in this country and the Old Country, at the present time the British Empire would be in a very bad predicament. Hoping to see this in print, I am sincerely,

R. M. R.

A Prairie Enthusiast

April 20th, 1914.

Dear Editor—One of the very best of the many excellent features of your paper—indeed I might say our paper—is the correspondence.

Freda's letter in the April issue is amusing as well as interesting. Like herself, I have been in the West but a few years, but unlike her, I do "wax enthusiastic over the treeless prairies."

I have lived in cities, towns and villages and I emphatically say that life in such places is more or less degenerating. In the country one meets Nature at every step. In the towns and cities practically everything is artificial; all one thinks of is self and self enjoyment. One is seldom brought face to face with Nature, except in case of a shower or heat wave and then these are considered decided annoyances.

Mr. Editor I make the comparison, having only in mind the suitability of each of these places for the developing youth—boy or girl.

I have just finished reading "A Girl of the Limberlost" and I consider it an excellent story, one which if read and digested, would undoubtedly accomplish much good in the developing and broadening of the minds of those who feel disgusted with prairie comforts, such as

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we have to endure in places and also in the minds of many town girls and boys who are lost in their seas of pleasure.

"Believe that you have it and you have it," is as equally true of the "dreadful winters and the discomforts, etc., as it is of the bright sunny winters and the freedom which we able-bodied Westerners believe is ours.

"Evaleen's" letter contains sound, wholesome advice, — "Never trouble trouble, etc." I take all troubles with a smile, and have never been knocked out yet although I am almost 25 years in this world of sin and sorrow. Of course I am not married, otherwise I would not mention troubles.

Please do not put me down as a sarcastic, cold critic. I take delight in writing a harmless criticism, and remember "the cowl does not make the monk."

Would like very much to receive correspondence from any of your readers.

I am not an Englishman, nor am I a Canadian. I am, Yours very truly,
Irish Albertan.

"To the Two Broncho Busters"

Alberta, April 6th, 1915.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Dear Editor—Will you please allow me a little space in your Correspondence Columns? We have taken The Western Home Monthly for some time and certainly intend to renew our subscription.

I am sending an answer to "Two Broncho Busters," which I hope you will print in your next issue.

All the Columns of a paper,
I was reading much concerned,
When some poetry caught my notice
And of the writer wished to learn.

I'm a lover of the prairie,
And these Western maids can see
I'm fond of dark ones also fairies,
Whatever month it chance to be.

I love the cottage on the prairie,
But the cheerful ones are few,
Unless they house some Broncho Busters
With rosy cheeks and touched with dew.
There is no doubt, you're Broncho Busters
But the good old Idyle Wyld,
Is not the only place you find them
That knows how to put on style.

Star, is a good name for a pony,
So is Pride, a nice name too,
But on those lovely moonlight evenings,
I've a nicer name for you.

Now this letter's getting lengthy,
But the Editor, you see,
Will have pity on a stranger,
And keep it from the W. P. B.

If you please, I will be seated,
And take off my Stetson lid,
For here is one Alberta bachelor,
That's writing to those prairie kids.

Well, good-bye, Two Broncho Busters,
I'll come again, after a spell,
But until I get some letters,
I will close and say farewell.
Sunlight Sammi

Hints on Love

Dear Editor—Many a time I have wanted to fill one of your interesting columns, and I think this subject will interest both sexes especially men. People often tell me that men think it nothing to kiss a girl—that flirting means nothing—saying that it is just a part of youth's pastime and pleasure.

I am afraid that too often these short times of pleasure are followed unfortunately by a long period of disillusionment of sorrow and pain.

Why—if flirting means nothing, where does the fun or pleasure come in? I would be delighted to have an answer.

To play with love's flowers, to abuse one's affections to pretend to love one

just to have gifts such as jewels, theatres, boxes of chocolates, excursions, etc.

I merely say that the one who dares to do this is throwing the black neck-lace in its own neck.

How many poor girls and boys weep on friendship's graves. Beware—Beware—every dog has his day. I think I should reserve the rest for future correspondence. I shall close with a riddle.

Q. Can you find love in these four lines?

Little by little,
Oh! you men fickle,
Varying your tricks,
Every girl's heart you prick.

Q. Why does my dearie cross the muddy road with his new tan shoes?

A. To get the other side.

Q. Man is my enemy. Spell this in four letters.

A. This.

Q. What is a flirt?

A. A flirt is a misguided individual who treats all the girls the same and slams love's door in their face.

Tob Bot.

A Married Man's Views

Landis, Sask., Feb. 22, 1915.

Dear Editor—I am just a new subscriber, and I am very interested in the Correspondence Column. I like The Western Home Monthly very much and thought I would try my hand at answering one of your correspondents. I see by the "Village Blacksmith" that he would like to hear from a married man. As I am one, perhaps I can answer him, if my letter misses the waste paper basket.

Well, I think that double harness is all right, provided the collar and hames fit, but if not, it's a poor business. As for my wife and I, it is all right. I would not want to discourage any couple from getting married as it is the best business that can happen, especially for a farmer, who after working all day in the field, can come in and sit

down to a decent meal. I have bached and farmed together for some time, and know how it goes to come in and get a meal of half cooked bannock and syrup, and a cup of tea strong enough to float a bullet. It is certainly hard on a man's constitution. A "bach" has no time to cook while working and doesn't feel like doing so when he isn't. The "Village Blacksmith" also says "Which is the happier, married or single?" Well, I say that if a wife does get cranky once in a while, we men have more fun and can beat it for the barn if need be, and if she doesn't get angry occasionally, she is a poor stick. I remain, wishing your department every success,

A Reformed Bach.

Oliver Equipment

May 2nd, 1915.

Dear Sir—Am not a subscriber to your paper, but have seen several copies sent to western boys in our battalion.

One copy particularly interested us. I refer to the one containing pictures of the "Oliver Equipment." The people of Canada do not seem to know that this is utterly out-of-date. The Canadian soldier carries the same equipment as his English brother-in-arms namely, the "Webb Equipment." Don't you think it is an awful waste of money to continue to manufacture the Oliver design? But the Ross rifle is a world-beater.

Am leaving for the front in two hours time, so must draw to a conclusion. Just one thing more. I am very interested in your subscribers' letters. So if you could manage to send me the copy containing this letter, you would be doing a lonely western boy a kindness. I would send you a P. O., but being under orders, we are not allowed out of our quarters. My address (not for publication) is enclosed. Yours sincerely,
Volunteer.

Would "Farmer's Son," Doc., Eng., Right and Co., Thistle, kindly send in their addresses.

PALPITATION CAUSES COLLAPSE

Once again the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the reliable British remedy of World-wide repute, is proved

Elderly folk in Canada who suffer from Dyspepsia or Heart Palpitation should read this story. They will then know what wonderful power there is in Dr. Cassell's Tablets to cure these torturing maladies, and to restore bright health and comfort even to those of advanced age. Mrs. Elizabeth Forner, the testifier in this case is a lady 67 years of age. She resides at 9, Mainsforth Terrace, Sunderland, England, where she is well known for the interest she takes in religious work. Seen recently by a special representative, Mrs. Forner said—

"For the benefit of other sufferers I feel it is only right that I should tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. It is about four years now since I first began to suffer with Dyspepsia, and during that time I'm sure I have gone through martyrdom. The trouble came on with heartburn, and a flatulence, which got worse and worse till I could keep nothing on my stomach. I was afraid to eat even the lightest thing lest it should cause trouble. Sometimes even a glass of water would make me ill. My life was a daily misery. Another trouble, perhaps my worst, was the frightful heart palpitation I had to endure. My heart used to flutter till I felt like to collapse, and had to throw myself down on a couch utterly helpless. Sometimes I hardly cared whether I lived or died, I was so tortured and miserable. There was pain constantly at my chest, and I was so weak and faint that I could do nothing. I had to pay to have my housework done.

"Of course, I had the best advice and medicine. I also tried other things, everything, in fact, that people told me about. But it was all useless. I seemed incurable, till at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then I grew better. All pain left me, all the sickness and palpitation; I could eat without fear, and now I am as well as ever in my life. I had lost four stones in weight, and now I look so well my friends marvel at me."



Mrs. Forner.



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Woman and the Home

The Guest

One answered on the day when Christ went by:

"Lord, I am rich; pause not for such as I,

My work, my home, my strength, my frugal store,

The sun and rain—what need have I of more?

Go to the sinful who have need of thee, Go to the poor, but tarry not for me.

What is there thou shouldst do for such as I?"

And he went by.

Long years thereafter, by a palace door, The footsteps of the Master paused once more,

From whence the old voice answered piteously:

"Lord, I am poor, my house unfit for thee,

Nor peace, nor pleasure grace my princely board,

Nor love, nor health; what could I give thee, Lord?

Lord, I am poor, unworthy, stained with sin."

Yet he went in.

—Mabel Earle, in *The Outlook*.

Water For The Birds

As the hot days of summer come on birds suffer for lack of water and are sure to be most numerous where water can be found, both for drinking and bathing. No need to argue the need of some help in destroying the insect pests of garden, orchard and field. It is absolutely certain that several broods a season will be hatched by robins, wrens, catbirds, brown thrashers and the chip-ping and song sparrows, in a place where they are safe from cats and squirrels and can get plenty of water. The elm tree beetle has done a good deal of damage in our neighborhood in the last few years. The tips of the outer and topmost branches were bare for six inches. This year they are fully covered for the first time in several years. We found the beetle rolled up in the leaves, in both the larvae and the adult stage, but the birds seem to have found them too. At least the trees are looking better and no other help has been given them.

It is hardly safe to keep a drinking basin on the ground, because of the danger from cats. Often a tree will afford a convenient place in which a small basin may be hung. It must not be very deep and is better if bottom is covered with pebbles. If there is no tree suitable a small platform may be made by driving four stakes or crocheted sticks into the ground, in the shade, and placing the basin beyond reach of prowlers. If the birds have had few friends they may be slow in using the bath, but their numbers will increase in proportion to their sense of safety. Of course it takes a little time to empty, clean and refill a basin, but it takes a good deal more time and money to fight insect pests.

Hot Weather Schemes

At the meeting of the ladies' club the members fell to telling of hot weather labor-saving schemes, and it was amusing as well as instructive to listen to them. They were all busy farmers' wives and all were forced to get along without help, so the make-shifts were the result of sheer necessity as well as choice. To be able to attend church, their club and to have occasional outings these ladies felt justified in using every legitimate means to save labor.

One lady said she did not wash her pie board the entire summer and before the ladies could repress their little gasps of amazement she demurely added that she did not use it all summer. She saved all the unprinted wrapping paper that came into the house and on a large clean sheet spread upon the kitchen table she rolled her biscuits, her pies

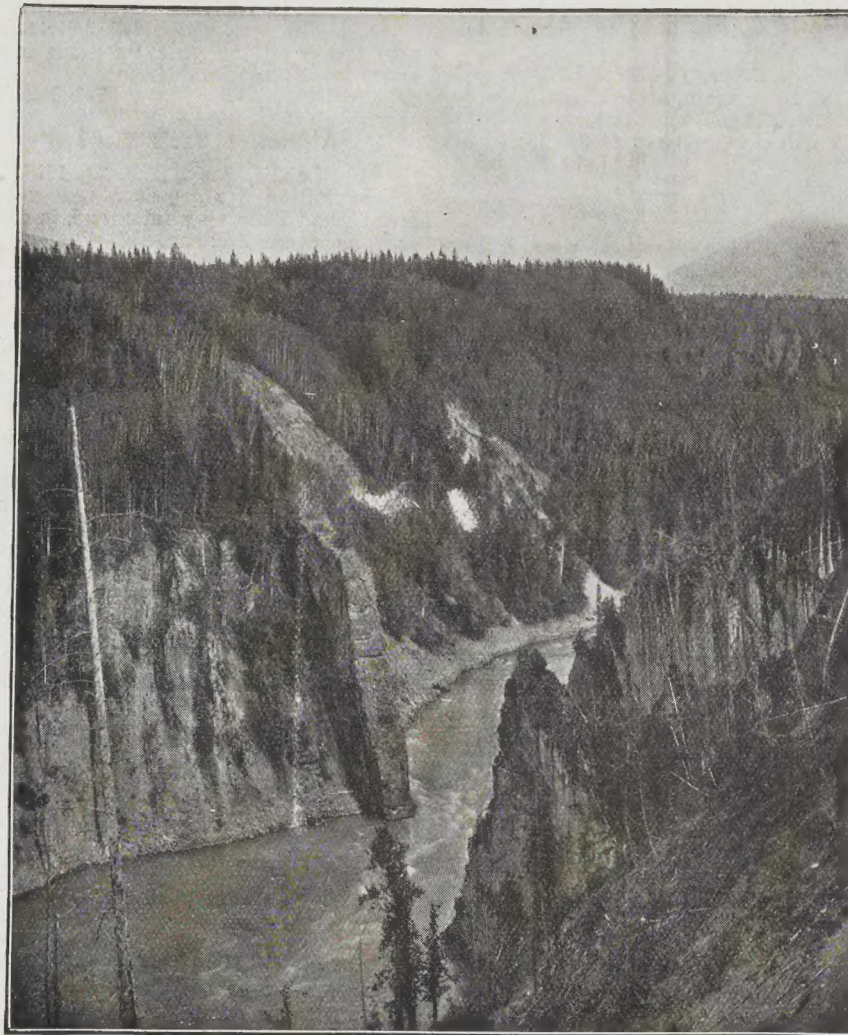
and even her bread. When she had finished she put the paper in the stove and thus saved herself a great deal of trouble.

Another lady said she saved trouble by discarding all dresser and wash-stands scarfs. She bought white paper at the printing office and cut it to fit the places before hot weather came on. Each week the dressers were fitted out with clean spreads and the washing and ironing were kept down by this clever idea. Another member used the same idea but with fancy paper napkins.

Instead of using regular cake tins to cool her cakes a member procured a number of waste blocks or boards such

saved her cold boiled potatoes for frying in berry boxes all summer. Waxed paper instead of butter cloths, and berry boxes lined with waxed paper for holding fruits when cleaned and ready for use, fancy paper napkins for table centerpieces, paper-covered tin cans for vases, throwing away the tin can when the bouquet faded, paper drinking cups at picnics, empty cracker tins instead of dishes for holding picnic foods, the new weave of crash known as homespun that needs no ironing for towels, tape instead of ribbon for undergarments, soft paper for cleaning lamp chimneys instead of cloths, and large pasteboard boxes for garbage instead of washable cans were among the suggestions.

And looking at the happy, serene faces of the house-keepers an onlooker would have to admit that the much



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as children delight to play with and used each side once. Then she burned up the boards. She also used them for pounding beefsteak and cutting meat and similar purposes.

Several members spoke of putting away every ornament before warm weather came, but only one confessed to disposing of every bedroom rug except the short one in front of the bed. "You have no idea how easy it is to mop those floors and finish the cleaning now that the rugs are rolled up and packed away," she said. "Since I no longer have to shake fifteen rugs each week my upstairs work is done in half the time." Many of them spoke of putting away all white window draperies from the upstairs windows for the summer, and several said the downstairs was guiltless of washable draperies. Uncurtained windows admit the air better and save work.

Of course there were many suggestions that are generally known to farm ladies, such as wearing crinkled underwear that needs no ironing, slighting the ironing of sheets and every-day towels, using papers on table and kitchen floor to save washing, keeping the children in rompers except on state occasions and eliminating elaborate desserts, but there were many little new kinks.

Paper picnic plates and clean berry boxes for holding kitchen supplies were advocated, one lady saying she had

talk of "farm drudge" was not in that company, for the ladies spoke with authority and when they said the various makeshifts had lightened their labor their words had weight, for their faces proved what they said.

Rest

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*,
By Frances

Rest, now the lingering day is done;
We have laughed and cried
We have lost and won;
All your burdens lay by
With the down-going sun:
Rest, weary one, rest.

Rest, and forget the shadow of care,
The sorrow is deep
That no one can share;
But no mortal is tried
Beyond what he can bear;
Rest, weary one, rest.

Rest, the tangles-to-morrow may clear,
Your tears end in smiles
And vanish all fear;
To that puzzle so dense,
Some solution appear;
Rest, weary one, rest.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

The Mother-Heart

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*,
By James Morton, Two Creeks, Man.

O, mother-heart whose hopes lie cold
Like ashes in the trench he won.
You weep, as Rachel wept of old
In anguish for a fallen son.

You think, no doubt, of life's fresh dawn
When in your home he laughed and played,
And at your knees each night and morn
His lips in childish prattle prayed.

And all his pleasing, winsome ways—
The treasured sunbeam of his hair,
His clear, blue eyes, like God's own skies—
You seem to see them everywhere.

You think of manhood's opening days
When all the world for him seemed small
You heard his friends', his teachers' praise—
In silent joy you prized them all.

Then came the call to War. He went
In answer to his country's cry.
His last embrace with tears besprent,
And prayers that yet were half a sigh

Then day by day with fear you read
The news of battles and alarms,
The lengthening columns of the dead,
The stories of great deeds in arms.

Of shells in thunderous flame that broke
From guns that shook as earthquake shakes
The earth and air. Vast clouds of smoke
Through which the volleyed lightning breaks.

From crackling rifles miles apart.
Or in fierce charge the rattling steel,
As gun by gun and point to heart
The panting legions surge and reel.

You read of men who fought in air
As eagles fight or vultures whirl,
Their screams the shots that ring and tear
As through the drifting clouds they hurl.

Or dark and dumb beneath the sea
They played with thunder as with toys,
And let the blind torpedo free
To send the Dreadnought to the skies.

But mother-heart, those themes are wild—
Your thought throughout was all of him,
In battle-smoke you saw your child
As one may see whose eyes grow dim

And then at some heroic deed
Those eyes grew bright with joy and pride,
And swift you hoped the days would speed
To bring him bounding to your side.

Then through deep waters flashed the spark
That broke you down as lightning breaks—
On bended knees, in days grown dark,
You shook like leaves that thunder shakes.

Till broke the tempest of your tears
To drain the founts of sorrow dry,
Or float the vessel of your years
Blown wandering by a mourner's sigh.

As in a dream you saw his face,
So pale amid War's ghastly dew,
Beneath the moon with quiet grace,
Riding in heaven's serenest blue.

It seemed to gild with glory's crown
The sunny head you nursed of old,
And so the Comforter came down,
And told you all He would have told.

"O, mother-heart! Be comforted
He fell as fall the brave and true,
And these, though gone, are never dead,
But ever live their lives anew.

They live, they move from age to age,
Our hands to hold, our steps to stay,
They write the world's unwritten page,
From earth they cannot pass away.

They live in homes from pillage saved,
They live in hearts from anguish free,
They live by all the deeds they braved
In holy, happy memory.

Girt by the sunlight and the stars,
They guide us every step we tread,
They live beyond the hurt of wars,
O, mother-heart, be comforted."

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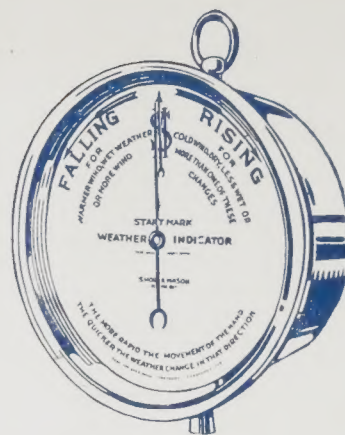
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